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TWENTIETH-CENTURY ADDRESSES

BY

PROFESSOR E. C. DICKINSON

AND

PROFESSOR DIWAN CHAND SHARMA

UNIVERSITY OF LAHORE

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PREFACE

THE charge that is usually levelled against the anthologies of English prose in use in colleges in India is that they generally consist of very short extracts dealing with subjects that are often far too trivial. Such anthologies may make pleasant and varied reading, but they are of very little permanent value to the student. They do not add to his information or introduce him to nobler ideas, neither do they reveal new points of view or unsuspected aspects of a question or problem. In other words, they do not increase the resources of his mind. He remains where he was before. He does not form any fresh habits of thought, or learn to cherish any new and higher ideals whether as man, citizen or student.

This anthology is not, it is hoped, of so negative a character. The contents deal with matters that closely concern the student ; they have been chosen from the most noteworthy utterances of men of the highest prominence and distinction in their respective spheres ; and they discuss the problems that will be most urgent in both the social and the inward life of the young man of to-day and the responsible citizen of to-morrow. It is impossible, for instance, to read Lord Rosebery's address on the Press without realising how colossal is the power of the newspaper in modern civilisation and how essential it is that this power shall be exercised

only in the cause of justice, right, and progress. John Galsworthy's "Talking at Large" presents with earnestness and humour the case for comradeship and understanding among the nations of the world. Admirable as an antidote to aggressive patriotism, it will also help the student towards a clearer conception of what true democracy is, and the responsibilities we must be prepared to shoulder and the pitfalls we must avoid if we are to make it effective anywhere. Again, Mr. Baldwin's address on "Truth and Politics" insists that politics need not be divorced from ethics, and that a politician can serve the State without ignoring his conscience or forfeiting his principles.

It is, however, needless to comment in detail on work that speaks so eloquently for itself. Besides the addresses on political themes, there are others calculated to foster the critical faculty among the students, to inspire them with a proper spirit of hero-worship, to make them realise the value of the study of philosophy, science, and literature, and to teach them how their stay at the University can be made fruitful and profitable. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's address on "Jargon" should be read and re-read by every Indian student, as it will help him to distinguish the genuine from the spurious in English prose, and render him familiar with those rules and standards that make for correctness, precision, and accuracy in writing and speaking. "My School," by Rabindranath Tagore, "The Balanced Mind," by Mr. Sastri, and "The Soul of a People," by Viscount Haldane are as striking in their resemblances as in their differences on the great subject of the aims and processes of education.

In a collection of essays we are conscious of a personality, but he is not always quite near to us. Many a time he plays hide-and-seek with us, and very often he remains an elusive person who has no definite message to give us. But in a collection of addresses we are always conscious of the living presence of the orator. He is eager to rouse and convince, to drive home his point, to leave an enduring impression ; what he says must be lucid, and its impact must be immediate ; he must not baffle the understanding of his audience or exhaust its patience. The result is that his words come to the student like the voice of a trusted friend or counsellor, one who has distinguished himself in coping with the problems of his place and time, and is eager to fit those who are to succeed him for the same high task.

The compilers trust that the title chosen for this volume will be taken as giving the most suitable description of its contents, though two of the addresses here reprinted were delivered, if not published, in the nineteenth century.

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THE POWER AND RESPONSIBILITY OF THE PRESS

EARL OF ROSEBERY¹

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—I have become so rusty in the art of speaking that I feel to-night as though I were delivering my maiden speech. I had indeed hoped to have done with speaking, but remember that years ago your club honoured me with an invitation at the time when I owned a residence near Naples, and I was guiltily conscious of the fact that I preferred going to Naples to attending the dinner. I therefore felt that, if you wished to claim it, you had a mortgage upon my services. Nevertheless, I don't feel in high spirits when approaching an audience which I regard as by far the most difficult that I have ever addressed—a collection of the cream (if that were not a confusion of metaphor) of that great confraternity, that great freemasonry, which is called the Press, and which is composed of the most critical, almost cynical (if that adjective were not offensive), and the most *blasé* listeners to speeches of which any audience is composed.

My only comfort is this—that, owing to circumstances, I occupy a humble place on the slope of the mountain of onlookers of which you occupy the top. You are critical, you are dispassionate; you sound

¹London : 12 April, 1913.

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occasionally the bugle notes of war and strife from the top of the mountain, but in the secluded spot which I occupy I have no wish to stir up strife, and I observe the whole drama in an atmosphere to which you cannot aspire. During the Crimean War, while fighting took place on the heights of Alma, it was stated that a hermit lived near the foot and was totally unconscious for a long time that any war had been going on. While those present inspired and conducted the contending forces I am the hermit. It is all very well to be a hermit, but it does not make the position the less formidable when one has to address an audience of journalists.

One terror at any rate has been removed. The great terror of every public speaker in his time has been the reporter. So far as I can make out, the reporter has largely disappeared. He has ceased to report the speeches to which it was understood the whole community were looking forward with breathless interest. He has turned his pencil into a ploughshare ; what he has done with it, I do not exactly know. At any rate, he has ceased to be that terror to public speakers that he was in my time ; and he no longer reports—except the great lions of the Front Benches, every wag of whose tail it is necessary for every citizen to observe.

But at present, outside the proceedings of those great men, reports have ceased, to the infinite relief, if I may say so, of the speakers. I speak with feeling as a speaker. No conscientious speaker ever rose in the morning and read his morning newspaper without having a feeling of pain, to see in it, reported verbatim, with agonising conscientiousness, things which he would rather not have said, and things which he

journalists produce, not a newspaper, but a library, a huge production of information and knowledge upon every kind of subject. It may not be invidious to refer to one particular newspaper, though I know it will be a thorny subject. Take *The Times*, when it issued its South American Supplement. It was a weighty business—I have not perused it myself, but it contains, I imagine, every possible fact that could ever be known about South America. It weighed about one hundred-weight. That is an extreme case, but it appealed to me on more than one occasion. If you consider that prodigious mass of information, that huge concretion of knowledge, launched upon the British public as a newspaper—and that is what the British public now expects—and just contrast that with anything that was known before these days, and I think it involves a great responsibility, that Niagara of information which is poured upon the British public every day, as well as conferring some benefit. The Press enables us to know, as far as it is possible, everything about everybody and everywhere. Let me take my point about the responsibility of the Press with regard to its omniscience. We hear a great deal about the apathy of the population about great questions. I think it is perfectly true. There is a profound apathy. People have no time to bother about anything except their own concerns and the last football match.

But is not that due to the prodigious amount of news, startling news very often, which the Press affords every inhabitant of these islands who buys a newspaper? Is it not the fact that it must be so—one feels that it must—that if a great number of impressions

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are hastily and successively made on the receptivity of the brain, those impressions are blunted, until the mental constitution becomes apathetic about other pieces of news? Do you not yourselves feel that, except, possibly, the blowing up of the Tower of London, there is hardly anything in the world to-night that could make you feel that anything great had occurred? How is it possible that a population, nurtured and fed on that perfect journalism, should have the slightest interest in any possible event that might occur on the morrow?

A hundred years ago there were two wars, one a great war and the other not so great, but very galling—the one with the United States of America and the other the great struggle to try to beat down the superman Napoleon. Then the public had no interest in the world, nothing reported, except with regard to those two wars. I think that if we realised the difference between the journalism of those days and the journalism of the present day we should feel that the responsibility for the apathy of the country as regards public questions is largely due to the perfection to which journalism has been brought. In those far-off days there was the meagre sheet, which was issued two or three times a week, and the demands of war had practically shut three continents out from our purview altogether, whereas now we hear daily and hourly every item of news about every country and every person all over the world. Therefore, I say that the responsibility for the apathy of our people about public events must rest largely with the perfection of the Press. That being the case, at any rate this could be done—

the influence of the great newspapers of this country could be made the best and most beneficent for the people who receive them.

Gentlemen, I do not wish to detain you, but it is perhaps the last time I shall address an assembly of journalists—or perhaps any assembly at all. I do not think I should choose an assembly of journalists, with that critical eye, for the one I should habitually address, but I wish to say one word more, in case I should never have again an opportunity to address an assembly of journalists. I speak very warmly and very sincerely when I say that your power and potentialities appeal to me more than anything else with regard to journalism. Your power is obviously enormous and you must wish to exercise it with that conscientiousness and honour, as I believe you do exercise it ; but the potentiality is something which I am not sure that even you always realise. I take it in regard to one question, the question of peace and war.

In some respects I do not suppose you have so much influence as Parliament ; I do not suppose you have so much influence as Ministers. There was a famous saying attributed to a notable Scotsman two hundred years ago, that he knew a wise man who said that if they would let him have the writing of the ballads of the country he did not very much care who made the laws. Well, ballads do not matter much, but newspapers do, and I should agree with that sentiment if you substituted the word “ newspapers ” for “ ballads.” Your power is enormous. As you give to the people you receive back from the people mutual electricity, which gives you your power.

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All that is a commonplace. But with regard to peace and war there is no commonplace. With regard to legislation and so forth, you probably have not so much power as Ministers or members of Parliament, except when you embody the unmistakable voice of the people. With regard to peace and war, upon those issues you have paramount influence—far greater than any member of Parliament, as great as any Minister of the Crown himself. When critical occasions arise you can either magnify them or minimise them. I pray you, in issues which involve peace and war, diminish them as much as possible. Think what an awful responsibility is on you !

I think you have the power more than any other body of men to promote or to avert the horrors of war. I am quite sure that my humble advice is not needed by men who know their business so much better than I can know it, but they may sometimes, in the hurry of journalism—because it is a hurried profession—, forget the great principles which must be inherent in the journalist. As they write, they may on impulse of the moment, in defence against the aggressive journalism from abroad, forget their obligation to their own country. And I would ask them in these few last words, when any such issue may occur, and God knows the atmosphere is electrical enough at this moment, not to say a word that may unnecessarily, or except in defence, bring about to their fellow-countrymen the innumerable catastrophes of war.

BACON¹

EARL OF BALFOUR

FROM the very moment at which I rashly undertook to take a leading part in this ceremony I have been occupied in repenting my own temerity. For, indeed, the task which the members of this Society have thrown upon me is one which I feel very ill qualified to perform ; one, indeed, which has some aspects with which many present here to-day are far more fitted to deal than I.

For the great man whose introduction into Gray's Inn some three hundred years ago we have met to commemorate was a member of this Society through his whole adult life. Here he lived most of his days before he rose to the highest legal position in the country ; here, after his fall, he returned again to his old friends and dwelt again among his earlier surroundings. It was to this Inn that he gave some of his most loving work, adorning it, regulating it, and taking a large share both in its pleasures and its business. It would seem, therefore, to be fitting that the man who unveils the Memorial of this great member of Gray's Inn should

¹ The report of this speech (delivered at the unveiling of the memorial in the gardens of Gray's Inn, June 27, 1912) was subsequently corrected and revised by Lord Balfour for the archives of the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn, and it is here printed in its revised form.

himself be a member of Gray's Inn, and that a man who speaks in praise of a Lord Chancellor should himself know something of the law.

I possess, alas ! neither qualification. But I am told by those who are more competent to form a judgment on the subject than I am that Bacon showed, as we might expect, great mastery of legal principles, and that although he did not equal in learning that eminently disagreeable personage, Sir Edward Coke, his great rival, yet that his views upon law reform were far in advance of his time, and, according to some authorities, had even an effect upon that masterpiece of codification, the *Code Napoléon*.

However this may be, I clearly have no title to say, and do not mean to say, a single word of my own upon Bacon as a lawyer. Upon Bacon as a politician it would not be difficult, and it might be interesting, to dilate. Although I think he lacked that personal force which is a necessary element in the equipment of every successful politician, he yet possessed a breadth of view, a moderation of spirit, which, had his advice been taken, might have altered the history of this country and even of Europe. It might be an attractive task for those who like drawing imaginary pictures of the historical "might-have-been," to conceive a man of Bacon's insight inspiring the policy of a sovereign who had the power and the wish to act upon his advice. Had such a combination existed at the beginning of the seventeenth century we might well have seen a development of Parliamentary and constitutional institutions effected at a less cost than civil war ; and all the bitterness of political and religious strife, which

so greatly hindered our progress at home, and so effectually destroyed our influence abroad, might happily have been avoided.

But all this is a dream—a dream that could never have come true under a sovereign like James the First. Am I then to turn from the part which under happier circumstances Bacon might have played in public affairs, and discuss the part which in fact he did play? I confess that the subject does not attract me. Anybody who goes to the study of Bacon's life, remembering how his fame has been darkened by the satire of Pope and the rhetoric of Macaulay, must naturally desire to find that these great writers have grossly exaggerated the shadows upon their hero's character. And, indeed, they have exaggerated. Bacon was not a bad man. He was not a cruel man. I believe he loved justice. I am sure he loved good government. And yet, though all this be true, I do not think his admirers can draw much satisfaction from any impartial survey of his relations either with his family, his friends, his political associates or his political rivals. Much worse men than Bacon have had more interesting characters. They may have committed crimes, both in public and in private life, from which Bacon would have shrunk in horror. We condemn them, but we are interested in them. I do not think we ever feel this about Bacon the politician. Neither his relations with Essex, nor with Salisbury, nor with Buckingham, nor with Queen Elizabeth, nor with James the First, put him, however we look at the matter, in a very attractive light. He had not a high courage. I doubt his capacity for uncalculating generosity. I could have

wished him a little more pride. I suspect, indeed, that his deficiencies in these respects militated even against his worldly fortunes. Such men are used in public life, but they are not greatly loved nor greatly trusted.

But do not let us talk of Bacon as though his career were a great tragedy. It was nothing of the sort. He was a successful man, tried by any worldly standard you choose. He was a philosopher, and he was a statesman ; and in the age in which he lived there were no two professions which promised the certainty of a more uneasy life or the chance of a more disagreeable death. His first patron, Essex, died on the scaffold. His second patron, Buckingham, was stabbed by Felton ; and if you turn from statesmen to philosophers, how uneasy was the life of Descartes, how unhappy the career of Galileo, how tragic the end of Giordano Bruno. Well, these were Bacon's contemporaries—these were the politicians with whom he was most closely connected, and the philosophers who made his age illustrious. How much more fortunate was his career than theirs ! He had not to fly from place to place for fear of persecution, like Descartes. He suffered no long imprisonment, like Galileo. He was never threatened with the executioner's axe, or the assassin's dagger. Nor did he go to the stake, like Bruno. And however dark be the view we take of hereditary honours, everybody will, I think, admit that it is better to be made a viscount than to be burnt.

If I now pass from those aspects of Bacon's life with which, for one reason or another, I am either unqualified or unwilling to deal, I am left by a process of exhaustion to consider Bacon as a man of letters, an

historian, or a philosopher. He was all three—a writer of most noble prose, one of the men most happily gifted for history that this country has produced, and in the character of a philosopher marking the beginning of a great epoch. As a philosopher his fate has been mixed. He has been magnificently praised, both in this country and abroad, by men whose praise is worth much ; he has been violently abused by men whose abuse cannot be neglected ; and—worst fate of all—his achievements have been vulgarised by some of his most ardent admirers. I do not think this is the occasion—perhaps even this is not the audience—appropriate to the delivery of a full and balanced judgment on the precise position which Bacon occupies in the history of European philosophy. He has been regarded both by enemies and by friends as the first father of that great empirical school of which we in this country have produced perhaps the most illustrious members, but which flourished splendidly in France during the eighteenth century. If this claim be good (I am not sure that it is) Bacon's philosophic position is, for that reason if for no other, a proud one. For whatever we may think of Locke and his successors, the mark they have made on the course of speculation is indelible.

I do not, however, propose to deal with these niceties of philosophic history. I shall probably better meet your wishes if I try to say in a very few words what I think was the real nature of the debt which the world owes to Bacon ; and why it is that, amid universal approval, we are met here to-day to pay this tribute to his memory.

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We shall make (I think) a great mistake if we try to prove that Bacon was, what he always said he was not, a maker of systems. He had neither the desire, nor I believe the gifts, which would have qualified him to be the architect of one of those great speculative systems which exist for the wonder, and sometimes for the instruction of mankind. But if he was not a system-maker, what was he? He was a prophet, and a seer. No doubt he aimed at more. He spent much time in attacking his philosophical predecessors, and took endless trouble with the details of his inductive method. Of his criticisms it is easy to say, and true, that they were often violent and not always fair. Of his inductive logic it is easy to say, and true, that he did not produce, as he hoped, an instrument of discovery so happily contrived that even mediocrity could work wonders by the use of it. It is also true that he overrated its coherence, and its cogency. But this is a small matter. I do not believe that formal logic has ever made a reasoner nor inductive logic a discoverer. And however highly we rate Bacon as an inductive logician, and the forerunner of those recent thinkers who have developed and perfected the inductive theory, it is not as a logician, it is not as the inventor of a machine for discovery, that Bacon lives.

It is, however, quite as easy to underrate as to overrate Bacon's contribution to the theory of discovery. There are critics who suppose him guilty of believing that by the mere accumulation of observed facts the secrets of Nature can be unlocked; that the exercise of the imagination, without which you can no more make new science than you can make new poetry, is useless

or dangerous, and that hypothesis is no legitimate aid to experimental investigation. I believe this to be an error. I do not think that anybody who really tries to make out what Bacon meant by his Prerogative Instances and his Analogies will either deny that he believed in the unity of nature, and in our power of co-ordinating its multitudinous details, or will suppose that he underrated the helps which the imagination, and only the imagination, can give to him who is absorbed in the great task.

I return from this digression on Baconian method to the larger question on which we were engaged. I called Bacon a seer. What then was it that he saw? What he saw in the first place were the evil results which followed on the disdainful refusal of philosophers to adopt the patient and childlike attitude which befits those who come to Nature, not to impose upon Nature their own ideas, but to learn from her what it is that she has to teach them. Bacon is never tired of telling us that the Kingdom of Nature, like the Kingdom of God, can only be entered by those who approach it in the spirit of a child. And there, surely, he was right. There, surely, his eloquence and his authority did much to correct the insolent futility of those verbal disputants who thought they could impose upon Nature their crude and hasty theories born of unsifted observations, interpreted by an unbridled fancy.

I do not mean to trouble you with many extracts. But there is one which so vividly represents Bacon, at least as I see him, that I believe you will thank me for reading it to you.

"Train yourselves," he says, "to understand the real

subtlety of things, and you will learn to despise the fictitious and disputatious subtleties of words, and, freeing yourselves from such follies, you will give yourselves to the task of facilitating—under the auspices of divine compassion—the lawful wedlock between the Mind and Nature. Be not like the empiricant, which merely collects; nor like the cobweb-weaving theorists, who do but spin webs from their own intestines; but imitate the bees, which both collect and fashion. Against the ‘Nought-beyond’ and the ancients, raise your cry of ‘More-beyond.’ When they speak of the ‘Not-imitable thunderbolt’ let us reply that the thunderbolt is imitable. Let the discovery of the new terrestrial world encourage you to expect the discovery of a new intellectual world. The fate of Alexander the Great will be ours. The conquests which his contemporaries thought marvellous, and likely to surpass the belief of posterity, were described by later writers as nothing more than the natural successes of one who justly dared to despise imaginary perils. Even so, our triumphs (for we shall triumph) will be lightly esteemed by those who come after us; justly, when they compare our trifling gains with theirs; unjustly, if they attribute our victory to audacity rather than to humility and to freedom from that fatal human pride which has lost us everything, and has hallowed the fluttering fancies of men, in place of the imprint stamped upon things by the Divine seal.”

There surely speaks the seer. There you have expressed in burning words the vehement faith which makes Bacon the passionate philosopher so singular a

contrast to Bacon the cold and somewhat poor-spirited politician. There is the vision of man's conquest over Nature, seen in its fullness by none before him, and not perhaps by many since. There is recognised with proud humility the little that could be accomplished by one individual and one generation towards its consummation : yet how great that little was if measured by its final results.

It is no doubt easy to praise this ideal vulgarly, as it is easy to belittle it stupidly. It can be made to seem as if the Baconian ideal was to add something to the material conveniences of life, and to ignore the aspirations of the intellect. But this is a profound error. It is true that (to use his own phrase) he looked with "pity on the estate of man." It is true that he saw in science a powerful instrument for raising it. But he put his trust in no petty device for attaining that great end. He had no faith in the chance harvests of empirical invention. His was not an imagination that crawled upon the ground, that shrank from wide horizons, that could not look up to Heaven. He saw, as none had seen before, that if you would effectually subdue Nature to your ends, you must master her laws. You must laboriously climb to a knowledge of great principles before you can descend to their practical employment. There must be pure science before there is applied science. And though these may now appear truisms, in Bacon's time they were the prophecies of genius made long before the event. I should like to ask those more competent than myself to decide the question, when it was that this prophecy of Bacon began in any large measure to be accomplished. I believe myself it

will be found that it is relatively recently, say within the last three or four generations, that scientific research has greatly promoted industrial invention. (Great discoveries were made by Bacon's contemporaries, by his immediate successors, and by men of science in every generation which has followed. But the effective application of pure knowledge to the augmentation of man's power over Nature is, I believe, of comparatively recent growth. You may find early examples here and there ; but, broadly speaking, the effect which science has had, and is now having, and in increasing measure is predestined to have, upon the fortunes of mankind, did not declare itself by unmistakable signs until a century and a half or two centuries had passed since the death of the great man who so eloquently proclaimed the approach of the new era.

You may say to me—Grant that all this is true, grant that Bacon, in Cowley's famous metaphor, looked from Pisgah over the Promised Land, but did not enter therein ; or, as he said himself, that he sounded the clarion, but joined not in the battle ;—what then ? Did he do anything for science except make phrases about it ? Are we after all so greatly in his debt ? I answer that he created, or greatly helped to create, the atmosphere in which scientific discovery flourishes. If you consider how slightly science was in his day esteemed ; if you remember the fears of the orthodox, the contempt of the learned, the indifference of the great, the ignorance of the many, you will perhaps agree that no greater work could be performed in its interest than that to which Bacon set his hand. "He entered not the promised land." True ; but was it nothing to pro-

claim in the hearing of an indifferent generation that there *is* a promised land? "He joined not in the battle." True; but was it nothing to blow so loud a call that the notes of his clarion urging men to the fray are still ringing in our ears? Let us not be ungrateful.

This is a theme on which much more could be said, but I am sure that this is not the time to say it. There was a magnificent compliment paid to Bacon's powers of speaking by Ben Jonson—a compliment so magnificent that, in my private conviction, neither Bacon nor any other speaker has ever deserved it. The poet alleges that the chief anxiety of those who heard the orator was lest his oratory should come to an end. This is not praise which in these degenerate days any of us are likely to deserve. But we need not rush into the other extreme: we need not compel our audience to forget all else in their desire that we should promptly sit down. That trial, at all events, I hope to spare you. I will not therefore dwell, as I partly intended, on such tempting subjects as the criticism passed on Bacon, and I may add, on Bacon's countrymen, by a great metaphysician of the last century. It may be enough to say that if Hegel thought little of Bacon, Bacon had he known Hegel would assuredly have regarded him as displaying the most complete example of what he most detested—the *intellectus sibi permissus*. Assuredly these great men were not made to understand each other: though for us the very magnitude of their differences, by making them incomparable, may allow us to admire both. However this may be, I shall have played my part if I have succeeded in showing reason

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why all who love science for its own sake, all who, "looking with pity on the estate of man," believe that in science is to be found the most powerful engine for its material improvement, should join with this ancient Society in doing honour to the greatest among its members.

CRITICISM ¹

EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH

THE subject upon which I am about to offer you a few observations is one which I have selected because it has always appeared to me that, if what is called " the higher education " is worthy of the name, it ought to stimulate and guide the power and practice of criticism in its best and largest sense. I cannot profess to treat the matter in the exhaustive and scientific fashion which it deserves. What I have to say has been hastily put together under the storm and stress of pressing occupations, and if you find, as I fear you will, that it is at the same time desultory and dogmatic, I must ask you to be indulgent to one who has got out of the practice of lecturing.

What do we mean by Criticism ? What are its functions and its limits ? These are the questions which I propose briefly to discuss. Let us upon the threshold disabuse our minds of one or two misleading and narrowing associations which have gathered round the term Criticism in popular thought and speech. In the eyes of a great number of people a critic is nothing more than a censor, a critical attitude is equivalent to an attitude of disparagement, and criticism is only another name for the science of finding fault. According to the famous gibe of Lord Beaconsfield, himself

¹ Delivered to the students of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, April 23, 1898.

a great man of letters and a great man of action, who in both characters had had more than his share of ungenerous treatment from the commentators of the day, "the critics are the men who have failed in literature and in art." Whether the phrase is his own, or, as we are told, borrowed from Landor or from Balzac, it expresses a view of the professors of criticism which is neither uncommon nor unnatural in those who are their favourite targets. It is of course true that there have been eminent men in whom their own want of success in the sphere of action or production has at once stimulated and soured the critical faculty. But it is not in this dwarfed and distorted sense that we are using the term to-day. (Denigration, whether it springs from baffled rivalry, or from a morose and cynical temper, or from honest shortsightedness, often amuses, is sometimes useful, may now and then—in the hands of a writer like Junius—exhibit some of the highest qualities of literary art; but it is not criticism.)

There is another and a more legitimate application of the word which nevertheless requires to be closely watched. No antithesis is commoner than that between criticism and construction. We say of writers, of literatures, of epochs, that one is constructive and another critical, as though the faculties of creation and judgment could not be brought to their highest perfection in the same mental climate and environment. Such a theory squares very ill both with the psychology of intellectual production, and with the facts recorded in the history of literature and art. It is true that there are unique outbursts of creative genius which baffle

the analysis and defy the so-called laws of the philosophical historian. The wind blows where and when it lists, and no formula of heredity or of adaptation will account for the appearance at a particular time and place of a Dante or a Shakespeare. But the most conspicuous eras of intellectual fecundity—the ages of Pericles and Augustus, of Elizabeth and Louis XIV., of the *Sturm und Drang*, of Scott and Byron—have produced not only great poets and great historians, but great critics also. It is not even true that in the intellectual world itself the division of labour has ever been carried to such a point that one set of men produce works of art, while another set theorise about its principles and formulate its canons. Look at Plato, Bacon, Goethe—to take only names which stand in the front rank—and ask yourselves how much of their work, if it came to be analysed, would be found to be creative and how much critical. A great artist may be incapable of criticism, and a good critic may be incapable of creation. But neither in the individual nor in the generations of men does the one set of gifts exclude the other. Criticism in the true sense has a positive as well as a negative function. By discriminating between that which is true and that which is false, between good and bad art, between reality and imposture, by dethroning the ephemeral idols of fashion, and recalling the wandering crowd to the worship of beauty and of greatness, criticism plays the part of a vitalising and energising force in social and intellectual progress. It performs the double duty of solvent and stimulant. To take a single example, it was the essentially critical speculations of Hume which, as we

know from their own avowal, awoke Kant from his "dogmatic slumber," and first "caused the scales to fall from the eyes" of Bentham, and thereby became, at any rate, the indirect occasion for two rival schemes of constructive philosophy. There is no emptier fallacy than to suppose that criticism is merely a form of intellectual gymnastic—the appropriate pastime of epochs of torpor and stagnation—the business of second-rate minds in the relatively barren intervals which separate the great vintage years in the history of human culture. The business of criticism, as Matthew Arnold says in a well-known passage, is "to know the best that is known and thought in the world, and by in its turn making this known to create a current of true and fresh ideas."

Nor, again, ought we entirely to confine our attention to the perfectly legitimate, but at the same time the narrow and technical, sense in which criticism is understood to describe the processes by which specific rules of interpretation and canons of taste are developed and formulated. Like every other form of intellectual activity, it may be specialised within the confines of a definite subject matter, as it is, for instance, in the textual criticism of literature, and in the aesthetic criticism of the arts. Both have at various times fascinated the interest and absorbed the energies of some of the best intellects of the race. Few things indeed in literary history are more striking than the effect produced by the sudden unsealing of the treasure-houses of classical antiquity in the middle of the fifteenth century. The critical activity of Europe, which had been for generations frittering itself away

upon the barren analyses of scholasticism, found in the study and collation of the ancient texts an untried field of boundless extent and inexhaustible fertility. The Stephenses, the Scaligers, the Casaubons, were but the most conspicuous figures in a huge army of enthusiastic, even fanatical, explorers—the confessors and martyrs of a new literary faith, of which the humbler rank and file have been depicted for us with incomparable fidelity and pathos in Browning's *Grammarians' Funeral*. Their work has been continued from that time to this by an unbroken chain of successors, to which we here in England, with our Bentley and our Porson, may claim to have contributed some of the highest names. The science of textual criticism is constantly annexing new territories and developing wider and more penetrating methods; and in its application to sacred literature, and to the slowly deciphered records of the great religions and civilisations of the East, it has achieved in our own time some of its most memorable results.

If we turn to the other example, which I mentioned a moment ago, of the more specialised fields of critical activity—the aesthetic criticism of the arts—it will, I think, be found that the output, though even more copious, possesses in a far lower degree the qualities either of scientific exactitude or of practical utility. The plain man, who seeks salvation with the art critics, very soon finds that he has condemned himself to wander in a blind and baffling twilight of cloudy dogma and chaotic precept. It is true that aesthetic criticism has been the subject of some of the greatest masterpieces in literature. The reading of Lessing's *Laocoön*

has been to many smaller people what it was to Macaulay—an intellectual revelation. His masterly analysis of the respective functions on the one side of painting and the plastic arts, and on the other of poetry, as the vehicles and organs of aesthetic representation ; the one employing “ forms and colours in space,” the other “ articulate sounds in time ” ; and his luminous and precise development of the limitations which those conditions impose, as regards both subject and treatment, upon the artist and the poet, have received no substantial modification or addition from later thinkers. Nor, again, can any educated Englishman or Englishwoman of our own time forget the debt of enjoyment and suggestion which he or she owes to the intellectual independence, the spiritual insight, the golden-tongued eloquence, of John Ruskin. But as a rule it must, I think, be said of art criticism that it has a blighting effect even upon good writers ; that it has been comparatively unproductive either in speculative or in practical guidance ; and that it consists to a large extent in the unilluminating discussion of unreal problems in unintelligible language. Horn said of Goethe that everywhere in him “ you are on firm land or island—nowhere the infinite sea.” It is exactly the reverse with the bulk of our modern professors of aesthetic. To change the metaphor, and to borrow a phrase—I think—from Matthew Arnold, they seem to spend their lives in “ always beating the bush and never starting the hare.” We look in vain for guiding principles in a jungle of jargon. Carlyle tells us that at one time John Sterling took to art criticism, for which he was well fitted by technical and historical knowledge. But, says his

biographer, "of all subjects this was the one I cared least to hear even Sterling talk of"; "indeed," he adds—and I am disposed respectfully to agree with him—"it is a subject on which earnest men, abhorrent of hypocrisy and speech that has no meaning, are admonished to silence in this sad time, and had better . . . perambulate their picture galleries with little or no speech."

But criticism, as I have said, is to be understood in a larger sense than is covered by any of its merely technical applications. It may, I suppose, be roughly defined as the science or art—whichever it is to be called—of passing judgments upon the productions and the acts of men. I say purposely of "passing" and not merely of "forming" judgments, because it seems to be of the essence of criticism that it should be articulate. No one would be foolish enough to set up as a test of the due development of the critical faculty the capacity to compose an essay or to write a review. Some of the best critics whom many of us have known have never made themselves answerable for a line of printed matter. But criticism, as the developed activity of an educated mind, is clearly something different from the instinctive and unformulated opinions and tastes which the mass of men hold as unconsciously as they "talk prose." To use Hazlitt's admirable phrase, "they think by proxy and talk by rote." (Before a man can criticise the works or the doings of his fellows to any purpose, he must have passed beyond this stage. He must have acquired the faculty of seeing things at first hand and for himself, of finding his way to their central meaning, of bringing to bear upon what is new

the gathered and reasoned knowledge which he has gained elsewhere, and of expressing in words, intelligible to himself and to others, degrees of comparison and shades of difference. If representation is the function of art, interpretation is the function of criticism.

I am not going to-day to deal with the matter on its historical side. To those who are interested in that aspect of it, I venture to commend the learned and suggestive work of Mr. Worsfold, *The Principles of Criticism*, which has recently been published. But I invite you to consider with me for a few moments what are some of the conditions to which criticism, if it is to be a trustworthy and fruitful organ of interpretation, must conform. (The first and perhaps the most obvious requirement of criticism is that it should be open-minded, many-sided, not sectarian but catholic.) Partisanship, which in the active conduct of human affairs is an almost indispensable motive power, is fatal to the wholesome exercise of the critical faculty. "It is the part of a man like you," wrote Voltaire to Vauvenargues, "to have preferences, but no exclusions." The moment the critic becomes the disciple, or still worse the propagandist, of a school—the moment he assumes the prophetic mantle, and begins to deal in sentences of excommunication and threats of anathema—he abdicates his proper function, which is that not of a preacher but of an interpreter. With many great authors—Carlyle and Ruskin are famous examples—criticism becomes a mere vehicle for the trenchant and fervid exposition of a creed in which the writer himself has a vivid faith, and for the defence of which he often finds his most effective plan of campaign

to consist in bringing out and driving home the fallacies and shortcomings of rival systems. This may be and often is a work of the highest literary and social value, but to carry it on with vigour and success requires the temper of the controversialist or the missionary, not the temper of the critic. One may perhaps be permitted to suggest even of so finished a master of the art as Matthew Arnold that his growing zeal against Philistines, dissenters, and dogmatists, if it did not actually blur the clear serenity of his vision, at any rate in time diminished both the quantity and the value of his contributions to criticism. May we not add that it is a sure sign of the degeneration of the critic, as such, when he lapses into the habitual use of catch-words and formulae? There is nothing more hampering to the free and elastic play of the judgment than the habit, easily acquired because it saves trouble, of drawing one's words and phrases from a particular literary or artistic dialect.

Another distinguishing mark of criticism in its best and largest sense is that it should be impersonal. This criterion does not in the least imply that it should be uncoloured by the personality of the critic, or that it should ignore the personal element in the antecedents, the structure, or the style of the work upon which judgment is pronounced. What it means is this—that criticism ought to aim at a disinterested appreciation of whatever is worthy or unworthy in its subject matter, and should not be merely or mainly a pretext for the display of the resources of the critic. The importance of this particular precept can be best illustrated by one or two examples of the mischief which results from its

neglect. Take for instance the methods of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review*. With all their occasional dexterity and their conspicuous freshness and force, they perpetually suggest that the governing purpose of the critic is to detect mistakes, to expose absurdities and contradictions—if possible to tear the author to tatters; but in any case and above all to leave in the mind of the reader an abiding impression of relentless smartness and omniscient facility. In nine cases out of ten the apparent object is to show the skill with which an accomplished executioner can ply the instruments of his calling. Flagellation in the sphere of criticism is often not only a salutary discipline, but a duty of imperative obligation; and no one but a puling sentimentalist will deny that in the armoury of a well-equipped critic room must be found for the bastinado and even for the knout. But treatment of this kind should be reserved for impenitent dullards and professional impostors—the recidivists of the literary and artistic world. More than two generations of amused and admiring readers have been struck with a sense of painful incongruity in the spectacle of Macaulay bringing into play the whole battery of his well-furnished torture-chamber to rack an ephemeral driveller like Robert Montgomery. Another illustration, in a widely differing style, of the havoc which is wrought in the best-informed criticism by the importunate egotism of the critic is to be found in the writings of one of the greatest masters of style in the whole range of English literature—Thomas de Quincey. From the time of Milton, with perhaps the exception of Burke, it may be doubted whether that unsurpassed instrument

of expression—English prose—has ever been handled with such a width of range, such an easy command of its multitudinous resources, such wealth of imagery, such “flexibility of adaptation,” such intuitive apprehension of the subtle laws which define the boundary line between ambition and audacity. A tired man, who goes home after a day of strenuous labour amid the *fumum et opes strepitumque Romae*, can take down from his shelves any one of the fourteen volumes of Professor Masson’s admirable edition of De Quincey’s works, with the assured certainty that, wherever he opens the book, he will be able to browse for half an hour on rare and succulent pasturage. De Quincey was no doubt more than a critic; he was an artist of high rank in what he himself calls “the domain of impassioned prose.” But, all the same, a large part of his work is critical, and it is vitiated by exactly the defect which I am attempting to describe. I lay no stress upon his incurable and often intolerable prolixity, which sometimes calls to mind the caustic comment of the Scotch judge upon a long-winded advocate—that he “exhausted time and encroached upon eternity.” But De Quincey, with all his powers, has in him more than a little of the literary coxcomb. Whatever may be the work or the author that for the time being occupies his pen, he never ceases to be self-conscious; he rarely fails to remind the reader of his own experiences, tastes, eruditions, accomplishments; and, whether he praises or blames, admires or disparages, you never feel that he has lost himself in his subject, but always that he wishes to interest you in the subject because it interests himself.

I have said that criticism should be catholic and impersonal. ✓ Let me add that for its proper exercise it peculiarly needs imagination. The failures of even accomplished critics to interpret the phenomena with which they set themselves to deal are for the most part to be put down, not to dulness—of which they were incapable—nor to prejudice—against which they were sedulously on their guard—but to lack of imaginative insight. It is this defect which has kept whole generations of critics in bondage to the “letter which kills.” Literary history is full of examples of this sterilising subservience. The “dramatic unities,” the so-called “dignity of history,” the conventions by which poetry has been from time to time confined to particular conditions of subject, structure, and measure, are well-known instances. The activity of the imagination is needed to correct this mechanical view, which treats it, to use an excellent comparison of Mr. Saintsbury’s, as though it were to be played like a game of whist. The fatal consequences of defective imagination are, of course, nowhere better illustrated than in the criticisms of posterity upon historical characters and events. Mr. Morley, in his study of Voltaire, speaks of the “crippling of his historic imagination,” and of the “inability which this inflicted upon him of conceiving the true meaning and lowest roots of the Catholic legend.” “The middle age,” he goes on, “between himself and the polytheism of the Empire was a parched desert to him and to all his school, just as to the Protestant the interval between the Apostles and Luther is a long night of unclean things.” The greatest of English historians, Gibbon himself, is not

exempt from the same reproach. When the account comes to be taken between the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries, it will probably turn out that some of our most vaunted assets are after all bad debts ; but, whatever comes or goes, one can hardly doubt that the establishment which our age has witnessed of the sovereignty of the historic method will be counted to us a clear gain. Whether you are judging a book, a picture, a character, or a movement, no one now dreams of denying that it is the first duty of the critic to put himself, so far as may be, imaginatively at the point of view of his subject, to take into account the antecedents which led up to and the atmosphere which surrounded its production, and not to be a party to that worst form of *ex post facto* legislation which imports modern standards of thought and taste into our judgments of the past.

It is perhaps encouraging in this connection to remind ourselves, who are novices in this great art, of the evidence which shows that neither culture, nor intuition, nor the completest union of both, has saved even men of genius from mistakes over which the most humbly equipped student may now make merry. The blunders of great critics would be a fascinating subject in the hands of Mr. Leslie Stephen or Mr. Birrell. This is not the occasion, even if I had the ability, to attempt an exhaustive treatment of it ; but I will venture to recall to your memory, from quite modern times, a few conspicuous and familiar instances. Voltaire, who, unlike his literary associate, Frederick the Great, had a real admiration for the genius of Shakespeare, spoke of *Hamlet* as a "rude and bar-

barous piece—such a work as one might suppose to be the fruit of the imagination of a drunken savage.” Dr. Johnson, as you know, emptied the vials of his contempt upon *Lycidas*: “The diction is harsh, the rhymes uncertain, and the numbers unpleasing . . . Its form is that of a pastoral ; easy, vulgar, and therefore disgusting . . . Among the flocks, and copses, and flowers, appear the heathen deities ; Jove and Phoebus, Neptune and Aeolus, with a long train of mythological imagery, such as a college easily supplies . . . He who thus grieves will excite no sympathy ; he who thus praises will confer no honour.” Not only Johnson, but Richardson and Goldsmith, failed to see any merit in *Tristram Shandy*, or to detect the zigzag streak of genius in “the man Sterne.” “Nothing odd,” said the great Doctor, “will do long. *Tristram Shandy* did not last.” By the way, I may remind you that of Sterne’s Sermons the same potent authority said, perhaps with more reason : “I did read them, but it was in a stagecoach ; I should not have deigned to look at them had I been at large.” The great Goethe, to whom if to any one we should look for catholicity of appreciation, told an Italian who asked him his opinion of Dante that he thought “the *Inferno* abominable, the *Purgatorio* dubious, and the *Paradiso* tiresome.” This may take us back again for a moment to Voltaire, who himself spoke of Dante as a poet “qu’on loue toujours parce qu’on ne lit guère.” Walter Scott, in 1810, when he had just finished *The Lady of the Lake*—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *Marmion* having already established his poetical reputation—said to James Ballantyne : “If you wish

to speak of a real poet, Joanna Baillie is now the highest genius of our country." He added that he had more pleasure in reading Johnson's *London* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes* than any other poetical compositions he could mention. Jeffrey, whose critical reputation is perhaps nowadays quoted rather too low, published in 1828—and, as Mr. Leslie Stephen has shown, was content to leave unretracted and unqualified to the end of his life—this truly astounding judgment on the poetry of his time: "Keats, Shelley, and Wordsworth are melting fast from the fields of vision"; and the only two contemporary poets in whom he saw any "promise of immortality" he declared to be Rogers and Campbell. That this is not the mere eccentricity of a prosaic *Edinburgh* reviewer, born of caprice or paradox, is proved by the contemporary judgment of no less an authority than Byron himself. In a pamphlet written in 1820, not published in his lifetime, but set out almost at length in Moore's biography, the most popular poet of his age gives his view as to the then state of English poetry. Recollect that he was writing at a time when not only himself and Scott, but Wordsworth, Shelley, and Coleridge had produced their greatest works, and when Keats, whose *Endymion* had been damned two years before in the *Quarterly*, had just brought out the volume which contains *Hyperion*, *Isabella*, *Lamia*, and *The Eve of St. Agnes*. What is the judgment of Byron? "That this is the age of the decline of English poetry," he writes, "will be doubted by few who have calmly considered the subject." Crabbe, he says, is "the first of living poets." And again: "As I told Moore not very long ago, we are

all wrong except Rogers, Crabbe, and Campbell." "There will be found," he adds characteristically, "as comfortable metaphysics, and ten times more pure poetry, in Pope's *Essay on Man* than in *The Excursion*." Such a strange failure of critical insight is but poorly redeemed by his subsequent grudging tribute to the genius of Keats, of whom he says a year later that, "*malgré* all the fantastic fopperies of his style, he was undoubtedly of great promise." Take again, as a notable instance of blurred and distorted vision in a case where we should have looked for the light and warmth of vivid sympathy, Carlyle's famous review of Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. "It seems to us," he says in a burst of the most challenging Carlylese, "that there goes other stuff to the making of great men than can be detected here. One knows not what idea worthy of the name of great, what purpose, instinct, or tendency that could be called great, Scott ever was inspired with. . . . The great fact [about the Waverley Novels] is that they were faster written and better paid for than any other books in the world." They are "addressed to the everyday mind"; they are "not profitable for doctrine, for reproof, or for edification"; they were not dragged into being and hammered into shape with the convulsive throes and at the fuliginous smithy of genius, but tranquilly "manufactured with a fatal productive facility." They opened the floodgates to a "Noah's deluge of ditchwater." Such is the sentence passed by the greatest of his countrymen since born upon Scott, because, like Goethe as we know him, and like Shakespeare as we imagine him, he brought forth his masterpieces with the serene

detachment, the uncalculating profusion, the majestic effortlessness, which belong only to supreme genius.

These illustrations will suffice. If time permitted I might easily add to the catalogue. But any one who presumes to speak even in the most unambitious way about criticism may fairly be asked if there are any practical rules by the observance of which the critical faculty may be trained and enriched. There is great danger in attempting to prescribe such a code. One may be warned by the example of an eminent Scotch writer, who more than a hundred years ago wrote a bulky work, now never read, on the "Elements of Criticism," which elicited from Goldsmith the disagreeable pleasantry that "it was easier to write that book than to read it." Such advice as I would venture to give would be confined to a couple of seeming common-places which appear to me to sum up all that can be wisely said upon the matter, and that is, first, to study great models, and secondly, to practise diligently for yourself. As regards the first, excellent and admirable as is the quality of French criticism, there is no need to go beyond our own literature, or farther back than the present century, for a storehouse of great masterpieces of the art. I have already spoken of De Quincey and Carlyle. I know of no critic, whether of literature or of painting, who, with all his oddities, his waywardness, his egotism, better repays an occasional visit than William Hazlitt. What, for instance, can be better than this sentence of his on Burke?—"Johnson and Junius shrink up into little antithetic points and well-tuned sentences. But Burke's style was forked and playful like the lightning, crested like the serpent."

Lamb and Coleridge, Bagehot, Matthew Arnold, Stevenson, and that fine and subtle writer whom we have lately lost and cannot replace, Richard Holt Hutton, maintain a succession which is carried on with undiminished brilliancy by a band of living critics whom I need not name. Familiarise yourselves with these masters—with their temper, their method, their style—and you will not lack the inspiration and guidance which great models supply.

But it is, as the French say, by working at the smithy that one becomes a blacksmith. One of the acutest critics that I have known belongs to the other sex, and if she did not acquire, she certainly improved, her aptitude by the habit, whenever she finished the reading of a book which left its footprints behind it, of writing out for herself a critical account of it. This is not a bad practice, particularly if you find, as you probably will, that the criticism of the first book cannot be satisfactory to yourself until you have read round and about it, and your criticism insensibly widens into the study of a subject, a period, or an author. It is astonishing how continuously the resources are being increased upon which we can draw for the interpretation even of the most famous and most widely studied writers. We are met here on the anniversary of the birth of the greatest of them all. Shakespeare, both as writer and as man, has been the object of a more insatiable and a more microscopic criticism than any one in the generations of men. The most trivial episodes, real or imaginary, with which his name is connected, have been raked and sifted with Teutonic thoroughness. The "chatter about Harriet" is as

nothing compared with the babel of tongues about "Mr. W. H." and Mary Fytton. And yet we have seen during the last twelve months three memorable contributions to our knowledge of Shakespeare and to our means of interpreting both his writings and his life—Mr. Sidney Lee's article in *The Dictionary of National Biography*, Mr. George Wyndham's Introduction to the *Poems*, and the monumental work of Dr. Brandes, which is now accessible to us all in an admirable English translation. (The stream of criticism never runs dry, and there is no subject worthy of the serious study of men upon which the last word has yet been said.)

I must now bring to a close these scattered hints on the study of the art of criticism. The criticism of literature and art is after all but a subordinate chapter in the criticism of life. ✓ In the ideal scheme of ancient philosophy, the life of action, immersed in matter, tinged with passion, at its best but a halting compromise between the pure energies of reason and the more or less squalid exigencies of social co-operation, was always regarded as an indifferent second-best to the detached and isolated life of speculative thought. For us who pass our days in *Romuli faece*, the self-sufficing figure of the passionless and anaemic theorist, who seemed to Plato and Aristotle to be the fine flower of human development, has yielded the place of honour to that of the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before. (It is a truism, but a truism which needs to be constantly repeated, that we are too apt in all departments to adjust our judgments to the vulgar modern rule of "payment by results.")

The disinterested pursuit of truth and beauty is always and everywhere the worthy goal of the best energies of the sons of men. In all ages and countries, under every condition of social and intellectual environment, those who have struggled, whether for the extension of the boundaries of knowledge or for the widening of the field of common refinement and general happiness, have always found at the end of their journey that there still lay before them and before those who were to follow—

that untravelled world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when we move.

There is no intellectual formula that can express, and no scientific crucible that can resolve, the ultimate and irreducible secret either of our individual or of our corporate life. ✓ But by close and daily intimacy with the best that has been thought and said we may nourish that temper of “admiration, hope, and love,” by which, as Wordsworth tells us, we really “live.”

THE SOUL OF A PEOPLE¹

VISCOUNT HALDANE

I HAVE taken as the title of this discourse, "The Soul of a People." The expression "soul" has a pretty definite meaning. It does not signify to-day a sort of thing existing apart from the body, the "*animula, vagula, blandula*" of the Emperor Hadrian's famous verses. Nor has it its seat in any particular place in the body corporate. And just as this is true of the physical organism, so is it true of the State. The soul is to be looked for in no one class or institution. The soul of a human being is the highest form of his activity, which permeates the members and makes their life consist in belonging to the whole of which they form parts. Separated from that whole they cannot live. Although it is nothing outside or detached from these parts or members of itself, it is everywhere present in them. It is their formative principle, their ideal, the end which they fulfil, and which determines them, not as a cause operating from without, but as a purpose working itself out from within their course of development from birth to death. It preserves the unity of the organism and guides it along that course, notwithstanding that the material of that organism does not remain the same but is constantly changing. It is the higher and intelligent life of the organism without which it could not be a

¹ An address delivered to the students of the University of Wales.

human being. More than two thousand years ago Aristotle discovered this truth, and called the soul the "entelechy" of the body.

Now what is true of the human organism is true of the State. The soul of a people is just its entelechy, and the higher manifestations of its soul afford a test of the standard of civilisation to which that people has attained. The capacity for learning and the consequent development of the University spirit are, of course, no exclusive test. Literature and art, science and religion, may advance independently of Universities. But on the whole and as a rule, the development proceeds *pari passu*. And to maintain the Universities of the country at a high level is thus an act of high patriotism on the part of the citizens. But not only the citizen but the student himself has a deep responsibility here. When the latter goes to the University, he is an adult and is treated as being such. He has consequently not only rights as a member of the University, but duties towards the institution to which he belongs. It is his privilege to be called on to keep high the level of its tone, and to contribute ideas for its development. To each student comes the opportunity for influencing those around him; in other words, for leadership. Moving his fellow-students individually he moves the University, and so in the end moves the State itself. Therefore I would impress on you who are here before me the reality of your duty and of its importance. Your way is clear—to get the best you can for yourselves in this generally unique period of your lives, and to strive with all your power to make the fullest use of what you have got, and to impart

it to those around you. It is so that you will begin to fulfil the duty you have to discharge now, and will have to discharge still more later on in life—of striving to develop the soul of the people to whom you belong.

To the question how you may best equip yourselves for this endeavour, my answer is an old one—by getting ideas, ideas which, as has been said, have hands and feet, ideas which not only transform that on which they are brought to bear, but in doing so expand themselves and their meaning. For nothing is so expansive as the train of thought suggested by an idea that is really great; and if it has once been fully grasped, nothing transforms the whole outlook in the fashion that its suggestive power does. Now, to get great ideas we require great teachers. These teachers may be living persons with whom we come in daily contact, or they may be dead and yet reach us through great books which they have given to the world. In whichever way it comes, the teaching required is that which guides to a large outlook and to none but a large outlook. Yet after all it is only to a limited extent that the teacher, be he living or one who though dead yet speaks, can mould his student. There is no royal road to learning. The higher it is the harder is the toil of the spirit that is required for its attainment. But this toil brings with it happiness. As we advance along the path, we see more and more new territory to traverse, new heights to scale, heights which are accessible only by patient labour, but the scaling of which promises us a new sense of possession. In all this there is much of the sweet in sad and the sad in sweet. Yet the mere endeavour, even apart from the result, brings its

reward. There is a passage in *Romola* in which George Eliot describes this kind of inexperience of the scholar : " We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man—by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as for ourselves ; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good." For him who seeks to live at the higher levels of life, be it in learning or in art or in conduct, adversity has its uses. It detaches his mind, and develops in it the sense of that freedom that can only come when the spirit is tied to no one particular possession, but has grown everywhere capable of rising to freedom. It is hard for the rich man, who cannot free himself from the obsession of his riches and treat them as a means to an end, to reach the kingdom of heaven. On the other hand, the mind that is really free is the mind that chooses to submit itself to toil and discipline, to renounce much, and to pursue its course, not as an arbitrary course, but as one of self-development in accordance with law and principle. If we would succeed, nay, if we would be free from what is the worst burden of all, slavery to an arbitrary will which seeks only the gratification of its immediate impulses, we must learn to renounce and to limit ourselves. We must accept the negative, not to sit down helpless before it, but, in order to conquer, rise above it to a larger outlook brought about by what we started from, being enriched by its incorporation. Just as the body grows by assimilating inorganic and foreign material from the

environment and transforming it to its own uses, just as the social organism develops in proportion as it gives rights to new classes of citizens and brings within itself and raises to a higher level and sense of responsibility those who in a previous generation would have been treated as unworthy of civil rights, so the mind of the scholar grows. It grows in strength and breadth as it assimilates what it costs a hard struggle and much renunciation of passing pleasure to grasp. But what is thus grasped is, in the process of being so grasped, transcended and freed from the appearance of being foreign and uninteresting. This is the meaning of the conquest of the negative, and without the conquest of the negative there is no real growth, intellectual or moral. If I may presume to suggest something to those of my hearers who are students, it is to acquire as early in life as you can a business-like habit of concentration. There are people who say that youth is the time to enjoy life, and that therefore much of youth should be reserved for enjoyment while that is still possible. Now I am far from suggesting to you that you should cut yourselves off from the resources of amusement. On the contrary, I think that the capacity for these forms a part of the widest life. What is called recreation has a detaching and enlarging quality. But do not jump from this to the conclusion that apolausticism is a safe philosophy of conduct. In these days everything is so specialised and so difficult that nothing short of concentration of a close kind is enough. No one can in our time accomplish the production of any solid contribution to the common stock of ideas unless he is prepared to devote years to preparing himself and

his whole soul for work which will be his chief interest and chief amusement. I do not mean that he will look on golf as a penance, but equally he will not feel it to be a temptation. These diversions had better not be left to become ends in themselves. They are apt to take a very firm hold on us Britons, a race peculiarly qualified to identify life with sport. But life is short, and there is too much to be got into it, if it is to be fully lived, to admit of anything being made its chief end, consciously or unconsciously, except that which weighs most when put into the ultimate balance. It is quality as well as quantity that counts.

What we have really got to do, all of us, is to keep our sense of fine quality. This sense is easily blunted. And we cannot rely on abstract maxims as that to which we can safely look to keep it whetted. Prigs are easily manufactured, and so are pedants, and each sort is apt to pass with itself and with none other for genuine. The surest way is to select, and concentrate on what is selected, and then to follow up that concentration by trying to work with passion. Without passion, said a famous critic of life, nothing great has ever been accomplished. It is no very different saying from one which is better known, that genius is "an infinite capacity for taking pains." Of course, in talking to you who are here, when I speak of selecting an object of study and concentrating on it with passion, I do not mean *any* object. I mean one which, being your free choice, is high enough in quality to admit of the dedication of life to it—for a time or indefinitely. And here there is another snare to be avoided. Narrow and abstract views, alike in the selection of the object and

in the pursuit of its study, have to be avoided. The sense of proportion must be present in the mind of the most faithful of students, if he is not to be preyed on by the imps of Comedy. That is why it is good to have before one's mind the figure of some great man who has been above this kind of criticism, in that his life and his study have been so simple and transparent that we are compelled not only to admire but even to reverence them. A Berkeley, a Newton, or a Darwin gives one this sense. Their striving seems so genuine as to suggest unconsciousness not only of any personal ambition but even of self. It is figures like these that inspire the University student, and that suggest to him great ideas. In the books they have written, and in the traditions of their personal lives, he finds leadership. In close spiritual contact with such figures he gains the inspiration which will in his own way make him a leader in some circle which may be great or may be small, but which will look to him who is thus inspired as a leader. By such examples, and through the training which close spiritual contact with such examples gives, the soul of a people grows.

In the pursuit of learning, not less than in the management of the affairs of nations, stress ought to be laid on hero-worship. Nothing is more stimulating to him who is striving to learn, nothing increases his faith in what is possible, so much as reverence, though it may come only through books, for the personality of a great intellectual and moral hero. Of those heroic leaders there are different kinds, and their common quality is the possession of some kind of genius. An Alexander and an Aristotle, a Napoleon and a Goethe, are super-

men, but super-men in virtue of wholly different gifts from above. The characters of its greatest men are the greatest books the world possesses, and we do well to be constantly reading in them. Such records always stimulate, and sometimes inspire. They are priceless for the true student, for they are his best guides in the search for ideas. Some names come into my mind as typical of what I meant when I was speaking to you of idealism, idealism of the special kind which can bring to unity faith and thought, religion, morality and art. There are men who have consecrated their souls to this great endeavour, and, if the finiteness which is of the essence of humanity has made it necessary that we should pass beyond their modes of expression, they have none the less succeeded in carrying the advance of the Spirit towards truth a stage farther. None of us can read the account of the last hours of Socrates which Plato puts into the lips of Phædo, without recognising that here was one whose words are a permanent possession for mankind. He lived in constant striving to reach the truth, and for what he held against the Athenian citizens to be the truth he suffered death at their hands. When the hour of sunset was near, so Plato tells us, the jailer came to him to announce to him that now he must die, and made this speech: "To you, O Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid men drink the poison—indeed I am sure you will not be angry with me; for others, as you are aware, and not I, are the guilty cause. And so

fare you well, and try to bear lightly what needs must be ; you know my errand." Then bursting into tears, he turned away and went out. Socrates looked at him and said : " I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid ! " Then turning to us, he said : " How charming the man is : since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me, and was as good as could be, and now see how generously he sorrows for me—but we must do as he says ; Crito, let the cup be brought." " Yet," said Crito, " the sun is still on the hilltops, and I know that many an one has taken the draught late, and after the announcement has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk, and enjoyed the society of his beloved ; do not hasten then, there is still time." Socrates replied : " Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in doing thus, for they think that they will gain by the delay ; but I am right in not doing thus, for I do not think that I would gain anything by drinking the poison a little later ; I should only be sparing and saving a life which is already gone, and could only despise myself for this."—Phædo tells of the final scene, and how Socrates alone was calm. And he concluded : " Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest, and justest, and best of all the men whom I have ever known."

Another great figure is that of Immanuel Kant. One thinks of him as one of the most conscientious searchers after the truth that the world has ever seen. The moral law dominated in him both heart and brain. I have been in Königsberg, and have stood by the grave where he was laid, and have tried to realise

something of the personality and surroundings of one who lived a life concentrated on a single end—the search after truth. It is difficult at this distance of time to recall the tremendous impression which Kant made on contemporary Europe—Schiller tells us that a new light was kindled for mankind. Pilgrims came from great distances to gaze on the features of their revered teacher, himself the most modest and retiring of men. One enthusiast, a philosopher of some distinction, declared that in a hundred years Kant would have the reputation of Jesus Christ. But when we forget these extravagances and look at the figure of Kant in the dry light of the judgment of posterity, it still stands out as deeply impressive. Whether one turns to the theoretical or to the practical side of his system, his writing seems to have a quality which is described in his own words when defending himself in the closing years of his life against a narrow-minded minister of Frederick William, King of Prussia: “I have always conceived the Judge in myself as standing by my side during the composition of my writings, so as to keep myself free, not only from every soul-destroying error, but even from every carelessness in expression which might cause offence.” He left the world a stage farther on in the deeper sort of knowledge than he found it. In the words of one of his biographers: “For those who have learned Kant, many questions have ceased to trouble; many are bright with a light unknown before; and others are at least placed in a fair way for further solution.”

I will try to sketch for you another of those “saints of Rationalism,” to use a phrase which Mr. Gladstone

employed about John Mill. And this time I will take the figure of one who lived down to our own time and whom I myself knew, a figure not of the very first order, it may be, but that of a great man, one who, himself a German, was able to call a halt to the powerful movement of German Idealism, and to force its advocates to subject their principles to a fresh and searching scrutiny. Hermann Lotze has become very well known in this country, partly by direct study, and not a little by the book written on his philosophy by Professor Henry Jones, one of the most brilliant thinkers whom your higher learning in Wales has produced. Lotze's doctrine was that abstract thought is by itself powerless to penetrate to the inner kernel of reality, and that the ultimate criterion of truth must be looked for in the highest forms of emotion, and in the faith which has its origin in that emotion. He sought to limit the region in which the power of mere logical reasoning can give results. He led the revolt, an almost passionate revolt, against what he believed, I think wrongly, to be the outrage committed by Hegel and his disciples against the riches and warmth of reality. "Du hast sie zerstört, die schöne Welt," cried out the chorus of spirits to Faust, and to the apostles of *Wissenschaft*, and *Wissenschaft* alone, Lotze cried it out not less vehemently. He refused to identify reality with thought, or to reduce the world to what Mr. Bradley has called an "unearthly ballet of bloodless categories." On the positive side he asserted that feeling was the source of the ideal of knowledge, and that, with no powers than those of mere intellect, we should not reach that ideal or even seek it. The good

is a higher category than the true, and comprehends and exhausts its meaning.

I will quote the words in which he sums up in the concluding paragraphs of his *Mikrokosmos* the results of his investigations : " It has seemed to us that everywhere the universal was inferior as compared with the particular, the class as compared with the individual, any state of things insignificant as compared with the good arising from its enjoyment. For the universal, the class and the state of things belong to the mechanism into which the Supreme articulates itself ; the true reality that is and ought to be is not matter and is still less Idea, but is the living personal Spirit of God and the world of personal Spirits which He has created. They only are the place in which Good and good things exist ; to them alone does there appear an extended material world, by the forms and movements of which the thought of the Cosmic whole makes itself intelligible through intuition to every finite mind." Knowledge finds its goal in Truth, Feeling in the Good, or Supreme worth. " Taking Truth," he says, " as a whole, we are not justified in regarding it as a mere self-centred splendour, having no necessary connection with those stirrings of the soul from which, indeed, the impulse to seek it first proceeded. On the contrary, whenever any scientific revolution has driven out old modes of thought, the new views that take their place must justify themselves by the permanent and increasing satisfaction which they are capable of affording to those spiritual demands, which cannot be put off or ignored." " Rather let us admit that in the obscure impulse to treat higher aspects of things which we

sometimes glory in, and sometimes feel incapable of rising to, there is yet a dim consciousness of the right path, and that every objection of science to which we attend does but disperse some deceptive light cast upon the one immutable goal of our longings by the changing standpoints of growing experience."

Every man, said Emerson, is born to be either a Platonist or an Aristotelian. Every man has a tendency either towards Idealism or towards a Realism which may or may not be such as the Realism of Lotze. He has produced a deep effect on German thought, and his influence has crossed the seas to Britain and America. The theological teaching of his fellow-professor Ritschl, and of Harnack later on, seems to me to be in a large part the outcome of the principles of Lotze. They turned away from the controversies about the Gospels and the investigations of the Tübingen school, to seek in the origins of Christianity for a foundation which should require no metaphysical assistance, but should be its own witness. Whether they have succeeded time will show. It may be that they and Lotze too will turn out only to have opened anew the door to scientific doubt. But their work has been a great work, alike in the extent of its influence and in the spirit in which it was conceived.

I have spoken to you of Lotze—not merely because he was a notable figure, representative of some of the finest qualities of the soul of the great German people. He was great as a teacher, whether or not his thinking was more than that of a profound critic of other systems. He was great equally as a moral figure, a personality

with which none could be in contact without being influenced by it. Thirty-six years ago I was bidden to choose for myself whether I would go to Oxford or to a German University, and I chose Göttingen because Lotze was there. I was only seventeen, little more than a boy. I remember vividly how spiritually as well as intellectually anchorless I felt in the early days of my residence in the old University town where lay the Hanoverian centre of learning. Göttingen was in those days full of great men. Gauss and Riemann and Weber were dead, but Wöhler was there, and Benfey and Sauppe and Von Jhering and Ritschl—names that stood in the 'seventies for what was highest in Germany in science and classical learning and jurisprudence and theology. Yet the figure that stood out above all the others was that of my old master, Hermann Lotze. I had the privilege, boy as I was, of seeing him often in his study as well as of listening in his lecture-room, and to the end of my life I shall hold the deep impression he made on me—of a combination of intellectual power and the highest moral stature. It seems to me but yesterday that he used quietly to enter the lecture-room where we students sat expectant, and, taking his seat, fix his eyes on space as though he were looking into another world remote from this one. The face was worn with thought, and the slight and fragile figure with the great head looked as though the mind that tenanted it had been dedicated to thought and to nothing else. The brow and nose were wonderfully chiselled, the expression was a combination of tolerance with power. The delivery was slow and exact, but the command of language was impressive. Our feeling

towards him as we sat and listened was one of reverence mingled with affection.

Such was Hermann Lotze as I knew him. I have often wondered whether Browning had not visited Göttingen before he wrote his *Christmas Eve*, and whether it was Lotze he had in his mind when he describes how the spirit took him from place to place, until at last—

“ Alone, beside the entrance-door
Of a sort of temple,—perhaps a college,
—Like nothing I ever saw before
At home in England to my knowledge.
The tall, old, quaint, irregular town !
It may be . . . though which, I can’t affirm . . . any
Of the famous middle-age towns of Germany ;
And this flight of stairs where I sit down,
Is it Halle, Weimar, Cassel, Frankfort
Or Göttingen, I have to thank for’t ?
It may be Göttingen,—most likely.”

Then he describes how he enters the lecture-room and sits down among the students and a professor comes in :

“ I felt at once as if there ran
A shoot of love from my heart to the man—
.
And stood, surveying his auditory,
With a wan pure look, well-nigh celestial,—
Those blue eyes had survived so much,
While, under the foot they could not smutch
Lay all the fleshy and the bestial.”

The figure of Socrates is typical of the soul of the people of ancient Greece. The figures of Kant and of

Lotze are typical of much that has been distinctive in the soul of modern Germany, of its idealism and of its culture. We do well to study such typical figures and to hold them in reverence. Especially do they represent much of what counts for the highest in University life in all countries. And it is in the Universities, with their power over the mind, greater in the end than the power of any government or of any church, that we see how the soul of a people at its highest mirrors itself. Your University life in this country of Wales is but young. We do not yet see how far it will develop. But what I know of the spirit of your people gives me the sense that the soil in which that young life has taken root is fertile in a high degree.

I will close this address with the words in which Fichte, a hundred and five years since, took leave of his hearers at the University of Erlangen on an occasion like this :

“ If a thought of mine have entered into any now present, and shall abide there as a guide to higher truth, perhaps it may sometimes awaken the memory of this discourse and of me—and only in this way do I desire to live in your recollection ! ”

FROM THE VOICED TO THE UNVOICED

SIR J. C. BOSE

[Invited to address the Benares Hindu University in connection with its inauguration in February, 1916, Dr. Bose delivered the following discourse.]

IN tracing the characteristic phenomenon of life—from simple beginnings in that vast region which may be called Unvoiced, as exemplified in the world of plants, to its highest expression in the animal kingdom—one is repeatedly struck by the dominant fact, that in order to maintain an organism at the height of its efficiency, something more than a mechanical perfection of its structure is necessary. Every living organism, in order to maintain its life and growth, must be in free communion with all the forces of the universe about it.

Further, it must not only constantly receive stimulus from without, but must also give out something from within. And the healthy life of the organism will depend on these twofold activities of inflow and outflow. When there is any interference with these activities then morbid symptoms appear, which ultimately must end in disaster and death. This is equally true of the intellectual life of a nation. When, through narrow conceit, a nation regards itself as self-sufficient and cuts itself from the stimulus of the outside

world, then intellectual decay must inevitably follow. So far as regards the receptive function. Then there is another function in the intellectual life of a nation—that of spontaneous outflow—that giving out of its life by which the world is enriched. When the nation has lost this power, when it merely receives but cannot give out, then its healthy life is over and it sinks to a degenerate existence which is purely parasitic.

THE FUNCTION OF A NATIONAL UNIVERSITY

How can our nation give out of the fullness of the life that is in it and how can a new Indian University help in the realisation of this object? It is clear that its power of directing and inspiring will depend on its world-status.

Can this be secured by the mere repetition in India of old and outgrown methods of the Western Universities, which in transit have lost their native vitality? Our educational methods must be modernised, but these must not necessarily be the old stereotyped methods which cannot be plastic enough to adapt themselves to the new living conditions, but becoming crystallised often hinder the progress of knowledge; for they can merely give the stamp of their approval to feats of memorising faculty and to tests of imported knowledge which have become out of date. They could not, on account of this crystallised constitution, officially recognise any new advance of knowledge, however important it may be, that may owe its birth to India. For the renewal of her life, India must win the respect and recognition of the world. Could such respect for her be secured even if we succeeded in

establishing here branch institutions of Heidelberg, Oxford, or Columbia? To be organic and vital a National University must stand for self-expression and for winning for India a place she has lost.

SECURING OF WORLD-STATUS

The world-status for a National Centre of Learning can be secured by no artificial means ; nor can any charter assure it. This status can only be won by the intrinsic value of the great contributions to be made by its own Indian scholars to the advancement of the world's knowledge.

Knowledge is never the exclusive possession of any particular race nor does it recognise geographical limitations. The whole world is inter-dependent and a constant stream of thought had been carried out throughout the ages, enriching the common heritage of mankind. Although science was neither of the East nor of the West, but international in its universality, certain aspects of it gained richness by reason of their place of origin. Has India then any great contributions to offer to the advance of human knowledge? We have also to realise in this connection: What has been her strength in the past and what is the weakness that has been paralysing her activities ?

CONDITIONS FOR SCIENTIFIC SUCCESS

For the accomplishment of any great scientific work there must be two different elements and these must be evenly balanced ; any excess of the one at the expense of the other would be highly detrimental to

the discovery of truth. These elements are : first a great imaginative faculty, and second, a due regulation of that faculty in pursuance of rigid demonstration. An aimless experimentation can lead to no result, while an unrestrained imagination will lead to the wildest speculation, which is subversive to intellectual sanity. A true inquirer has, therefore, to guard against being self-deceived ; he has, at every step, to compare his own thought with the external fact ; he has remorselessly to abandon all in which these are not agreed. Thus what he slowly gathers is certain, forming a sure foundation of what is to come. Even in this path of self-restraint and verification, he is making for a region of surpassing wonder. When the visible light ends he still follows the invisible. Where the note of the audible reaches the unheard even then he gathers the tremulous message.

CREATION OF ARTIFICIAL ORGANS OF PERCEPTION

How have these wonderful feats been rendered possible ? First by the recognition of man's own limitations, and then, undaunted by these, by setting about the creation of artificial organs, which would require great genius for invention and extraordinary skill in construction. Indian inquirers had even at an early stage clearly understood our physical limitations. They recognised that there are infra-sensible phenomena, which exist but cannot be detected on account of the imperfection of our senses. For want of delicate instruments—which are in reality artificial means for extending the range of our perception—the progress of

knowledge was arrested. The cause of our scientific ill-success has been the want of true recognition of the experimental side. This may have been due to decline of national life, however brought about, or to the general distraction consequent on the unsettled condition of the country. No great experimental work can be carried out unless the mind of the inquirer remains undisturbed, unless he be connected with an institution having great and inspiring traditions, where the constructive skill of great mechanicians has been handed down from generation to generation.

UNRESTRAINED SPECULATION

Whatever the reason might be, the mind gradually drifted from the irksome curb of slow experimental tests to the fascination of unrestrained speculation. What could be more enchanting than that delightful story in the Arabian Nights when the prince presses a pin in the neck of a mechanical horse and the machine flies through space! To confuse romance with reality is but one step. It is by the contact of the hand with real things that the brain receives a constant stream of stimulating messages; and the answering impulse of the brain gives the hand its cunning. Without action, the mind must lose its vigour and will succumb at last. It will begin to think that great achievements in science may perhaps be won by some lucky chance or by certain feats of jugglery. I cannot think anything so deadening to progress as this attitude of mental degeneracy.

LIFE OF AN INVESTIGATOR

It is no easy life that lies before a scientific investigator. He has to steel his body, and nerve, to the utmost. There is to be for him no life of ease. It is to be one of unending struggle. Even after all this there is no assurance whatever of success to reward him for his ceaseless toil. He has to cast his life as an offering, regarding gain or loss, success or failure as one. This will perhaps be better realised when I recount the real history of the conquest of air. I had the unusual opportunity of coming in close contact with the work of the man to whom this great achievement is ultimately due. Many lives had previously been sacrificed in various ineffective attempts till the investigation on the supporting power of moving surfaces was scientifically taken up by Langley in America. After many years of patient experimentation new data were obtained, which were contrary to all previously accepted theories of aerodynamics. Then the question of light motors presented insuperable difficulties. After these had been overcome Langley took up the question of flying machine, and a small model of an automatic flying machine ascended the air on the 6th of May, 1896, for the first time, which, after describing a series of spiral curves in the air, safely descended on the Potomac river, having accomplished the length of flight of over 3,000 feet. I had this recounted to me by his friend, Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, who watched this flight. Great interest was aroused and the American nation keenly watched for the occasion when a larger machine

was to make its flight before the public. In this public demonstration a small screw was left loose by the carelessness of a workman, with the result that the machine instead of rising was precipitated into the river. A chorus of derision arose which was magnified by the Press, and Langley died of a broken heart.

This has often been the fate of great inventors and discoverers. But the lure that draws heroic souls is not the success which can easily be achieved, but defeat and tribulation in the pursuit of the unattainable. I have seen at the Smithsonian Institution this machine which failed at the first experiment. But after Langley's death the experiment was repeated, and the aeroplane rose into the air like a bird that has been set free after a long period of imprisonment.

THE MENTAL FACTOR

I spoke in some detail of the source of the weakness that has so long arrested our scientific advance. This was our neglect of the experimental factor. I shall show later how this defect can be remedied, if we once realise and face it. I shall now take up the other factor, the mental, in which fortunately we do possess certain advantages. It is to be remembered that every experiment has to be carried out first in the inner region of the mind. To keep the mental vision clear great struggles have to be undergone, for the clearness of the inner vision is lost too easily. The greatest wealth of external appliances is of no avail where there is not a concentrated pursuit of a great object. Those whose minds rush hither and thither, those who hunger for public applause or personal gain instead of truth,

by them the quest is never won. In pursuit of knowledge an Indian inquirer has the burning imagination which can extort truth out of a mass of disconnected facts, a habit of meditation without allowing the mind to dissipate itself. If he caught "with his scientific imagination a glimpse of a wonder-working ray as yet unknown to man, and believed that experiment would reveal its properties and potentialities, he would go on working ceaselessly through a long life and, dying, hand on his task to his disciples."

POWER OF DETACHMENT

And what about the fruit of knowledge that has been acquired, and its applications? It is well known that a moving machinery in increasing its unrestrained pace rushes towards destruction, unless it has a self-checking governor to restrain it before the danger limit is reached. In the West there has been no check or limit to the competition for personal gain and lust for power in exploiting the applications of knowledge, not so often for saving as for causing destruction. And on account of the absence of this restraining force, civilisation is trembling to-day in an unstable poise on the brink of ruin.

Let us now look at the innate restraining power that governs Indian life and culture. We may call it the force of detachment or, for want of a better phrase, the impulse of spirituality. Let us see how this common heritage reacts on the Indian mind. As an extreme case, let us see how one of the greatest of warrior kings became suddenly transformed under its dominating influence even at the moment of his greatest victory.

In the ninth year of his reign his arms were successful and the extensive territories of Kalinga were incorporated with his empire. This is what the Emperor Asoka writes on imperishable stone as the record of his triumph, twenty-two centuries ago :

“ His Majesty feels remorse on account of the conquest of the Kalingas, because during the subjugation of a country, slaughter, death and taking away captive of people necessarily occur. And for this His Majesty feels profound sorrow. Although a man should do him injury he holds that it must be patiently borne. His Majesty desires for all, security, peace of mind and joyousness. And the chiefest conquest is through righteousness.”

So much about the man of the sword. As regards the other man who truly dedicates his life to the quest of knowledge in our country, any longing for personal gain or misuse of his knowledge would be worse than sacrilege. Poised as he is between the infinity of the past and the infinity of the future, between universes of worlds and universes of atoms—can anything be worth his while for so sorry a prize ? Can his mind be satisfied with anything less sublime than to be merged in the rhythmic sweep of the world-spirit itself ?

SYNTHESIS OF SCIENCES

The excessive specialisation in the West has led to the danger of our losing sight of the fundamental truth that there are not sciences but a single science that includes all. India is, perhaps through her habit of mind, better fitted to realise a wider synthesis. One of the greatest contributions in the realm of science

would undoubtedly be the establishment of a great generalisation, not merely speculative, but based on actual demonstration of an underlying unity amidst bewildering diversity. Shall this great glory be for India to win? In my investigations on the action of forces on matter, I was amazed to find boundary lines vanishing and to discover points of contact emerging between the Living and Non-Living. My first work in the region of invisible lights made me fully realise how in the midst of a luminous ocean we stood almost blind. But out of the very imperfection of his senses, man has dared in science to build for himself a raft of thought by which to make daring adventures into the great seas of the unknown.

UNITY OF LIFE

Just as in following light from the visible to the invisible our range of investigation transcends our physical sight, so also the problem of the great mystery of Life and Death is brought a little nearer solution, when in the realm of the living we pass from the Voiced to the Unvoiced. Is there any possible relation between our own life and that of the plant world? The question is not one of dreamy speculation but of actual demonstration by some method that is unimpeachable. This means that we should abandon all our preconceptions, most of which are afterwards found to be absolutely groundless and contrary to facts. The final appeal must be made to the plant itself and no evidence should be accepted unless it bears the plant's own signature. This meant, first the discovery of some compulsive force which would make the plant give some answering

signal ; then instrumental means had to be supplied for the automatic conversion of these signals into an intelligent script ; and last of all we had ourselves to learn the nature of the hieroglyphic.

THE INNER HISTORY OF PLANT LIFE

It was to be the discovery of the inner history of the plant hidden under a placid exterior, the detection of the subtle impress left on it by storm and sunshine, by the warmth of summer and frost of winter, by a passing breeze or a drifting cloud. It can easily be imagined how extraordinarily delicate the instruments must be which detect all these and reveal the secrets of the unvoiced and hidden life. It has to measure the twitching throb under a shock, the time it takes the plant to perceive it, and to measure the rate of impulse with which the message is being sent along the conducting path of the plant. It has to record its living pulsation and the stupor that comes under the action of narcotics and signal the exact moment of death under the action of poisons.

I said that the slur against Indian competence in science has chiefly lain in regard to lack of the experimental skill and the power of invention and construction of apparatus of extreme delicacy. To this the sufficient answer is that the instruments just described have all been devised in India and constructed by Indian mechanics. Their great perfection and extreme delicacy may be gauged from the fact that, though these instruments have been widely exhibited in all the scientific centres of the West, they yet found it impossible to duplicate these instruments. And

requests have in consequence been made by the different Universities in Europe and America, for the supply of instruments from my Laboratory, these being regarded as of essential importance for furthering the new investigations relating to life.

It will thus be seen that when we put our whole strength into the accomplishment of any object, all difficulties vanish and the impossible becomes possible. But this cannot be the outcome of easy complacency. For many years a single man had to bear the brunt of opposition from the whole scientific world, and after years of drudgery and many failures success came to me at last.

FACT AND IMAGINATION

When tired with the drudgery of experimental verification, nothing appears more tempting than giving free rein, once in a way, to imagination and creating a world full of wonder. I indulged in this weakness many years ago and wrote, curiously enough, an imaginary history of the hidden life of the plant. Of the many wonderful things said it is not at all surprising that some did come out true ; but the rest of the speculation was quite wrong. It is not the likelihood of something coming out right that is of the least importance in science. For nothing is so subversive to the progress of science as the various contending speculations without basic facts to support them. What really counts is the absolute certainty of demonstrated fact which is true for all time ; and on this sure foundation alone can great superstructures be raised. How necessary it is to observe extreme caution

against being misled by speculation will be obvious when we realise that we may be led astray by appearances, which we accept as well-ascertained fact. All of us, for instance, have regarded *Mimosa* as delicately sensitive, shrinking from touch, while most of the ordinary plants are supposed to be devoid of all sensibility. My investigations show that the so-called sensitive plants are really paralysed, this motor-paralysis being confined to one side ; while some of the so-called insensitive plants are far more sensitive than the much-vaunted *Mimosa*. Again, who has not been struck by the closing of the leaflets of certain plants at the onset of darkness, this being unhesitatingly regarded as the sleep of plants ? In reality, closure of leaflets has nothing whatever to do with true sleep ; my investigations show that the *Mimosa* plant does not go to sleep in the evening, but keeps wide awake nearly all night long and falls asleep only about six in the morning ! This will show how necessary it is, for the discovery of truth, to maintain a spirit of absolute detachment and perfect freedom of mind from all preconceived bias. The hardest struggle is to protect oneself from being self-deceived and one has to guard against it and keep vigilant all the time.

THE WIDE VISTA

It was after repeating every one of the innumerable tests by which animal life is usually differentiated that I was able to prove that the phenomenon of life, with all its multiplex variations, is identical in plant and in animal. In other words all life is One. This identity has been proved to be so real that after discovering

some new reaction in plants I have been able to predict its occurrence, hitherto unsuspected, in the animal ; and my predictions have come out invariably true. The unexpected revelations in the life of plants have opened out vast fields of inquiry in Physics, in Physiology, in Agriculture, in Medicine, and even in Psychology. Many problems, long regarded as insoluble, have been brought within the region of experimental investigation. In Physiology the new inquiry is concerned in the determination of the characteristics of life and death, and in unravelling the mystery of automatism. In Medicine it deals with the fundamental reaction of drugs on protoplasm itself by which its practice is raised from empiricism to science. It tries to solve the anomaly of an identical drug inducing two opposite effects on different individuals. In Psychology a new chapter has been opened out by the discovery of nervous impulse in plants. A certain new phenomenon discovered in plant-nerve shows that the intensity of the nervous impulse which colours our sensation, as pleasure or pain, is not solely determined by the intensity of the external blow, but that the character of the sensation is capable of being modified according to the predisposition which can be imparted to the vehicle that carries the sense-bearing message.

INDIA'S TEMPLE OF SCIENCE

Are our universities to be content with merely turning out graduates whose knowledge of an alien language and efficiency in other imitative arts have roused a certain amount of good-natured astonishment among foreign critics ? Those days of tolerant appreciation

are now happily passed away. You have to pass a far severer test, and by your own work you have to win the recognition of the world. The civilised nations have in modern times each made notable contributions to the world's advancement. What new and original store have you contributed, and what steps have you taken that your contributions do not remain sporadic or uncertain ?

I have spoken of the new lines of investigation which have had their birth in India and which will contribute materially to the intellectual advancement and further the welfare of humanity. Will these advances made in various branches of science—in Medicine, in Agriculture and in Bio-physics—benefit only India or the whole world ? Shall these then remain the offering of an individual worker, to come to an end with him, or shall there rise a school of science to hold the meed of recognition which has so hardly been won, and maintain a continuous and glorious tradition of India's gift to the world in the realm of science ?

Very little serious and intelligent thought has been given to this question, which is one of the most important problems for shaping the future destiny of our country. It has been supposed that for the success of research all that is necessary is an expensively equipped laboratory which appeals to the eye by its grandeur, and cut-and-dried schemes for various endowed chairs and an undue haste to fill them. The tragic fate of a certain princely benefaction for research in India is too recent, but its lessons, it is to be feared, will not be easily learnt. If display and lavish expenditure had been the sole requisite for the discovery of laws of nature,

then Universities, with their endowments exceeding millions, should have had the monopoly in scientific advance ; but this has by no means been the case. On the other hand a Davy, a Faraday and a Rayleigh have made epoch-making discoveries within the walls of the less pretentious Royal Institution, and have created worthy disciples and successors. It is the man who carries a torchlight that can alone kindle other flames. It is by constant contact with the mind of his teacher that the disciple becomes inspired and shapes his future life. It is not the blare of publicity but a sequestered life that is necessary for great scientific achievements. Once the master is found, let him have his disciples, who should be enabled to devote all their lives to the sacred cause of science. It is no pillars of granite, but aspiring and undaunted souls that are as milestones which mark the advance of human knowledge.

THE MESSAGE FROM THE PAST

In any case, if India has to make any contribution to the world, it should be as great as the hope we cherish for her. Let us not talk of the glories of the past till we have secured for her her true place among the intellectual nations of the world. Let us find out how she has fallen from her high estate, and ruthlessly put an end to all that self-satisfied little-minded vanity which has been the cause of our fatal weakness. What is it that stands in her way ? Is her mind paralysed by weak superstitious fears ? Not so ; for her great thinkers, the Rishis, always stood for freedom of intellect, and while Galileo was imprisoned and Bruno

burnt for their opinions, they boldly declared that even the Vedas are to be rejected if they do not conform with truth. They urged in favour of persistent efforts for the discovery of physical causes yet unknown, since to them nothing was extra-physical, but merely mysterious owing to the hitherto unascertained cause. Were they afraid that the march of knowledge was a danger to true faith ? Not so ; for to them knowledge and religion were one. Do they now lack devotion to a life consecrated to knowledge ? Not so ; for they have still the *sanyasin* spirit which utterly controls the body and can meditate or inquire endlessly while life remains, never for a moment losing sight of the object, never for a moment letting it be obscured by any terrestrial temptation.

UNDYING HOPE

These are the hopes that animate us. For there is something in the Indian culture which is possessed of extraordinary latent strength, by which it has resisted the ravages of time and the destructive changes which have swept over the earth. And indeed a capacity to endure through infinite transformation must be innate in that mighty civilisation which has seen the intellectual culture of the Nile Valley, of Assyria, and of Babylon wax and wane and disappear, and which to-day gazes on the future with the same invincible faith with which it met the past.

MY SCHOOL ¹

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

I STARTED a school in Bengal when I was nearing forty. Certainly this was never expected of me, who had spent the greater portion of my life in writing, chiefly verses. Therefore people naturally thought that as a school it might not be one of the best of its kind, but it was sure to be something outrageously new, being the product of daring inexperience.

This is one of the reasons why I am often asked what is the idea upon which my school is based. The question is a very embarrassing one for me, because to satisfy the expectation of my questioners I cannot afford to be commonplace in my answer. However, I shall resist the temptation to be original and shall be content with being merely truthful.

In the first place, I must confess it is difficult for me to say what is the idea which underlies my institution. For the idea is not like a fixed foundation upon which a building is erected. It is more like a seed which cannot be separated and pointed out directly it begins to grow into a plant.

And I know what it was to which this school owes its origin. It was not any new theory of education, but the memory of my school-days.

That those days were unhappy ones for me I cannot

¹ A lecture delivered in America, published in *Personality*.

altogether ascribe to my peculiar temperament or to any special demerit of the schools to which I was sent. It may be that if I had been a little less sensitive, I could gradually have accommodated myself to the pressure and survived long enough to earn my university degrees. But all the same, schools are schools, though some are better and some worse, according to their own standard.

The provision has been made for infants to be fed upon their mother's milk. They find their food and their mother at the same time. It is complete nourishment for them, body and soul. It is their first introduction to the great truth that man's true relationship with the world is that of personal love and not that of the mechanical law of causation.

(Therefore our childhood should be given its full measure of life's draught, for which it has an endless thirst. The young mind should be saturated with the idea that it has been born in a human world which is in harmony with the world around it. And this is what our regular type of school ignores with an air of superior wisdom, severe and disdainful.) It forcibly snatches away children from a world full of the mystery of God's own handiwork, full of the suggestiveness of personality. It is a mere method of discipline which refuses to take into account the individual. It is a manufactory specially designed for grinding out uniform results. It follows an imaginary straight line of the average in digging its channel of education. But life's line is not the straight line, for it is fond of playing the see-saw with the line of the average, bringing upon its head the rebuke of the

school. For according to the school, life is perfect when it allows itself to be treated as dead, to be cut into symmetrical conveniences. And this was the cause of my suffering when I was sent to school. For all of a sudden I found my world vanishing from around me, giving place to wooden benches and straight walls staring at me with the blank stare of the blind.

The legend is that eating of the fruit of knowledge is not consonant with dwelling in paradise. Therefore men's children have to be banished from their paradise into a realm of death, dominated by the decency of a tailoring department. So my mind had to accept the tight-fitting encasement of the school which, being like the shoes of a mandarin woman, pinched and bruised my nature on all sides and at every movement. I was fortunate enough in extricating myself before insensibility set in.

Though I did not have to serve the full penal term which men of my position have to undergo to find their entrance into cultured society, I am glad that I did not altogether escape from its molestation. For it has given me knowledge of the wrong from which the children of men suffer.

The cause of it is this, that man's intention is going against God's intention as to how children should grow into knowledge. How we should conduct our business is our own affair, and therefore in our offices we are free to create in the measure of our special purposes. But such office arrangement does not suit God's creation. And children are God's own creation.

We have come to this world to accept it, not merely to know it. We may become powerful by knowledge,

but we attain fullness by sympathy. The highest education is that which does not merely give us information but makes our life in harmony with all existence. But we find that this education of sympathy is not only systematically ignored in schools, but it is severely repressed. From our very childhood habits are formed and knowledge is imparted in such a manner that our life is weaned away from nature, and our mind and the world are set in opposition from the beginning of our days. Thus the greatest of educations for which we came prepared is neglected, and we are made to lose our world to find a bagful of information instead. We rob the child of his earth to teach him geography, of language to teach him grammar. His hunger is for the Epic, but he is supplied with chronicles of facts and dates. He was born in the human world, but is banished into the world of living gramophones, to expiate for the original sin of being born in ignorance. Child-nature protests against such calamity with all its power of suffering, subdued at last into silence by punishment.

We all know children are lovers of the dust ; their whole body and mind thirst for sunlight and air as flowers do. They are never in a mood to refuse the constant invitations to establish direct communication which come to their senses from the universe.

But unfortunately for children their parents, in the pursuit of their profession, in conformity to their social traditions, live in their own peculiar world of habits. Much of this cannot be helped. For men have to specialise, driven by circumstances and by need of social uniformity.

But our childhood is the period when we have or

ought to have more freedom—freedom from the necessity of specialisation into the narrow bounds of social and professional conventionalism.

I well remember the surprise and annoyance of an experienced headmaster, reputed to be a successful disciplinarian, when he saw one of the boys of my school climbing a tree and choosing a fork of the branches for settling down to his studies. I had to say to him in explanation that "childhood is the only period of life when a civilised man can exercise his choice between the branches of a tree and his drawing-room chair, and should I deprive this boy of that privilege because I, as a grown-up man, am barred from it?" What is surprising is to notice the same headmaster's approbation of the boy's studying botany. He believes in an impersonal knowledge of the tree because that is science, but not in a personal experience of it. This growth of experience leads to forming instinct, which is the result of nature's own method of instruction. The boys of my school have acquired instinctive knowledge of the physiognomy of the tree. By the least touch they know where they can find a foothold upon an apparently inhospitable trunk; they know how far they can take liberty with the branches, how to distribute their bodies' weight so as to make themselves least burdensome to branchlets. My boys are able to make the best possible use of the tree in the matter of gathering fruits, taking rest and hiding from undesirable pursuers. I myself was brought up in a cultured home in a town, and as far as my personal behaviour goes, I have been obliged to act all through my life as if I were born in a world where there are no

trees. Therefore I consider it as a part of education for my boys to let them fully realise that they are in a scheme of existence where trees are a substantial fact, not merely as generating chlorophyll and taking carbon from the air, but as living trees.

Naturally the soles of our feet are so made that they become the best instruments for us to stand upon the earth and to walk with. From the day we commenced to wear shoes we minimised the purpose of our feet. With the lessening of their responsibility they have lost their dignity, and now they lend themselves to be pampered with socks, slippers and shoes of all prices and shapes and misproportions. For us it amounts to a grievance against God for not giving us hooves instead of beautifully sensitive soles.

I am not for banishing footgear altogether from men's use. But I have no hesitation in asserting that the soles of children's feet should not be deprived of their education, provided for them by nature, free of cost. Of all the limbs we have they are the best adapted for intimately knowing the earth by their touch. For the earth has her subtle modulations of contour which she only offers for the kiss of her true lovers—the feet.

I have again to confess that I was brought up in a respectable household, and my feet from childhood have been carefully saved from all naked contact with the dust. When I try to emulate my boys in walking barefoot, I painfully realise what thickness of ignorance about the earth I carry under my feet. I invariably choose the thorns to tread upon in such a manner as to make the thorns exult. My feet have not the instinct

to follow the lines of least resistance. For even the flattest of earth-surfaces has its dimples of diminutive hills and dales only discernible by educated feet. I have often wondered at the unreasonable zigzag of footpaths across perfectly plain fields. It becomes all the more perplexing when you consider that a footpath is not made by the caprice of one individual. Unless most of the walkers possessed exactly the same eccentricity such obviously inconvenient passages could not have been made. But the real cause lies in the subtle suggestions coming from the earth to which our feet unconsciously respond. Those for whom such communications have not been cut off can adjust the muscles of their feet with great rapidity at the least indication. Therefore they can save themselves from the intrusion of thorns, even while treading upon them, and walk barefooted on a gravelly path without the least discomfort. I know that in the practical world shoes will be worn, roads will be metalled, cars will be used. But during their period of education, should children not be given to know that the world is not all drawing-room, that there is such a thing as nature to which their limbs are made beautifully to respond ?

There are men who think that by the simplicity of living, introduced in my school, I preach the idealisation of poverty which prevailed in the mediaeval age. From the point of view of education, should we not admit that poverty is the school in which man had his first lessons and his best training ? Even a millionaire's son has to be born helplessly poor and to begin his lesson of life from the beginning. He has to learn to

walk like the poorest of children, though he has means to afford to be without the appendage of legs. Poverty brings us into complete touch with life and the world, for living richly is living mostly by proxy, and thus living in a world of lesser reality. This may be good for one's pleasure and pride, but not for one's education. Wealth is a golden cage in which the children of the rich are bred into artificial deadening of their powers. Therefore in my school, much to the disgust of the people of expensive habits, I had to provide for this great teacher—this bareness of furniture and materials—not because it is poverty, but because it leads to personal experience of the world.

What tortured me in my school-days was the fact that the school had not the completeness of the world. It was a special arrangement for giving lessons. It could only be suitable for grown-up people who were conscious of the special need of such places and therefore ready to accept their teaching at the cost of dissociation from life. (But children are in love with life, and it is their first love. All its colour and movement attract their eager attention. And are we quite sure of our wisdom in stifling this love? Children are not born ascetics, fit to enter at once into the monastic discipline of acquiring knowledge. At first they must gather knowledge through their love of life, and then they will renounce their lives to gain knowledge, and then again they will come back to their fuller lives with ripened wisdom.)

But society has made its own arrangements for manipulating men's minds to fit its special patterns. These arrangements are so closely organized that it is

difficult to find gaps through which to bring in nature. There is a serial adjustment of penalties which follows to the end one who ventures to take liberty with some part of the arrangements, even to save his soul. Therefore it is one thing to realise truth and another to bring it into practice where the whole current of the prevailing system goes against you. This is why, when I had to face the problem of my own son's education, I was at a loss to give it a practical solution. The first thing that I did was to take him away from the town surroundings into a village and allow him the freedom of primeval nature as far as it is available in modern days. He had a river, noted for its danger, where he swam and rowed without check from the anxiety of his elders. He spent his time in the fields and on the trackless sand-banks, coming late for his meals without being questioned. He had none of those luxuries that are not only customary but are held as proper for boys of his circumstance. For which privations, I am sure, he was pitied and his parents blamed by the people for whom society has blotted out the whole world. But I was certain that luxuries are burdens to boys. They are the burdens of other people's habits, the burdens of the vicarious pride and pleasure which parents enjoy through their children.

Yet, being an individual of limited resources, I could do very little for my son in the way of educating him according to my plan. But he had freedom of movement: he had very few of the screens of wealth and respectability between himself and the world of nature. Thus he had a better opportunity for a real experience of this universe than I ever had. But one

thing exercised my mind as more important than anything else.

The object of education is to give man the unity of truth. Formerly, when life was simple, all the different elements of man were in complete harmony. But when there came the separation of the intellect from the spiritual and the physical, the school education put entire emphasis on the intellect and the physical side of man. We devote our sole attention to giving children information, not knowing that by this emphasis we are accentuating a break between the intellectual, physical and the spiritual life.

I believe in a spiritual world, not as anything separate from this world, but as its innermost truth. With the breath we draw, we must always feel this truth, that we are living in God. Born in this great world, full of the mystery of the infinite, we cannot accept our existence as a momentary outburst of chance, drifting on the current of matter towards an eternal nowhere. We cannot look upon our lives as dreams of a dreamer who has no awakening in all time. We have a personality to which matter and force are unmeaning unless related to something infinitely personal, whose nature we have discovered, in some measure, in human love, in the greatness of the good, in the martyrdom of heroic souls, in the ineffable beauty of nature, which can never be a mere physical fact nor anything but an expression of personality.

Experience of this spiritual world, whose reality we miss by our incessant habit of ignoring it from childhood, has to be gained by children by fully living in it and not through the medium of theological instruction.

But how this is to be done is a problem difficult of solution in the present age. ✓ For nowadays men have managed so fully to occupy their time that they do not find leisure to know that their activities have only movement but very little truth, that their soul has not found its world.

In India we still cherish in our memory the tradition of the forest colonies of great teachers. These places were neither schools nor monasteries in the modern sense of the word. They consisted of homes where with their families lived men whose object was to see the world in God and to realise their own life in Him. Though they lived outside society, yet they were to society what the sun is to the planets, the centre from which it received its life and light. And here boys grew up in an intimate vision of eternal life before they were thought fit to enter the state of the householder.

Thus in the ancient India the school was there where was the life itself. There the students were brought up, not in the academic atmosphere of scholarship and learning, or in the maimed life of monastic seclusion, but in the atmosphere of living aspiration. They took the cattle to pasture, collected firewood, gathered fruit, cultivated kindness to all creatures, and grew in their spirit with their own teacher's spiritual growth. This was possible because the primary object of these places was not teaching but giving shelter to those who lived their life in God.

That this traditional relationship of the masters and disciples is not a mere romantic fiction is proved by the relic we still possess of the indigenous system of education. These *chatuspathis*, which is the Sanskrit name

for the university, have not the savour of the school about them. The students live in their master's home like the children of the house, without having to pay for their board and lodging or tuition. The teacher prosecutes his own study, living a life of simplicity, and helping the students in their lessons as a part of his life and not of his profession. This ideal of education through sharing a life of high aspiration with one's master took possession of my mind. Those who in other countries are favoured with unlimited expectations of worldly prospects can fix their purposes of education on those objects. But for us to maintain the self-respect which we owe to ourselves and to our creator, we must make the purpose of our education nothing short of the highest purpose of man, the fullest growth and freedom of soul. It is pitiful to have to scramble for small pittance of fortune. Only let us have access to the life that goes beyond death and rises above all circumstances, let us find our God, let us live for that ultimate truth which emancipates us from the bondage of the dust and gives us the wealth, not of things but of inner light, not of power but of love. Such emancipation of soul we have witnessed in our country among men devoid of book-learning and living in absolute poverty. In India we have the inheritance of this treasure of spiritual wisdom. Let the object of our education be to open it out before us and to give us the power to make the true use of it in our life, and offer it to the rest of the world when the time comes, as our contribution to its eternal welfare.

I had been immersed in literary activities when this thought struck my mind with painful intensity. I

suddenly felt like one groaning under the suffocation of nightmare. It was not only my own soul, but the soul of my country that seemed to be struggling for its breath through me. I felt clearly that what was needed was not any particular material object, not wealth or comfort or power, but our awakening to full consciousness in soul freedom, the freedom of the life in God, where we have no enmity with those who must fight, no competition with those who must make money, where we are beyond all attacks and above all insults.

Fortunately for me I had a place ready to my hand where I could begin my work. My father, in one of his numerous travels, had selected this lonely spot as the one suitable for his life of communion with God. This place, with a permanent endowment, he dedicated to the use of those who seek peace and seclusion for their meditation and prayer. I had about ten boys with me when I came here and started my new life with no previous experience whatever.

All around our *āshram*¹ is a vast open country, bare up to the line of the horizon except for sparsely-growing stunted date-palms and prickly shrubs struggling with ant-hills. Below the level of the field there extend numberless mounds and tiny hillocks of red gravel and pebbles of all shapes and colours, intersected by narrow channels of rain-water. Not far away towards the south, near the village, can be seen through the intervals of a row of palm trees the gleaming surface of steel-blue water, collected in a hollow of the ground. A road used by the village people for

¹ Originally a forest hermitage, now used of any welfare institution run by a social reformer or public worker.

their marketing in the town goes meandering through the lonely fields, with its red dust staring in the sun. Travellers coming up this road can see from a distance on the summit of the undulating ground the spire of a temple and the top of a building, indicating the Shanti-Niketan ¹ *āshram*, among its *āmālaki* ² groves and its avenue of stately *sāl* ³ trees.

And here the school has been growing up for over fifteen years, passing through many changes and often grave crisis. Having the evil reputation of a poet, I could with great difficulty win the trust of my countrymen and avoid the suspicion of the bureaucracy. My resources were extremely small, with the burden of a heavy debt upon them. But this poverty itself gave me the full strength of freedom, making me rely upon truth rather than upon materials.

But the question will be asked whether I have attained my ideal in this institution. (My answer is that the attainment of all our deepest ideals is difficult to measure by outward standards.) Its working is not immediately perceptible by results. We have fully admitted the inequalities and varieties of human life in our *āshram*. We never try to gain some kind of outward uniformity by weeding out the differences of nature and training of our members. Some of us belong to the Brahma Samaj sect and some to other sects of Hinduism; and some of us are Christians. Because we do not deal with creeds and dogmas of sectarianism, therefore this heterogeneity of our religious beliefs does not present us with any difficulty whatever.

¹ *Shanti* is peace and *Niketan* abode : abode of peace.

² *The Phyllanthus Emblica.*

³ *The Shorea Robusta.*

It will be difficult for others than Indians to realise all the associations that are grouped round the word *āshram*, the forest sanctuary. For it blossomed in India like its own lotus, under a sky generous in its sunlight and starry splendour. India's climate has brought to us the invitation of the open air; the language of her mighty rivers is solemn in their chants; the limitless expanse of her plains encircles our homes with the silence of the world beyond; there the sun rises from the marge of the green earth like an offering of the unseen to the altar of the Unknown, and it goes down to the west at the end of the day like a gorgeous ceremony of nature's salutation to the Eternal. In India the shades of the trees are hospitable, the dust of the earth stretches its brown arms to us, the air with its embraces clothes us with warmth. These are the unchanging facts that ever carry their suggestions to our minds, and therefore we feel it is India's mission to realise the truth of the human soul in the Supreme Soul through its union with the soul of the world. This mission had taken its natural form in the forest schools in the ancient time. And it still urges us to seek for the vision of the infinite in all forms of creation, in the human relationships of love; to feel it in the air we breathe, in the light in which we open our eyes, in the water in which we bathe, in the earth on which we live and die. Therefore I know—and I know it from my own experience—that the students and the teachers who have come together in this *āshram* are daily going towards the emancipation of their minds into the consciousness of the infinite, not through any process of teaching or outer discipline,

but by the help of an unseen atmosphere of aspiration that surrounds the place and the memory of a devoted soul who lived here in intimate communion with God.

In the teaching system of my school I have been trying all these years to carry out my theory of education, based upon my experience of children's minds.

I believe, as I suggested before, that children have their subconscious mind more active than their conscious intelligence. A vast quantity of the most important of our lessons has been taught to us through this. Experiences of countless generations have been instilled into our nature by its agency, not only without causing us any fatigue, but giving us joy. This subconscious faculty of knowledge is completely one with our life. It is not like a lantern that can be lighted and trimmed from outside, but it is like the light that the glow-worm possesses by the exercise of its life-process.

Fortunately for me I was brought up in a family where literature, music and art had become instinctive. My brothers and cousins lived in the freedom of ideas, and most of them had natural artistic powers. Nourished in these surroundings, I began to think early and to dream and to put my thoughts into expression. In religion and social ideals our family was free from all convention, being ostracized by society owing to our secession from orthodox beliefs and customs. This made us fearless in our freedom of mind, and we tried experiments in all departments of life. This was the education I had in my early days, freedom and joy in the exercise of my mental and artistic faculties. And because this made my mind fully alive to grow in its natural environment of nutrition, therefore the grind-

ing of the school system became so extremely intolerable to me.

I had only this experience of my early life to help me when I started my school. I felt sure that what was most necessary was the breath of culture and no formal method of teaching. Fortunately for me, Satish Chandra Roy, a young student of great promise, who was getting ready for his B.A. degree, became attracted to my school and devoted his life to carry out my idea. He was barely nineteen, but he had a wonderful soul, living in a world of ideas, keenly responsive to all that was beautiful and great in the realm of nature and of human mind. He was a poet who would surely have taken his place among the immortals of world literature, if he had been spared to live, but he died when he was twenty, thus offering his service to our school only for the period of one short year. With him boys never felt that they were confined in the limit of a teaching class; they seemed to have their access to everywhere. They would go with him to the forest when in the spring the *sāl* trees were in full blossom, and he would recite to them his favourite poems, frenzied with excitement. He used to read to them Shakespeare and even Browning—for he was a great lover of Browning—explaining to them in Bengali with his wonderful power of expression. He never had any feeling of distrust for boys' capacity of understanding; he would talk and read to them about whatever was the subject in which he himself was interested. He knew that it was not at all necessary for the boys to understand literally and accurately, but that their minds should be roused, and in this he was always successful.

He was not like other teachers, a mere vehicle of text-books. He made his teaching personal ; he himself was the source of it, and therefore it was made of life-stuff, easily assimilable by the living human nature. The real reason of his success was his intense interest in life, in ideas, in everything around him, in the boys who came in contact with him. He had his inspiration not through the medium of books, but through the direct communication of his sensitive mind with the world. The seasons had upon him the same effect as they had upon the plants. He seemed to feel in his blood the unseen messages of nature that are always travelling through space, floating in the air, shimmering in the sky, tingling in the roots of the grass under the earth. The literature that he studied had not the least smell of the library about it. He had the power to see ideas before him, as he could see his friends, with all the distinctness of form and subtlety of life.

Thus the boys of our school were fortunate enough to be able to receive their lessons from a living teacher and not from text-books. Have not our books, like most of our necessities, come between us and our world ? We have got into the habit of covering the windows of our minds with their pages, and plasters of book phrases have stuck into our mental skin, making it impervious to all direct touches of truth. A whole world of bookish truths have formed themselves into a strong citadel with rings of walls in which we have taken shelter, secured from the communication of God's creation. Of course, it would be foolish to underrate the advantages of the book. But at the same time we must admit that the book has its limita-

tions and its dangers. At any rate during the early period of education children should come to their lesson of truths through natural processes—directly through persons and things.

Being convinced of this, I have set all my resources to create an atmosphere of ideas in the *āshram*. Songs are composed—not specially made to order for juvenile minds. They are songs that a poet writes for his own pleasure. In fact, most of my “Gitānjali” songs were written here. These, when fresh in their first bloom, are sung to the boys, and they come in crowds to learn them. They sing them in their leisure hours, sitting in groups, under the open sky on moonlight nights, in the shadows of the impending rain in July. All my latter-day plays have been written here, and the boys have taken part in their performance. Lyrical dramas have been written for their season-festivals. They have ready access to the room where I read to the teachers any new things that I write in prose or in verse, whatever the subject may be. And this they utilize without the least pressure put upon them, feeling aggrieved when not invited. A few weeks before leaving India I read to them Browning’s drama *Luria*, translating it into Bengali as I went on. It took me two evenings, but the second meeting was as full as the first one. Those who have witnessed these boys playing their parts in dramatic performances have been struck with their wonderful power as actors. It is because they are never directly trained in the histrionic art. They instinctively enter into the spirit of the plays in which they take part, though these plays are no mere schoolboy dramas. They require subtle

understanding and sympathy. With all the anxiety and hypercritical sensitiveness of an author about the performance of his own play I have never been disappointed in my boys, and I have rarely allowed teachers to interfere with the boys' own representation of the characters. Very often they themselves write plays or improvise them, and we are invited to their performance. They hold meetings of their literary clubs, and they have at least three illustrated magazines conducted by three sections of the school, the most interesting of them being that of the infant section. A number of our boys have shown remarkable powers in drawing and painting, developed not through the orthodox method of copying models, but by following their own bent and by the help of occasional visits from some artists to inspire the boys with their own work.

When I first started my school my boys had no evident love for music. The consequence was that at the beginning I did not employ a music teacher and did not force the boys to take music lessons. I merely created opportunities when those of us who had the gift could exercise their musical culture. It had the effect of unconsciously training the ears of the boys. And when gradually most of them showed a strong inclination and love for music I saw that they would be willing to subject themselves to formal teaching, and it was then that I secured a music teacher.

In our school the boys rise very early in the morning, sometimes before it is light. They attend to the drawing of water for their bath. They make up their

beds. They do all those things that tend to cultivate the spirit of self-help.

I believe in the hour of meditation, and I set aside fifteen minutes in the morning and fifteen minutes in the evening for that purpose. I insist on this period of meditation, not, however, expecting the boys to be hypocrites and to make believe they are meditating. But I do insist that they remain quiet, that they exert the power of self-control, even though, instead of contemplating on God, they may be watching the squirrels running up the trees.

Any description of such a school is necessarily inadequate. For the most important element of it is the atmosphere, and the fact that it is not a school which is imposed upon the boys by autocratic authorities. I always try to impress upon their minds that it is their own world, upon which their life ought fully and freely to react. In the school administration they have their place, and in the matter of punishment we mostly rely upon their own court of justice.

In conclusion, I warn my hearers not to carry away with them any false or exaggerated picture of this *āshram*. When ideas are stated in a paper, they appear too simple and complete. But in reality their manifestation through the materials that are living and varied and ever changing is not so clear and perfect. We have obstacles in human nature and in outer circumstances. Some of us have a feeble faith in boys' minds as living organisms, and some have the natural propensity of doing good by force. On the other hand, the boys have their different degrees of

receptivity, and there are a good number of inevitable failures. Delinquencies make their appearance unexpectedly, making us suspicious as to the efficacy of our own ideals. We pass through dark periods of doubt and reaction. But these conflicts and waverings belong to the true aspects of reality. Living ideals can never be set into a clockwork arrangement, giving accurate account of its every second. And those who have firm faith in their idea have to test its truth in discords and failures that are sure to come to tempt them from their path. I for my part believe in the principle of life, in the soul of man, more than in methods. I believe that the object of education is the freedom of mind which can only be achieved through the path of freedom—though freedom has its risk and responsibility as life itself has. I know it for certain, though most people seem to have forgotten it, that children are living beings—more living than grown-up people, who have built their shells of habit around them. ✓ Therefore it is absolutely necessary for their mental health and development that they should not have mere schools for their lessons, but a world whose guiding spirit is personal love. It must be an *āshram* where men have gathered for the highest end of life, in the peace of nature ; where life is not merely meditative, but fully awake in its activities ; where boys' minds are not being perpetually drilled into believing that the ideal of the self-idolatry of the nation is the truest ideal for them to accept ; where they are bidden to realise man's world as God's Kingdom, to whose citizenship they have to aspire ; where the sunrise and sunset and the silent glory of stars are

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not daily ignored ; where nature's festivities of flowers and fruit have their joyous recognition from man ; and where the young and the old, the teacher and the student, sit at the same table to partake of their daily food and the food of their eternal life.

JARGON

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

WE parted, Gentlemen, upon a promise to discuss the capital difficulty of Prose, as we have discussed the capital difficulty of Verse. But, although we shall come to it, on second thoughts I ask leave to break the order of my argument and to interpose some words upon a kind of writing which, from a superficial likeness, commonly passes for prose in these days, and by lazy folk is commonly written for prose, yet actually is not prose at all ; my excuse being the simple practical one that, by first clearing this sham prose out of the way, we shall the better deal with honest prose when we come to it. The proper difficulties of prose will remain : but we shall be agreed in understanding what it is, or at any rate what it is not, that we talk about. I remember to have heard somewhere of a religious body in the United States of America which had reason to suspect one of its churches of accepting spiritual consolation from a coloured preacher—an offence against the laws of the Synod—and despatched a disciplinary committee with power to act ; and of the committee's returning to report itself unable to take any action under its terms of reference, for that while a person undoubtedly coloured had undoubtedly occupied the pulpit and had audibly spoken from it in the committee's presence, the performance could be

brought within no definition of preaching known or discoverable. So it is with that infirmity of speech—that flux, that determination of words to the mouth, or to the pen—which, though it be familiar to you in parliamentary debates, in newspapers, and as the staple language of blue books, committees, official reports, I take leave to introduce to you as prose which is not prose and under its real name of Jargon.

You must not confuse this jargon with what is called journalese. The two overlap, indeed, and have a knack of assimilating each other's vices. But jargon finds, maybe, the most of its votaries among good douce people who have never written to or for a newspaper in their life, who would never talk of "adverse climatic conditions" when they mean "bad weather"; who have never trifled with verbs such as "obsess," "recrudesce," "envisage," "adumbrate," or with phrases such as "the psychological moment," "the true inwardness," "it gives furiously to think." It dallies with Latinity—" *sub silentio*," " *de die in diem*," " *cui bono* ? " (always in the sense, unsuspected by Cicero, of "What is the profit?")—but not for the sake of style. Your journalist at the worst is an artist in his way: he daubs paint of this kind upon the lily with a professional zeal; the more fragrant (or, to use his own words, arresting) the pigment, the happier is his soul. Like the Babu he is trying all the while to embellish our poor language, to make it more floriferous, more poetical—like the Babu for example who, reporting his mother's death, wrote: "Regret to inform you, the hand that rocked the cradle has kicked the bucket."

There is metaphor : there is ornament : there is a sense of poetry, though as yet groping in a world unrealised. No such gusto marks—no such zeal, artistic or professional, animates—the practitioners of jargon, who are, most of them (I repeat), *douce respectable* persons. Caution is its father : the instinct to save everything and especially trouble : its mother, indolence. It looks precise, but is not. It is, in these times, safe : a thousand men have said it before and not one to your knowledge had been prosecuted for it. And so, like respectability in Chicago, jargon stalks unchecked in our midst. It is becoming the language of Parliament : it has become the medium through which boards of government, county councils, syndicates, committees, commercial firms, express the processes as well as the conclusions of their thought and so voice the reason of their being.

Has a Minister to say “No” in the House of Commons ? Some men are constitutionally incapable of saying no : but the Minister conveys it thus—“The answer to the question is in the negative.” That means “No.” Can you discover it to mean anything less, or anything more except that the speaker is a pompous person ?—which was no part of the information demanded.

That is jargon and it happens to be accurate. But as a rule jargon is by no means accurate, its method being to walk circumspectly around its target ; and its faith, that having done so it has either hit the bull’s-eye or at least achieved something equivalent, and safer.

Thus the Clerk of a Board of Guardians will minute that :

In the case of John Jenkins deceased the coffin provided was of the usual character.

Now this is not accurate. "In the case of John Jenkins deceased," for whom a coffin was supplied, it is wholly superfluous to tell us that he is deceased. But actually John Jenkins never had more than one case, and that was the coffin. The Clerk says he had two,—a coffin in a case: but I suspect the Clerk to be mistaken, and I am sure he errs in telling us that the coffin was of the usual character: for coffins have no character, usual or unusual.

For another example (I shall not tell you whence derived)—

In the case of every candidate who is placed in the first class (so you see the lucky fellow gets a case as well as a first class. He might be a stuffed animal: perhaps he is). In the case of every candidate who is placed in the first class the class-list will show by some convenient mark (1) the Section or Sections for proficiency in which he is placed in the first class and (2) the Section or Sections (if any) in which he has passed with special distinction.

"The Section or Sections (if any)"—. But, how, if they are not any, could they be indicated by a mark however convenient?

The Examiners will have regard to the style and method of the candidate's answers, and will give credit for excellence in these respects.

Have you begun to detect the two main vices of jargon? The first is that it uses circumlocution rather

than short straight speech. It says "In the case of John Jenkins deceased, the coffin" when it means "John Jenkins's coffin": and its yea is not yea, neither its nay nay: but its answer is in the affirmative or in the negative, as the foolish and superfluous "case" may be. The second vice is that it habitually chooses vague woolly abstract nouns rather than concrete ones. I shall have something to say by-and-by about the concrete noun, and how you should ever be struggling for it whether in prose or in verse. For the moment I content myself with advising you, if you would write masculine English, never to forget the old tag of your Latin Grammar—

Masculine will only be
Things that you can touch and see.

But since these lectures are meant to be a course in first aid to writing, I will content myself with one or two extremely rough rules: yet I shall be disappointed if you do not find them serviceable.

The first is: Whenever in your reading you come across one of these words, case, instance, character, nature, condition, persuasion, degree—whenever in writing your pen betrays you to one or another of them—pull yourself up and take thought. If it be "case" (I choose it as jargon's dearest child—"in Heaven yclept Metonymy") turn to the dictionary, if you will, and seek out what meaning can be derived from *casus*, its Latin ancestor: then try how, with a little trouble, you can extricate yourself from that case. The odds are, you will feel like a butterfly who has discarded his chrysalis.

Here are some specimens to try your hand on—

(1) All those tears which inundated Lord Hugh Cecil's head were dry in the case of Mr. Harold Cox. Poor Mr. Cox! left gasping in his aquarium!

(2) (From a cigar-merchant) In any case, let us send you a case on approval.

(3) It is contended that Consols have fallen in consequence: but such is by no means the case.

"Such," by the way, is another spoilt child of jargon, especially in committee's rules—"Co-opted members may be eligible as such; such members to continue to serve for such time as"—and so on.

(4) Even in the purely Celtic areas, only in two or three cases do the Bishops bear Celtic names. For "cases" read "dioceses."

Instance. In most instances the players were below their form.

But what were they playing at? Instances?

Character—Nature. There can be no doubt that the accident was caused through the dangerous nature of the spot, the hidden character of the by-road, and the utter absence of any warning or danger signal.

Mark the foggy wording of it all! And yet the man hit something and broke his neck! Contrast that explanation with the verdict of a coroner's jury in the West of England on a drowned postman—"We find that deceased met his death by an act of God, caused by sudden overflowing of the river Walkham and helped out by the scandalous neglect of the way-wardens."

The Aintree course is notoriously of a trying nature. On account of its light character, purity and age,

Usher's whiskey is a whiskey that will agree with you.

Order. The *mésalliance* was of a pronounced order.

Condition. He was conveyed to his place of residence in an intoxicated condition. "He was carried home drunk."

Quality and Section. Mr. —, exhibiting no less than five works, all of a superior quality, figures prominently in the oil section.—This was written of an exhibition of pictures.

Degree. A singular degree of rarity prevails in the earlier editions of this romance.

That is jargon. In prose it runs simply "The earlier editions of this romance are rare"—or "are very rare"—or even (if you believe what I take leave to doubt), "are singularly rare"; which should mean that they are rarer than the edition of any other work in the world.

Now what I ask you to consider about these quotations is that in each the writer was using jargon to shirk prose, palming off periphrases upon us when with a little trouble he could have gone straight to the point. "A singular degree of rarity prevails," "the accident was caused through the dangerous nature of the spot," "but such is by no means the case." We may not be capable of much; but we can all write better than that, if we take a little trouble. In place of, "the Aintree course is of a trying nature" we can surely say "Aintree is a trying course" or "the Aintree course is a trying one"—just that and nothing more.

Next, having trained yourself to keep a look-out for these worst offenders (and you will be surprised to find how quickly you get into the way of it), proceed to push your suspicions out among the whole cloudy host of abstract terms. "How excellent a thing is sleep," sighed Sancho Panza, "it wraps a man round like a cloak"—an excellent example, by the way, of how to say a thing concretely: a jargoneer would have said that "among the beneficent qualities of sleep its capacity for withdrawing the human consciousness from the contemplation of immediate circumstances may perhaps be accounted not the least remarkable." How vile a thing—shall we say?—is the abstract noun! It wraps a man's thoughts round like cotton-wool.

Here is a pretty little nest of specimens, found in *The Times* newspaper by Messrs. H. W. and F. G. Fowler, authors of that capital little book *The King's English*:

One of the most important reforms mentioned in the rescript is the unification of the organisation of judicial institutions and the guarantee for all the tribunals of the independence necessary for securing to all classes of the community equality before the law.

I do not dwell on the cacophony; but, to convey a straightforward piece of news, might not the editor of *The Times* as well employ a man to write:

One of the most important reforms is that of the Courts, which need a uniform system and to be made independent. In this way only can men be assured that all are equal before the law.

I think he might.

A day or two ago the musical critic of the *Standard* wrote this :

MR. LAMOND IN BEETHOVEN

Mr. Frederick Lamond, the Scottish pianist, as an interpreter of Beethoven has few rivals. At his second recital of the composer's works at the Bechstein Hall on Saturday afternoon he again displayed a complete sympathy and understanding of his material that extracted the very essence of aesthetic and musical value from each selection he undertook. The delightful intimacy of his playing and his unusual force of individual expression are invaluable assets, which, allied to his technical brilliancy, enable him to achieve an artistic triumph. The two lengthy Variations in E flat major (Op. 35) and in D major, the latter on the Turkish March from "The Ruins of Athens," when included in the same programme, require a master hand to provide continuity of interest. To say that Mr. Lamond successfully avoided moments that might at times, in these works, have inclined to comparative disinterestedness, would be but a moderate way of expressing the remarkable fascination with which his versatile playing endowed them, but at the same time two of the sonatas given included a similar form of composition, and no matter how intellectually brilliant may be the interpretation, the extravagant use of a certain mode is bound in time to become somewhat ineffective. In the Three Sonatas, the E major (Op. 109), the A major (Op. 2), No. 2, and the C minor (Op. 111), Mr. Lamond signalled his perfect insight into the composer's varying moods.

Will you not agree with me that here is no writing, here is no prose, here is not even English, but merely a flux of words to the pen ?

Here again is a string, a concatenation—say, rather, a tiara—of gems of purest ray serene from the dark unfathomed caves of a Scottish newspaper :

The Chinese viewpoint, as indicated in this letter, may not be without interest to your readers, because it evidently is suggestive of more than an academic attempt to explain an unpleasant aspect of things which, if allowed to materialise, might suddenly culminate in disaster resembling the Chang-Sha riots. It also ventures to illustrate incidents having their inception in recent premature endeavours to accelerate the development of Protestant missions in China ; but we would hope for the sake of the interests involved that what my correspondent describes as “ the irresponsible ruffian element ” may be known by their various religious designations only within very restricted areas.

Well, the Chinese have given it up, poor fellows ! and are asking the Christians—as to-day's newspapers inform us—to pray for them. Do you wonder ? But that is, or was, the Chinese “ viewpoint,”—and what a willow-pattern viewpoint ! Observe its delicacy. It does not venture to interest or be interesting ; merely “ to be not without interest.” But it does “ venture to illustrate incidents ” —which, for a viewpoint, is brave enough : and this illustration “ is suggestive of something more than an academic attempt to explain an unpleasant aspect of things which, if allowed to materialise, might suddenly culminate.” What materialises ? The unpleasant aspect ? or the things ? Grammar says the “ things,” “ things which if allowed to materialise.” But things are materialised already, and as a condition of their being things. It must be the aspect, then, that materialises. But, if so, it is also

the aspect that culminates, and an aspect, however unpleasant, can hardly do that, or at worst cannot culminate in anything resembling the Chang-Sha riots. . . . I give it up.

Let us turn to another trick of jargon : the trick of elegant variation, so rampant in the sporting press, that there, without needing to attend these lectures, the undergraduate detects it for laughter :

Hayward and C. B. Fry now faced the bowling, which apparently had no terrors for the Surrey crack. The old Oxonian, however, took some time in setting to work . . .

Yes, you all recognise it and laugh at it. But why do you practise it in your essays ? An undergraduate brings me an essay on Byron. In an essay on Byron, Byron is (or ought to be) mentioned many times. I expect, nay exact, that Byron shall be mentioned again and again. But my undergraduate has a blushing sense that to call Byron Byron twice on one page is indelicate. So Byron, after starting bravely as Byron, in the second sentence turns into "that great but unequal poet" and thenceforward I have as much trouble with Byron as ever Telemachus with Proteus to hold and pin him back to his proper self. Half-way down the page he becomes "the gloomy master of Newstead" : overleaf he is reincarnated into "the meteoric darling of society" : and so proceeds through successive avatars—"this arch-rebel," "the author of *Childe Harold*," "the apostle of scorn," "the *ex-Harrovia*n, proud, but abnormally sensitive of his club-foot," "the martyr of Missolonghi," "the pageant-monger of a bleeding heart." Now this again is

jargon. It does not, as most jargon does, come of laziness ; but it comes of timidity, which is worse. In literature as in life he makes himself felt who not only calls a spade a spade but has the pluck to double spades and re-double.

For another rule—just as rough and ready, but just as useful : Train your suspicions to bristle up whenever you come upon “ as regards,” “ with regard to,” “ in respect of,” “ in connection with,” “ according as to whether,” and the like. They are all dodges of jargon, circumlocutions for evading this or that simple statement : and I say that it is not enough to avoid them nine times out of ten, or nine-and-ninety times out of a hundred. You should never use them. That is positive enough, I hope ? Though I cannot admire his style, I admire the man who wrote to me, “ Re Tennyson—your remarks anent his *In Memoriam* make me sick ” : for though “ re ” is not a preposition of the first water, and “ anent ” has enjoyed its day, the finish crowned the work. But here are a few specimens far, very far, worse :

The special difficulty in Professor Minocelsi’s case (our old friend “ case ” again) arose in connexion with the view he holds relative to the historical value of the opening pages of Genesis.

That is jargon. In prose, even taking the miserable sentence as it stands constructed, we should write “ the difficulty arose over the views he holds about the historical value,” etc.

From a popular novelist :

I was entirely indifferent as to the results of the game, caring nothing at all as to whether I had losses or gains—

Cut out the first " as " in " as to," and the second " as to " altogether, and the sentence begins to be prose—" I was indifferent to the results of the game, caring nothing whether I had losses or gains."

But why, like Dogberry, have " had losses " ? Why not simply " lose." Let us try again. " I was entirely indifferent to the results of the game, caring nothing at all whether I won or lost."

Still the sentence remains absurd : for the second clause but repeats the first without adding one jot. For if you care not at all whether you win or lose, you must be entirely indifferent to the results of the game. So why not say " I was careless if I won or lost," and have done with it ?

A man of simple and charming character, he was fitly associated with the distinction of the Order of Merit.

I take this gem with some others from a collection made three years ago by the *Oxford Magazine* ; and I hope you admire it as one beyond price. " He was associated with the distinction of the Order of Merit " means " he was given the Order of Merit." If the members of that Order make a society then he was associated with them ; but you cannot associate a man with a distinction. The inventor of such fine writing would doubtless have answered Canning's Needy Knife-grinder with :

I associate thee with sixpence ! I will see thee in another association first !

But let us close our florilegium and attempt to illustrate jargon by the converse method of taking a famous piece of English (say Hamlet's soliloquy) and remoulding a few lines of it in this fashion :

To be, or the contrary? Whether the former or the latter be preferable would seem to admit of some difference of opinion; the answer in the present case being of an affirmative or of a negative character according as to whether one elects on the one hand to mentally suffer the disfavour of fortune, albeit in an extreme degree, or on the other to boldly envisage adverse conditions in the prospect of eventually bringing them to a conclusion. The condition of sleep is similar to, if not indistinguishable from, that of death; and with the addition of finality, the former might be considered identical with the latter: so that in this connection it might be argued with regard to sleep that, could the addition be effected, a termination would be put to the endurance of a multiplicity of inconveniences, not to mention a number of downright evils incidental to our fallen humanity, and thus a consummation achieved of a most gratifying nature.

That is jargon: and to write jargon is to be perpetually shuffling around in the fog and cotton-wool of abstract terms; to be for ever hearkening, like Ibsen's Peer Gynt, to the voice of the Boyg exhorting you to circumvent the difficulty, to beat the air because it is easier than to flesh your sword in the thing. The first virtue, the touchstone of a masculine style, is its use of the active verb and the concrete noun. When you write in the active voice, "They gave him a silver teapot," you write as a man. When you write "He was made the recipient of a silver teapot," you write jargon. But at the beginning set even higher store on the concrete noun. Somebody—I think it was Fitzgerald—once posited the question, "What would have become of Christianity if Jeremy Bentham had had the writing of the Parables?" Without pursuing that

dreadful enquiry I ask you to note how carefully the Parables—those exquisite short stories—speak only of “things which you can touch and see”—“A sower went forth to sow,” “The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took,”—and not the Parables only, but the Sermon on the Mount and almost every verse of the Gospel. The Gospel does not, like my young essayist, fear to repeat a word, if the word be good. The Gospel says “Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar’s”—not “Render unto Caesar the things that appertain to that potentate.” The Gospel does not say “Consider the growth of the lilies,” or even “Consider how the lilies grow.” It says, “Consider the lilies, how they grow.”

Or take Shakespeare. I wager you that no writer of English so constantly chooses the concrete word, in phrase after phrase forcing you to touch and see. No writer so insistently teaches the general through the particular. He does it even in *Venus and Adonis* (as Professor Wendell, of Harvard, pointed out in a brilliant little monograph on Shakespeare, published some ten years ago). Read any page of *Venus and Adonis* side by side with any page of Marlowe’s *Hero and Leander* and you cannot but mark the contrast: in Shakespeare the definite, particular, visualised image, in Marlowe the beautiful generalisation, the abstract term, the thing seen at a literary remove. Take the two openings, both of which start out with the sunrise. Marlowe begins:

Now had the Morn espied her lover’s steeds:
Whereat she starts, puts on her purple weeds,

And, red for anger that he stay'd so long,
All headlong throws herself the clouds among.

Shakespeare wastes no words on Aurora and her feelings, but gets to his hero and to business without ado :

Even as the sun with purple-colour'd face—
(You have the sun visualised at once),

Even as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-check'd Adonis hied him to the chase ;
Hunting he loved, but love he laugh'd to scorn.

When Shakespeare has to describe a horse, mark how definite he is :

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong ;
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide.

Or again, in a casual simile, how definite :

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dipper peering through a wave,
Which, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in.

Or take, if you will, Marlowe's description of Hero's first meeting Leander :

It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is over-ruled by fate . . . ,

and set against it Shakespeare's description of Venus' last meeting with Adonis, as she came on him lying in his blood :

Or as a snail whose tender horns being hit
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,

And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
 Long after fearing to creep forth again ;
 So, at his bloody view—

I do not deny Marlowe's lines (if you will study the whole passage) to be lovely. You may even judge Shakespeare's to be crude by comparison. But you cannot help noting that whereas Marlowe steadily deals in abstract, nebulous terms, Shakespeare constantly uses concrete ones, which later on he learned to pack into verse, such as :

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care.

Is it unfair to instance Marlowe, who died young ? Then let us take Webster for the comparison ; Webster, a man of genius or of something very like it, and commonly praised by the critics for his mastery over definite, detailed, and what I may call solidified sensation. Let us take this admired passage from his *Duchess of Malfy* :

Ferdinand. How doth our sister Duchess bear herself
 In her imprisonment ?

Basola. Nobly : I'll describe her.
 She's sad as one long wed to't, and she seems
 Rather to welcome the end of misery
 Than shun it : a behaviour so noble
 As gives a majesty to adversity.¹
 You may discern the shape of loveliness
 More perfect in her tears than in her smiles ;
 She will muse for hours together ;² and her
 silence
 Methinks expresseth more than if she spake.

¹ Note the abstract terms.

² Here we first come on the concrete : and beautiful it is.

Now set against this the well-known passage from *Twelfth Night* where the Duke asks and Viola answers a question about someone unknown to him and invented by her—a mere phantasm, in short : yet note how much more definite is the language :

Viola. My father had a daughter lov'd a man ;
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history ?

Viola. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek ; she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed ?

Observe (apart from the dramatic skill of it) how, when Shakespeare has to use the abstract noun "concealment," on an instant it turns into a visible worm "feeding" on the visible rose ; how, having to use a second abstract word "patience," at once he solidifies it in tangible stone.

Turning to prose, you may easily assure yourselves that men who have written learnedly on the art agree in treating our maxim—to prefer the concrete term to the abstract, the particular to the general, the definite to the vague—as a canon of rhetoric. Whately has much to say on it. The late Mr. E. J. Payne, in one of his admirable prefaces to Burke (prefaces too little known and valued, as too often happens to scholarship hidden away in a schoolbook), illustrated the maxim by setting a passage from Burke's speech "On Conciliation with America" alongside a passage of like purport

from Lord Brougham's "Inquiry into the Policy of the European Powers." Here is the deadly parallel :

Burke.

In large bodies the circulation of power must be less vigorous at the extremities. Nature has said it. The Turk cannot govern Egypt and Arabia and Curdistan as he governs Thrace ; nor has he the same dominion in Crimea and Algiers which he has in Brusa and Smyrna. Despotism itself is obliged to truck and huckster. The Sultan gets such obedience as he can. He governs with a loose rein, that he may govern at all ; and the whole of the force and vigour of his authority in his centre is derived from a prudent relaxation in all his borders.

Brougham.

In all the despotisms of the East, it has been observed that the further any part of the empire is removed from the capital, the more do its inhabitants enjoy some sort of rights and privileges ; the more inefficacious is the power of the monarch ; and the more feeble and easily decayed is the organisation of the government.

You perceive that Brougham has transferred Burke's thought to his own page : but will you not also perceive how pitifully, by dissolving Burke's vivid particulars into smooth generalities, he has enervated its hold on the mind ?

" This particularising style," comments Mr. Payne, " is the essence of Poetry ; and in Prose it is impossible not to be struck with the energy it produces." Brougham's passage is excellent in its way : but it pales

before the flashing lights of Burke's sentences. "The best instances of this energy of style," he adds, "are to be found in the classical writers of the seventeenth century." When South says, 'An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise,' he communicates more effectually the notion of the difference between the intellect of fallen and of unfallen humanity than in all the philosophy of his sermons put together.

You may agree with me, or you may not, that South in this passage is expounding trash ; but you will agree with Mr. Payne and me that he uttered it vividly.

Let me quote to you, as a final example of this vivid style of writing, a passage from Dr. John Donne far beyond and above anything that ever lay within South's compass :

The ashes of an Oak in the Chimney are no epitaph of that Oak, to tell me how high or how large that was ; it tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. 'The dust of great persons' graves is speechless, too ; it says nothing, it distinguishes nothing. As soon the dust of a wretch whom thou wouldest not, as of a prince whom thou couldest not look upon will trouble thine eyes if the wind blow it thither ; and when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of the Churchyard into the Church, and the man sweep out the dust of the church into the Churchyard, who will undertake to sift those dusts again and to pronouce, This is the Patrician, this is the noble flowre (flour), this the yeomanly, this the Plebeian bran ? So is the death of Iesabel (Iesabel was a Queen) expressed. They shall not say, This is Iesabel ; not only not wonder that it is, nor pity that it should be ; but they shall not say, they shall not know, This is Iesabel.

Carlyle noted of Goethe " his emblematic intellect, his never-failing tendency to transform into shape, into life, the feeling that may dwell in him. Everything has form, has visual excellence : the poet's imagination bodies forth the forms of things unseen, and his pen turns them into shape."

Perpend this, Gentlemen, and maybe you will not hereafter set it down to my reproach that I wasted an hour of a May morning in a denunciation of jargon, and in exhorting you upon a technical matter at first sight so trivial as the choice between abstract and definite words.

A lesson about writing your language may go deeper than language ; for language (as in a former lecture I tried to preach to you) is your reason, your λόγος. So long as you prefer abstract words, which express other men's summarised concepts of things, to concrete ones which lie as near as can be reached to things themselves and are the first-hand material for your thoughts, you will remain, at the best, writers at second-hand. If your language be jargon, your intellect, if not your whole character, will almost certainly correspond. Where your mind should go straight, it will dodge : the difficulties it should approach with a fair front and grip with a firm hand it will be seeking to evade or circumvent. For the style is the man, and where a man's treasure is there his heart, and his brain, and his writing will be also.

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE NATION¹

SIR ASUTOSH MOOKERJEE

MY first duty on this occasion is to return you my sincerest thanks for the honour you have done me, to acknowledge with gratitude the manifestation of your regard for me, to assure you of the respect which I entertain for your body, and to express my warm attachment to the institution whose welfare is your constant care. It is, indeed, a high privilege to be permitted to address the rising generation of my countrymen from this place, a distinction worthy to be prized by any man, however exalted his rank or station. It has been my lot to spend the best part of a life-time in the service of an exacting profession, which brings its votaries often into contact with examples of the selfish strife and depraved inclinations of men ; and in mature years it is a source of gratification to me to think that the bridge of communion with youthful minds, animated by aspirations for a noble career, has not been entirely cut asunder. If I have been so fortunate as to preserve such a link, I ascribe it mainly to the ennobling influence of that education in which the votaries of this institution, be they teachers, be they students, are now all participant in different stages. The history of your foundation and the attendant

¹Address delivered at the Convocation of the Lucknow University on 7th January, 1924.

circumstances are redolent of promise for a brilliant future. It is not every University which has the good fortune to possess as its Chancellor a cultured scholar and a far-sighted statesman, equally at home in the appreciation and interpretation of a Roman poet of bygone ages and the transformation and reconstruction of the complex machinery of modern Indian administration. It is not every University which sees united in the person of its Vice-Chancellor an extensive knowledge of modern science with a lifelong experience of educational activities. It is not every University which counts among its benefactors the flower of the aristocracy of the Province, the enlightened Barons of Oudh, who are the chief source of strength and support of this institution. Surely, these are factors which may rightly be interpreted as full of augury that there will flourish here, in this historic city, an institution great for the future of Oudh and of India.

The second and third decades of the twentieth century will for ever be remembered in India as the era of the foundation of new Universities. I frankly confess that I do not belong to that school of critics who regard the creation of new Universities with suspicion and apprehend that they may prove to be possible sources of danger to the commonwealth. Never has there been a stronger desire than at present to extend the inestimable advantages of education on sound and rational lines ; never before have the resources of the Universities and of the Colleges been overtaxed in a larger measure. Of that insistent demand for improved and extended facilities, no sane man alive can legitimately complain. On the other hand, we all wish that

they should be widened still further ; that they should be within the reach of every man. It seems astonishing that the contrary view could be seriously maintained, while education is the absorbing topic in all civilised communities and is more highly regarded than ever before, as it lies truly at the foundation of social well-being and connects itself indissolubly with individual happiness.

I have on other occasions emphasised the supreme function of Indian Universities as institutions for the organisation and advancement of research, for the systematic creation and growth of schools of Indian scholars in every department of the ever-widening domain of human knowledge. I shall not consequently analyse and develop here this fundamental feature of a University as a corporation of learning. But I shall avail myself of this opportunity to lay stress on another aspect of the manifold functions of a University in the life of a progressive people, anxious to occupy a place in the foremost rank of the civilised nations of the world.

It is not given to every alumnus of a University to discover new regions in the realm of thought, but it is at the same time indisputable that the greatest value will accrue to society at large from the lives and labours of those who are educated in a University. That benefit will, indeed, be enjoyed by many who will perhaps fail to recognise that it is traceable to the training imparted by the University ; but surely lack of recognition of a truth does not detract from its importance. Let us recall the beautiful words of the wise man of antiquity—no man liveth to himself.

Through its students, every institution of learning exerts a power for good or for evil upon the community. The character of the institution and the quality of its instruction are thus of vital importance to the nation. No man indeed liveth to himself. The object of all training, of all education, of all human effort is not the rearing up of an isolated individual who dies and is forgotten. The achievements of the day are relatively of little account. Benefits to the community, to the nation, to civilisation are all that are of perennial value, and the production of men whose influence shall for ever permeate the progress of humanity—that is the great object of the University, as it is of all human training and of all human effort. Civilisation proceeds in its majestic course. The participation of the individual man, trained in the University, in that majestic progress—that is the object of the University, the purpose of all this labour, of all this effort, on the part of the leaders of thought and opinion, the leaders of science and arts, the leaders in morals and religion. The University imparts a liberal education, liberal in a manifold sense, catholic, expanded, free from narrowness and bigotry in ideas or doctrines, appropriate for a broad and enlightened mind. The University thus fulfils its mission to send forth men in the service of society, who are fitted to contribute a special element towards the common stock of rational judgment in the country. The function of this education, all the world over, in all the worlds there are, and in all ages, is what may fittingly be called emancipation. Education, in the phraseology of archaic law, manumits and edifies ;

first it frees the slave, next it builds the man. To create capacity and culture, to develop skill for the hand and sight for the soul, to open the means of honourable living to the individual and to reveal to him the full meaning of life, is the noble duty of the educator, and is, I consider, the highest patriotism; for the world is cursed by ignorance and darkness, it will be blessed by knowledge and light.

It is thus of momentous importance that the activities of the University should be blended with the life of the nation, though we must emphatically repudiate the wild assumption rampant in these days of economic stress, that one of the functions of a University is to provide appointments for all its graduates and undergraduates. There should, however, be a constant and a legitimate tendency to mould our system of education to satisfy the growing and varying needs of the nation. The Universities now say to their men of letters, you must be leaders of men as well, to their men of science, you must be men of affairs too. The world in its turn demands that its engineers should be cultivated men and that its artisans should be skilled equally in the liberal arts. Where theory and practice thus meet in unison, there must be reason, and this reason is restoring to learning its fundamental unity in whose spirit we reap the strength and the vision of the University. It is this spirit which makes men seek for truth and beauty in letters, in science and in arts. The spirit of science, the spirit of letters and the spirit of arts are the three faces of the spirit of learning, and no University worthy of the name can without grave danger dedicate itself exclusively to one as the greatest of the three.

It is an oft-repeated observation that education does not begin with the University nor end in the University, but is a matter of life, the whole span of life both before and after that spent in the University. I have no desire to inflict on you a dissertation on the thorny subject of our entire system of education. But I venture to express the hope that whatever differences of form and expression may prevail, most persons would be prepared to adopt the lofty object attributed to education by Milton, namely, to befit men to discharge worthily all the duties imposed on them whether in peace or in war. In the application of this ideal to the present generation, we cannot ignore the fundamental fact that a system of national education, if made too narrow and exclusive, will help to cut off the nation from intellectual intercourse with other nations, will inevitably lead to stagnation and will surely prove fatal to further progress. The importance of this aspect of the matter cannot be overestimated, when we realise that every child is heir to the whole world. Ours has been felicitously called the century of the child, for the recorded history of no known age in the rise and fall of civilised societies has painted the picture of innumerable children, all round the world, trooping morning by morning to school, along the lanes of quiet villages, in the streets of noisy cities, under the burning sun, through the freezing snow, singly, in pairs, in groups, in files, dressed in a thousand fashions, speaking a thousand tongues. For the progress of the race, their education should be, in the illuminating phrase of Professor Campagnac, "Conversation with the world." But we cannot ignore another equally fundamental

aspect of the situation, namely, that, as happily phrased by Professor Nunn in his brilliant presidential address to the educational section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the conversation must be conducted in the native idiom. We do not preach the hateful doctrine that what is foreign should as such be excluded from the field of education nor the ignorant and presumptuous doctrine that what is our own is necessarily the best and that we have nothing to learn from other peoples. The root of the matter is that though the things which have universal human value are the things of most importance in education, the universal can be fully apprehended only where it lives in concrete embodiments. Consequently, while we recognise and appropriate all that is wholesome in the culture of the West, we are equally concerned with the preservation and development of the organs of our national culture and civilisation. It is this policy which has pervaded all the ramifications of the scheme for the establishment of a teaching and research University at Calcutta ; and its latest manifestation will be found in the bold attempt to reconstruct secondary education on a vernacular basis, a scheme fraught with the possibility of beneficent results which perhaps the wisest cannot foresee.

I have felt it necessary to make a passing reference to the problem of secondary education, because it is indisputable that the vitality of Universities must depend in a large measure on the efficacy of the training imparted to the pupils in High Schools. If the strongest and finest minds among our youth are to be prepared for the Universities, the staff of our secondary

schools must be composed of patriotic teachers of special ability and extensive culture. Some of them will be men of erudition in scholarship, others will be men of productive capacity in science, but all of them must be trained, if not specially gifted, in the Art of Teaching. The primary obligation of such a body of teachers will be to the students themselves. Under their guidance, the students, not driven by discipline but led rather by enthusiasm, will have their faculties steadily developed, their distinctive national feelings and characteristics generously fostered, so that they may be fully qualified for the duties of intelligent citizenship. Their studies and their sports will be so ordered and regulated as to stimulate and strengthen the intellect in exact thinking and the imagination in clear vision; their latent mental powers will be roused, and the supreme faculty of initiative will be developed, so as to enable them to play an honourable and distinguished part in the great arena of life for the benefit of society.

This leads up to the vital topic, why is education undertaken, what to teach so as to achieve the ends of education, how to teach so as to educate. These problems demand the thoughtful and earnest consideration of every patriotic man, truly anxious for the welfare of his country and zealous of her renown. National education must be tested in the crucible of experience by its actual visible result upon the national character and upon the condition of the people. No one will venture to contradict the position that the system is essentially wrong, if it treats our youths as machines rather than as reflecting responsible beings,

if it tends to enervate rather than to strengthen the mind, if it overcharges the memory rather than disciplines the intelligence, if it paralyses rather than invigorates the intellectual faculties. This at any rate is beyond the region of controversy, that that education is of little value which favours error rather than encourages truth and which does not make its recipients more wise, more honest and better qualified for good citizenship. But in the full realisation of this ideal, we are beset by dangers of two distinct types. We have, on the one hand, the insistent demand for the spread of education, which makes men forget that what the nation requires is not merely more education but also better education, and that what will ultimately count in the progress of the race is not the quantity alone but the quality of our education as well. We have, on the other hand, an ever-increasing importance attached to examinations rather than to training. I am not here concerned with the school of critics who have made it a profession to attack the standards of the examinations conducted by our Universities; I feel tempted to liken them to the astute trio in the famous story in the *Hitapodesa*, who by oft-repeated assertions inspired the belief in the mind of the pious owner of a sacrificial goat that the animal belonged to the unclean canine species. To me it seems inexplicable that not one of a hundred of such confident accusers ever suggests that the paramount need of the moment is a radical improvement in the system of education. If, indeed, there be men who entertain a morbid feeling of triumph when they find candidates rejected at examinations, they will earn the gratitude of all if they

will assist in the inauguration of a system of training which will befit every youth of average industry and intelligence to stand the most exacting scrutiny of his intellectual attainments. The waste of the finest human material, involved in the present system, is truly appalling, when we remember that society stands in the most urgent need of competent captains in ever-increasing numbers in the eternal conflict between knowledge and ignorance, between charity and selfishness, between religion and infidelity, between virtue and vice, between liberty and oppression.

Graduates of the University, in whatever sphere of life your lot may be cast, let me urge you, with all the earnestness at my command, to devote yourselves, in some measure at least, to the service of your *alma mater*. It is according to the course of human sentiments and feelings that you should ever cherish a deep sense of affectionate gratitude towards the parents who nourished you in your infancy, guided your footsteps in childhood and committed you with the most fervent prayers and benedictions to the protection of Providence on your entry into the academic sphere. It is not less natural that you should entertain similar feelings towards those whose assiduous care has been bestowed upon the momentous concern of your instruction. The object of that education has been to open your minds, to expand your intellects, and to form your characters. It is no less incumbent on you to cherish the remembrance of the founders and benefactors of your University. The tree, which has yielded you the fruit, was planted by them, was reared by them, not without toil, not without sacrifice, and you owe a duty

to them to defend and shield it in its growth, though not without constant care, not without unlimited exertion. Entertain, therefore, a fond hope for its increased prosperity and look back to see it rise higher and higher in the scale of public institutions. Do not plead lack of time and want of ability. Your instructors have impressed upon you the paramount need for the most economical use of your time and the most assiduous application, not merely while you are a student in the University but ever after in your life. Let me concede that many things you know, and many things you can estimate as they should be estimated. But it is not commonly given to young minds to know the true value of time, nor to judge justly of the necessity for its economical use. This becomes fully revealed to advancing age and increasing experience. You may, in this respect, safely accept the truth on credit and rest assured that your faith will ere long be ripened into personal conviction. Count your time, not by weeks and days, but by hours and minutes, and fill with duty every moment of priceless value. It is indolence, not occupation, which is the real bar to the performance of service to humanity. Turn not to the right nor to the left, face faithfully your own sphere, your own circle, your own task, and give yourself without stint or reserve to the performance of your duty till the day is done ; and when your zeal flags, recall the injunction of Benjamin Franklin, " Value time, for time is the stuff of which life is made." Nor be deluded by the common but baneful fallacy that unless you have genius, your contribution to the service of humanity cannot be of appreciable value. The last refuge dis-

covered by the indolent is the captivating theory that genius is the gift of Heaven, that if it has been given, all things are easy, that where it has been withheld, nothing is possible. This difference in the original capacity of individuals is not nearly so great, at any rate not so decisive in its consequences, as indolence or mediocrity is apt to represent. Genius is the gift of Heaven, so also is the light of the sun ; yet how prodigious the differences in the fruit which in different situations it brings to maturity, according as it coincides or not with the persevering efforts of human industry. It is, in most instances, the lack of desire to excel which is the effective obstacle to success. I feel not the remotest doubt that there are in this very assembly young men who, if their talents are stimulated by generous ambition and are fructified by willing labour, are qualified to achieve the highest distinction in life and to exalt the reputation of this University.

I have so elaborately emphasised your duty to serve your *alma mater* in the deep-rooted conviction that the right to universal education is acknowledged by our conscience ; to my mind, it is immaterial whether our legislators have or have not the courage to accord full and frank recognition to this elementary truth. Who is there, I ask, who can come forward to deny that the People is the true recipient of Truth. Do not seek to conciliate individuals, however exalted, do not dread the frowns of a sect, do not yield to the prescriptions of a party, but pour out truth into the common mind. Let the waters of intelligence, like the rains of heaven, descend on the whole land, and be not discouraged by the dread of an encounter with ignorance. I forget

not that the prejudices of interest are far more difficult to remove than the prejudices of ignorance ; the first are wilfully preferred, the second are blindly adopted. Intelligence must be diffused among the entire people, truth must be scattered among those who have no interest to suppress its growth. Let you, young aspirants after glory, scatter seeds of truth broadcast on the wide bosom of humanity, in the fertile soil of the public mind. There it will strike deep root, spring up, bear a hundredfold, bloom for ages and ripen fruit through remote generations. I confidently exhort you to this course of beneficent service, because I feel that the young men of the country are at this moment its main hope. Youth is generous : its patriotism is free from selfishness, it is full of just and ardent impulses, and these are feelings that become it. Early manhood, it has been truly said, is sanguine ; men of this state of existence have a long life before them, and they naturally feel a deep interest in the events which are to influence their whole future career. May I not then flatter myself that you young men will lay it to heart to foster the growth and spread of your distinctive national culture amongst your fellow-men ?

Pray, do not misunderstand me. I do not underestimate the value of the progress we have already achieved. Let us thank God for what has been gained ; but let us not think that everything has been gained. Let the people feel that they have only started in the race. How much remains to be done ! What a vast amount of ignorance and prejudice may still be found in our community ! What a stupendous amount of mind is palsied and lost ! When we think that every

home might be cheered by intelligence, disinterestedness, refinement and patriotism, and then remember in how many homes the higher powers and affections of human nature are buried in oblivion as in Egyptian tombs, what a darkness gathers over society! How few understand that to raise the depressed by a wise culture, to the dignity of men, is the highest end of the State? And how few of us are moved by this picture of desolation? How limited the progress we have made in the achievement of the noble aspiration of our Gracious Sovereign that the homes of his Indian subjects may be brightened and their labour sweetened by the spread of knowledge with all that follows in its train, a higher level of thought, of comfort and of health.

Do not be deluded by the baneful fallacy that progress or knowledge is inconsistent with the safety of the State. Do not trust the opponents of popular movements who repeat the dictum that the State rests on force as if this were an oracle from heaven. A State rests on nothing of the kind. Force cannot keep a nation strong. The State rests—if it wants to flourish for any length of time—not on blind force but upon intelligent confidence. It rests upon our common trust in justice and in the administration of justice, in law and in the sanctity of law. The strength of the State lies in the fundamental rightness of our human nature and our undefined belief that in the long run the mass of mankind, if educated, would do what is right rather than what is wrong.

I would that I could speak with an awakening voice to the people, of their wants, their privileges and their

responsibilities. I would say to them, You cannot, without guilt and disgrace, stop where you are. The past and present call on you to advance. Let what you have gained, however inadequate, be an impulse to something higher and greater. Your nature is too great to be crushed. You were not created what you are, merely to toil, eat and sleep like the inferior animals. If you will, you can rise. No power in the land, no hardship in your condition can depress you, keep you down, in knowledge, power, virtue, influence, but by your own consent. You have many and great deficiencies to be remedied ; and the remedy lies, it is my earnest conviction, in the faithful education of yourselves and of your children. If you adopt this as the ideal of your duties, every occupied moment, I am sure, will produce something effective on your future usefulness and happiness. With kind and assiduous instructors around you, with anxious parents whose hopes and prayers constantly turn hitherward for their object, with an expecting country that looks to you and such as you as her future protectors, benefactors and ornaments, with the certainty that your minds and hearts are now receiving impressions of lasting importance to your own happiness,—what is there of high motive, what is there of just excitement, what is there of noble resolution which does not enter into your cause, to inspire your zeal, to animate your efforts and to warm you into an enthusiastic devotion to the duties of the flying moment ?

On you who have enjoyed whatever means of education your University affords, is cast the urgent and imperative duty to secure the means for her improve-

ment. Remember gratefully, I repeat, your obligation to her, promote her further advancement, by whatever means may be in your power, and augment her strength as a potent instrument in the cause of religion, morality and good learning. Let your conduct and character be such that your *alma mater* may refer to you with the joyous feelings of the Rajput Matron and with maternal exultation exclaim, " Behold, these are my jewels ! "

TRUTH AND POLITICS ¹

RT. HON. STANLEY BALDWIN

THE first duty of a Lord Rector is to thank his constituents for the honour they have done him in electing him to that great and historic office.

But beyond the honour, of which they are no less conscious than he, lies the unique service unconsciously rendered to a Rector who is normally immersed in public affairs.

Though "to be at sea" is a phrase used by landsmen to denote (instability of purpose and absence of sense of direction,) it must be acknowledged that we landsmen have much to learn when we are at sea, if we will. We learn that there are two things on a ship that are not done. A sailor does not spit on the deck, thereby strengthening his self-control and saving unnecessary work for someone else; nor does he speak to the man at the wheel, thereby leaving him to devote his whole mind to his task and increasing the probability of the ship arriving at or near her destination. In matters of State, having selected a man for the wheel, we do everything we can to distract his attention and to prevent him, if possible, from having time in which he may consider for a moment where he is going.

¹ Delivered on the speaker's Inauguration as Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, 6th November, 1925.

Therein is the service of which I spoke, that you compel your Rector to make time, though it be out of fragments, in which he may reflect on the course of national affairs in a more objective and detached way than is usually possible for him. You force him to pause and ponder and present his reflections for your consideration. It is not surprising if the result is that his thoughts should turn towards you and that he should find himself driven to ask : what is the special contribution which men and women educated at our universities can make to the world ?

You who are students in Edinburgh have a high reputation to maintain. It was of this University that it was once declared by a competent witness :

“ I may truly say that it is not easy to conceive a university where industry is more general, where reading is more fashionable, where indolence and ignorance are more disreputable.”

I hope you recognise yourselves to-day in the words of Sir James Mackintosh, written a hundred years ago.

I shall not pitch my expectations too high. The fraction of life which you spend at the University is small, and there have been other forces continuously at work before you came here moulding your lives. It is the education received unconsciously that counts for most in the making of a man. The University can only work within the limits of the human material which it receives from the homes and schools of the country. It can provide a favourable soil for the developing intelligence under the supervision of expert gardeners, but it cannot grow figs from thistles.

The University is a rich storehouse of knowledge,

and some fragments of its treasures do somehow find their way into the possession of the students. The University is also an instrument for increasing knowledge, and some students, a small proportion, do contrive to add to the accumulated learning of the ages. They settle "ὄτι's business, properly base οὐν, and give us the doctrine of the enclitic δέ."

But, besides, or rather in the process of, transmitting and increasing knowledge and training ability, the University is a school of character. That is true not only of the common room and the playing field; it is also true of the lecture room and laboratory.

The ideal character is a harmony of many virtues, and it is a tradition amongst us to give to truthfulness the position of the cardinal virtue. Hence, for example, the curious power of Lord Althorp, who was known to have said to the House of Commons, "I know this to be right. I cannot remember why—but you may take it that it is so," and they believed him. And if the noblest exercise of freedom is the pursuit of truth, the best equipment for the search is to be truthful. The inculcation of the practice of truthfulness, no less than the acquisition of knowledge, is the motive force of our educational system. The student is here to learn habits of accuracy in measurement, precision in statement, honesty in handling evidence, fairness in presenting a cause—in a word, to be true in word and deed. That is the goal of British education, because it is recognised that no man can be a worthy citizen whose word cannot be trusted and whose deed is compounded of deceit.

Men think by means of words and communicate with

each other through their medium. This "most noble and profitable invention of speech is man's proudest triumph over nature, without which there had been amongst men neither commonwealth nor society, nor contract nor peace, no more than amongst lions, bears and wolves." ¹ Words are the currency of love and friendship, of making and marketing, of peace and war. Nations are bound and loosed by them. Three or four simple words can move waves of emotion through the hearts of multitudes like great tides of the sea: "Lest we forget." "Patriotism is not enough."

There is a well-known passage in the writings of John Stuart Mill, where he doubts whether all the inventions of machinery have on balance added to human happiness. I am always reminded by that passage of another in John Locke, where he is so impressed with the defects of language as to affirm that if anyone "shall well consider the errors and obscurity, the mistakes and confusion, that are spread in the world by an ill-use of words, he will find some reason to doubt whether language, as it has been employed, has contributed more to the improvement or hindrance of knowledge among mankind." ²

The Scottish are cautious, it has been said, because they have lived with one another for so long. You are capable of practising great restraint and economy in the use of words, but I do not think that even you will go as far as Locke and wish to put us all into a Trappist monastery. Such knowledge as there is in the world

¹ Hobbes's *Leviathan*, I, iv.

² *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*, Book III, Chapter XI, Par. 4.

has been built up by the help of words. A civilisation without words is perhaps conceivable, but under it the life of man would be "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short." But if we cannot go all the way with Locke, we can agree with his successor, Bentham, that "error is never so difficult to be destroyed as when it has its roots in language." "Improper terms are the chains which bind men to unreasonable practices. Every improper term contains the germ of fallacious propositions; it forms a cloud, which conceals the nature of the thing, and presents a frequently invincible obstacle to the discovery of truth."¹ It is in a similar mood that Mr. Wells complains of the fluidity of thought and the fixity of language. Master of English as he is, he finds its terms solid, opaque, and stable, and therefore "incurably inaccurate." That is not merely a defence of philosophic doubt, but a conclusion of despair which, if we accepted it literally, would close all universities to-morrow and destroy all foundations of belief.

No small part of education lies in learning the right use of words, in tracing their birth and behaviour, in fitting them closely to facts and ideas. That is why you are here invited to study the Humanities not only for their own fair sake, but for the discipline which is experienced in the manipulation of two of the finest instruments ever devised to express the minds of men. Through the Humanities you should learn not only something of the polity and law, the poetry and eloquence of the ancient world, but you should learn the value of the words of your own native tongue. No man who can do good Greek and Latin prose can deceive people

¹ *On Evidence*, Book III, Chapter I.

with words except he sin against the light. He can no longer be deceived himself. He will know that to use words equivocally is prostitution. Nor does he need to use italics in speech or writing. Headlines cannot hypnotise him, and the latest sensation is already stale.

Through mathematics we learn on the very threshold a lesson which, if universally known and applied, would prevent most of the ills to which the world is heir. To know and realise that two and two make four and can in no circumstances make anything else is to be equipped with knowledge that will save us daily from mistakes, unpleasant to ourselves, and possibly disastrous to others. I know that some of Euclid's axioms, which appear to common sense to be necessary, are now declared by mathematicians "to derive their appearance of necessity from our mere familiarity with actual space, and not from any *a priori* logical foundation. By imagining worlds in which these axioms are false, the mathematicians have used logic to show the possibility of spaces differing from that in which we live."¹ But even these daring speculators assure us that in any possible world they feel that two and two would be four and that this is not a mere fact, but a necessity to which everything actual and possible must conform.² Whatever be the case in a world of Einsteins, or in Russia, over most part of the world two and two are still believed to make four. Without that knowledge or in the belief that two and two may in a certain environment make five, you may indeed upset a constitution, but you will never make an

¹ Bertrand Russell : *Introduction to Philosophy*, p. 320.

² *Ibid.*, p. 121.

engine, nor, if you were in possession of a ship, could you bring it into any port in the world. Those, therefore, who would navigate the ship of State, if they would avoid shipwreck, had better base their sailing orders on this platitudinous verity.

Through all your studies of the physical sciences you are being taught a similar lesson. Principles are constantly being subjected to the test of fact, purified in the furnace of experiment. Working hypotheses are being confronted with masses of detail, and as a result are discarded, revised, or quickened. You strive to compel the material facts of the world to reveal their nature, you watch and record their behaviour, and truth is the accurate statement of the facts observed. By means of this discipline you learn that things are what they are and the consequences will be what they will be. In other words, that as you sow you will reap, and a wrong combination of elements will send you through the roof when your desire is to remain with your feet firmly planted on the earth.

Lastly, there is the study of the ultimate science, the science of sciences, of moral philosophy for which this University has been so justly famous. There was a time when it might be said that the chief export of Scotland, measured in values, was metaphysics. It was to this University that more than one Prime Minister came from England to sit at the feet of Dugald Stewart. The penetration of English practice by Scottish reflection was one of the most fruitful results of the Union, and is still happily proceeding in the person of our distinguished Chairman (the Earl of Balfour).

Philosophy forces the student to examine the assumptions on which all the other sciences rest, the hypotheses by which they all work. You ask not only How? but Why? You challenge all appearance; you doubt science itself in your search for reality. Magic, myth, ritual, religion; the mysterious and emotional story of human belief; the theological speculations of mankind; the very instrument by which man knows anything at all—all are cross-examined as facts of experience, and an attempt is made to interpret them and fit them into some coherent explanation of our life and destiny. You cannot go any distance on this road without arriving at the distinction between true assertions and false ones, and you will not need to travel much farther before reaching the distinction between right and wrong.

Throughout all these activities in which you are engaged in this University there is the double motive of acquiring knowledge and learning to think truly. The latter is the more important task. The greatest service this or any University can render the modern world is to discharge well this duty which is laid upon it, and to send forth year after year generations of young men and women who have not only a stock of ideas but minds which turn on the poles of truth. Ability to read is not synonymous with ability to reflect on what is read. Better to doubt methodically than to think capriciously. Education that has merely taught people to follow a syllogism without enabling them to detect a fallacy has left them in constant peril. And as with the fallacy so with its near relation, the half-truth. For though it has been accepted through

the ages that half a loaf is better than no bread, half a truth is not only not better than no truth, it is worse than many lies, and the slave of lies and half-truths is ignorance. Ignorance, static and inert, is bad, but ignorance in motion, as Goethe once observed, is the most terrible force in nature, for it may destroy in its passage the accumulated mental and material capital of generations.

You will need this habit of truth when you leave this home of learning and reflection. It is our greatest national asset. The industries and commerce of this country, its enormous foreign trade, involving innumerable transactions with known and unknown customers, has been made possible not only by the enterprise of our merchants, but by their integrity. There is nowhere in the world, I believe, a higher standard of commercial honour than that which prevails in this country. And the same is true of our Courts of Law, which enjoy a world-wide prestige, nowhere better exemplified than in the Admiralty Court, to which shipowners from all over the world resort, even in cases where no British ship is in the collision or salvage operation.

Why is it, then, that when we turn to politics a lower standard of habitual truthfulness is alleged to prevail than in the world of science or of business? I am not now talking of this country more than another. I think our reputation is at least as good as that of any other country in this regard, and it has grown in the last hundred years, and is growing. The scientist is assumed to be a truth-lover; honesty is proverbially the best policy in business; but politicians have been

despised for hypocrisy and dishonesty in all the literatures of the Old World and the New. I open the work of a brilliant Cambridge scholar and theologian, and this is what I read on the first page :

“ In regard to truth, the more one reads of man’s notions about the meaning and method of civil society, the more often is one inclined in despair to say that truth has as little to do with politics as it has with most politicians.”¹ And this is the verdict of a learned foreign observer at the end of an immense treatise on the pathology of party government : “ To the low types which the human race has produced from Cain down to Tarruffe, the age of democracy has added a new one—the politician.”

What is the explanation of this evil reputation which attaches not to politicians of one party, but to the whole race ? Primarily, I suppose, it is due to the fact that ever since States began to be they have been in peril and have trusted to force for their safety. War has been their normal history. Savagery has never been far away from the realm of law. How long it is since that ceased to be true in Scotland ? With war and the preparation for war go the stratagems of diplomacy, the dropping of the ordinary code of morals, a holiday for truth, and an aftermath of cynicism. Force and fraud are in war the two cardinal virtues, wrote the author of *Leviathan*. The statesman’s goal is the preservation of the State, and reasons of State have been held to justify all policies whatsoever. In the arena of international rivalry and conflict men have placed patriotism above truthfulness as

¹ Figgis : *From Gerson to Grotius*.

the indispensable virtue of statesmen. "When the entire safety of a country is at stake, no consideration of what is just or unjust, merciful or cruel, praiseworthy or shameful, must intervene,"¹ is a copybook maxim from the pages of a well-known exponent of the art of Government. And it was a statesman much nearer our own time who said to a group of friends: "If we had done for ourselves the things which we are doing for Italy, we should be great rascals."² That sounds less shocking to our ears to-day than it would have done a dozen years ago. Machiavelli's conception of mankind has not been dispelled or disproved. He is, as Lord Acton said, a constant and contemporary influence. He is in all our hearts.

We have recently been celebrating the tercentenary of the publication of the work of Grotius on International Law. Dr. Figgis, the Cambridge historian and divine, whom I quoted a moment ago, points out that the fundamental difference between Machiavelli and Grotius is concerned with the question before us. The contention of Grotius which is denied by Machiavelli, is that human life is essentially a society, and that certain laws, of which fidelity to plighted word is the most important, are therefore as immutable as human nature. These two thinkers represent two tendencies in our public life. The principles of Machiavelli were accepted in Europe at any rate as late as the days of Cavour and Bismarck. I wish to avoid the twentieth century and examples from among the living. It was the prevailing view for centuries, openly avowed and

¹ Machiavelli: *Treatise on Livy*.

² G. M. Trevelyan: *Garibaldi and the Making of Italy*, Chap. I.

defended, that you could have one code of morals among nations and another and much more exacting one among individuals, that you could be a Machiavel abroad and a Christian at home. Whatever may have been our lapses we have never in this country accepted this view in the bald and summary form in which I am putting it. It was, nevertheless, a British Prime Minister who said that "No great country was ever saved by good men," which is perhaps why Lord Acton said that great men were nearly always bad men. But the shifts to which statesmen and diplomatists have resorted in the field of foreign affairs, especially in time of strain or open conflict, have helped to give all politicians a bad name.

The party system is perhaps a contributory cause. The system has its advantages, its team work, its loyalties, and others which I need not stop to describe, especially as the whole subject was most ably analysed by my colleague, Lord Cecil, in his address to the students at Aberdeen a few days ago. To our sporting countrymen it appears a game, and as such it has its rules, and these for the most part are honourably obeyed and are an important help to probity in our public life. But the party system does put a certain embargo on complete frankness of speech in the arena of debate.

But it is to a third explanation that I want to direct your attention for a few minutes more. There is a profound difference in the study of the physical and the human sciences between the study of particles of matter and of men in society. You cannot measure and weigh, combine and distribute men as you do chemical

elements. Spinoza tried something of the sort, but he did not succeed. You remember a famous passage, where he says how he had made it his especial care neither to mock, to bewail, nor to denounce men's actions, but to understand them, how he had tried to consider the emotions and agitations of men's minds, love and hatred, anger and envy, honour and pity, just as a scientist would regard heat and cold, storms and thunder. But though we sometimes speak of rhetoric as hot air, the State is not a cloud, nor, I fear, do we politicians often return in scientific showers the popular vapour which we are said to absorb.¹

The materials of politics is human nature, its motives honourable and base, its appetites for power and for service, its passions, its prejudices, its memories and aspirations. But the politician cannot work with scales and forceps, with test tube and mortar. His instruments are the written and spoken word. Politics can never be an exact science. Democracy is government by discussion, by talk. Politicians must talk, and they cannot to-day, like Pitt, confine their speeches to the House of Commons. The perils of the platform orator have been pointed out from the days of Cleon. Words have lost none of their equivocal character since his day. The difference between the Greek sophist and the modern demagogue, it is said, consists in this: the one displayed his ingenuity by appearing to prove that which his hearers knew to be false, the other displays it by appearing to prove that which his hearers

¹ *Tractatus Politicus*, quoted in Pollock's life, p. 300; cf. Von Hügel, *The German Soul*, p. 67, and Acton, *Historical Essays and Studies*, p. 479.

wish to be true.¹ It is the business of the universities to change all this, and they are doing it.

The politician is much nearer in type to the barrister and advocate than to the scientist. The latter has no case to prove, he sits humbly before the facts and lets them speak. The advocate and the politician are more interested in persuasion than in proof. They have a client or a policy to defend. The political audience is not dishonest in itself, nor does it desire or approve dishonesty or misrepresentation in others, but it is an audience only imperfectly prepared to follow a close argument, and the speaker wishes to make a favourable impression, to secure support for a policy. It is easy to see how this may lead to the depreciation of the verbal currency and to the circulation of promises which cannot be cashed.

Closely allied with this is the pressure laid upon the politician in a democratic State to speak while important negotiations are in progress, however inconvenient the moment. The result once more is inevitably to place a veto on complete frankness, and to tempt recourse to words which are nebulous, hesitating, ambiguous, or misleading. Some of us have become as adept as the Prague poet who went to see Béranger in 1847, and had to answer a few questions. Was Prague in Hungary or in Poland? In neither one nor the other. Was Bohemia in Austria or in Germany? In both. Was the Prussian monarchy absolute or conditional? Partly one, partly the other. At last Béranger lost patience: "Frenchmen," he cried, "like things to be

¹ C. Cornwall Lewis: *Use and Abuse of Political Terms*, p. 12.

clear. What is not clear is not French.”¹ If the subject is one of high foreign policy the wrong words may raise issues not settled by dropping pieces of paper in a ballot box but by dropping bombs on cities. That is the essential difference between the methods of politics and of business.

In these directions we may discover some mitigation of the harsh epithets used of the politician.

I come back to where I began. False words, said the dying Socrates, are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Although the use of words may be abused and the fight for their honour may at times seem hopeless, we must never give up the struggle to use them solely in the service of truth. Let us aim at meaning what we say, and saying what we mean. ✓ The price man has to pay for the good things he enjoys is constant watchfulness lest they be employed for evil. Has not this been the case from the dawn of history with drink, language, and liberty? Let us—in the language of *Leviathan*—use perspicuous words, having first snuffed and purged them from ambiguity and made them luminous. Let us take our stand on public right and a law of nations with Grotius rather than with Machiavelli; let us seek to moralise our public intercourse and reduce the area of casuistry and duplicity. That is not only the accepted principle of the best amongst us, but it is, I am sure, in harmony with a widespread instinct in the British people. It asserted itself in August 1914, when it was made plain that ethics was not a branch of politics, but the reverse. It is at the root of our support of the League of Nations

¹ Acton : *Historical Essays and Studies*, p. 474.

at Geneva—a city with which Scotland has had spiritual ties for centuries, and from which your Churches derive their system of regulated freedom. It is truth alone that will “destroy the face of the covering cast over all people and the veil that is spread over all nations” (Isaiah xxv, 7). There is much that is profoundly wrong and remediable in our civilisation, but let us not lightly discard the gains so hardly won from the savagery which so readily besets us. In stretching forth our hands to the farther shore, let us realise that civilisation itself is but the ice formed in process of ages on the turbulent stream of unbridled human passions, and while this ice seemed to our fathers secure and permanent, it has rotted and cracked during the agony of the Great War, and in places the submerged torrent has broken through, leaving fragments in constant collision threatening by their attrition to diminish and ultimately disappear. The more need for you, the lampbearers of your generation, to guide your own steps by the truth, and to light the way for the wandering people of the world.

TALKING AT LARGE ¹

JOHN GALSWORTHY

IT is of the main new factors which have come into the life of the civilised world that I would speak.

The division deep and subtle between those who have fought and those who have not, concerns us in Europe far more than you in America ; for in proportion to your population the number of your soldiers who actually fought has been small, compared with the number in any belligerent European country. And I think that so far as you are concerned the division will soon disappear, for the iron had not time to enter into the souls of your soldiers. For us in Europe, however, this factor is very tremendous, and will take a long time to wear away. In my country the, as it were, professional English dislike to the expression of feeling, which strikes every American so forcibly, covers very deep hearts and highly sensitive nerves. The average Briton is now not at all stolid underneath ; I think he has changed a great deal in this last century, owing to the town life which seven-tenths of our population lead. Perhaps only of the Briton may one still invent the picture which appeared in *Punch* in the autumn of 1914—of the steward on a battleship asking the naval lieutenant : “ Will you take your bath before or after the engagement, sir ? ” and only among Britons overhear one stoker say to another in the heat of a sea-

¹ Delivered in America in 1919.

fight : " Well, wot I say is—'E ought to 'ave married 'er." For all that, the Briton feels deeply ; and on those who have fought the experiences of the battle-field have had an effect which almost amounts to metamorphosis. There are now two breeds of British people—such as have been long in the danger zones, and such as have not ; shading, of course, into each other through the many who have just smelled powder and peril, and the very few whose imaginations are vibrant enough to have lived the two lives, while only living one.

In a certain cool paper called " The Balance-sheet of the Soldier Workman " I tried to come at the effect of the war ; but purposely pitched it in a low and sober key ; and there is a much more poignant tale of change to tell of each individual human being.

Take a man who, when the war broke out (or had been raging perhaps a year), was living the ordinary Briton's life, in factory, shop, and home. Suppose that he went through that deep, sharp struggle between the pull of home love and interests, and the pull of country (for I hope it will never be forgotten that five million Britons were volunteers), and came out committed to his country. That then he had to submit to being rattled at great speed into the soldier-shape which we Britons and you Americans have been brought up to regard as but the half of a free man ; that then he was plunged into such a hideous hell of horrible danger and discomfort as this planet has never seen ; came out of it time and again, went back into it time and again ; and finally emerged, shattered or unscathed, with a spirit at once uplifted and enlarged, yet bruised and un-

geared for the old life of peace. Imagine such a man set back among those who have not been driven and grilled and crucified. What would he feel, and how bear himself? On the surface he would no doubt disguise the fact that he felt different from his neighbours—he would conform; but something within him would ever be stirring, a sort of superiority, an impatient sense that he had been through it and they had not; the feeling, too, that he had seen the bottom of things, that nothing he could ever experience again would give him the sensations he had had out there; that he had lived, and there could be nothing more to it. I don't think that we others quite realise what it must mean to those men, most of them under thirty, to have been stretched to the uttermost, to have no illusions left, and yet have, perhaps, forty years still to live. There is something gained in them, but there's something gone from them. The old sanctions, the old values won't hold; are there any sanctions and values which can be made to hold? A kind of unreality must needs cling about their lives henceforth. This is a finespun way of putting it, but I think, at bottom, true.

The old professional soldier lived for his soldiering. At the end of a war (however terrible) there was left to him a vista of more wars, more of what had become to him the ultimate reality—his business in life. For these temporary soldiers of what has been not so much a war as a prolonged piece of very horrible carnage, there succeeds something so mild in sensation that it simply will not fill the void. When the dish of life has lost its savour, by reason of violent and uttermost experience, wherewith shall it be salted?

The American Civil War was very long and very dreadful, but it was a human and humane business compared to what Europe has just come through. There is no analogy in history for the present moment. An old soldier of that Civil War, after hearing these words, wrote me an account of his after-career which shows that in exceptional cases a life so stirring, full, and even dangerous may be lived that no void is felt. But one swallow does not make a summer, nor will a few hundreds or even thousands of such lives leaven to any extent the vast lump of human material used in this war. The spiritual point is this : In front of a man in ordinary civilised existence there hovers ever that moment in the future when he expects to prove himself more of a man than he has yet proved himself. For these soldiers of the Great Carnage the moment of probation is already in the past. They *have* proved themselves as they will never have the chance to do again, and secretly they know it. One talks of their powers of heroism and sacrifice being wanted just as much in time of Peace ; but that cannot really be so, because Peace times do not demand men's lives—which is the ultimate test—with every minute that passes. No, the great moment of their existence lies behind them, young though so many of them are. This makes them at once greater than us, yet in a way smaller, because they have lost the power and hope of expansion. They have lived their masterpiece already. Human nature is elastic, and hope springs eternal ; but a *climax* of experience and sensation cannot be repeated ; I think these have reached and passed the uttermost climax ; and in Europe they number millions.

This is a veritable portent, and I am glad that in America you will not have it to any great extent.

Now how does this affect the future? Roughly speaking it must, I think, have a diminishing effect on what I may call loosely—Creative ability. People have often said to me: "We shall have great writings and paintings from these young men when they come back." We shall certainly have poignant expression of their experiences and sufferings; and the best books and paintings of the war itself are probably yet to come. But, taking the long view, I do not believe we shall have from them, in the end, as much creative art and literature as we should have had if they had not been through the war. Illusion about life, and interest in ordinary daily experience and emotion, which, after all, are to be the stuff of their future as of ours, has in a way been blunted or destroyed for them. And in the other provinces of life, in industry, in trade, in affairs, how can we expect from men who have seen the utter uselessness of money or comfort or power in the last resort, the same naïve faith in these things, or the same driving energy towards the attaining of them that we others exhibit?

It may be cheering to assume that those who have been almost superhuman these last four years in one environment will continue to be almost superhuman under conditions the very opposite. But, alack! it is not logical.

On the other hand, I think that those who have had this great and racking experience will be left, for the most part, with a real passion for Justice; and that this will have a profoundly modifying effect on social

conditions. I think, too, that many of them will have a sort of passion for humaneness, which will, if you will suffer me to say so, come in very handy ; for I have observed that the rest of us, through reading about horrors, have lost the edge of our gentleness, and have got into the habit of thinking that it is the business of women and children to starve, if they happen to be German ; of creatures to be underfed and overworked if they happen to be horses ; of families to be broken up if they happen to be aliens ; and that a general carelessness as to what suffering is necessary and what is not, has set in. And, queer as it may seem, I look to those who have been in the thick of the worst suffering the world has ever seen to set us in the right path again, and to correct the vitriolic sentiments engendered by the arm-chair and the inkpot, in times such as we have been and are still passing through. A cloistered life in times like these engenders bile ; in fact, I think it always does. For sheer ferocity there is no place, you will have noticed, like a club full of old gentlemen. I expect the men who have come home from killing each other to show us the way back to brotherliness ! And not before it's wanted. Here is a little true story of war-time, when all men were supposed to be brothers if they belonged to the same nation. In the fifth year of the war two men sat alone in a railway carriage. One, pale, young, and rather worn, had an unlighted cigarette in his mouth. The other, elderly, prosperous, and of a ruddy countenance, was smoking a large cigar.

The young man, who looked as if his days were strenuous, took his unlighted cigarette from his mouth, gazed at it, searched his pockets, and looked at the

elderly man. His nose twitched, vibrated by the scent of the cigar, and he said suddenly :

“ Could you give me a light, sir ? ”

The elderly man regarded him for a moment, drooped his eyelids and murmured :

“ I’ve no matches.”

The young man sighed, mumbling the cigarette in his watering lips, then said very suddenly :

“ Perhaps you’ll kindly give me a light from your cigar, sir.”

The elderly man moved throughout his body as if something very sacred had been touched within him.

“ I’d rather not,” he said ; “ if you don’t mind.”

A quarter of an hour passed, while the young man’s cigarette grew moister, and the elder man’s cigar shorter. Then the latter stirred, took it from under his grey moustache, looked critically at it, held it out a little way towards the other with the side which was least burned-down foremost, and said :

“ Unless you’d like to take it from the edge.”

On the other hand one has often travelled in these last years with extreme embarrassment because our soldiers were so extraordinarily anxious that one should smoke their cigarettes, eat their apples, and their sausages. The marvels of comradeship they have performed would fill the libraries of the world.

The second main new factor in the world’s life is the disappearance of the old autocracies.

In 1910, walking in Hyde Park with a writer friend, I remember saying : “ It’s the hereditary autocracies in Germany, Austria, and Russia which make the danger of war.” He did not agree—but no two writers

agree with each other at any given moment. "If only autocracies go down in the wreckage of this war!" was almost the first thought I put down in writing when the war broke out. Well, they are gone! They were an anachronism, and without them and the bureaucracies and secrecy which buttressed them we should not, I think, have had this world catastrophe. But let us not too glibly assume that the forms of government which take their place can steer the battered ships of the nations in the very troubled waters of to-day, or that they will be truly democratic. Even highly democratic statesmen have been known to resort to the way of the headmaster at my old school, who put a motion to the masters' meeting and asked for a show of hands in its favour. Not one hand was held up. "Then," he said, "I shall adopt it with the greater regret." Nevertheless, the essential new factor is, that, whereas in 1914 civilisation was on two planes, it is now, theoretically, at least on the one democratic plane or level. That is a great easing of the world-situation, and removes a chief cause of international misunderstanding. The rest depends on what we can now make of democracy. Surely no word can so easily be taken in vain; to have got rid of the hereditary principle in government is by no means to have made democracy a real thing. Democracy is neither government by rabble, nor government by caucus. Its measure as a beneficent principle is the measure of the intelligence, honesty, public spirit, and independence of the average voter. The voter who goes to the poll blind of an eye and with a cast in the other, so that he sees no issue clear, and every issue only in so far as it effects him personally, is not

precisely the sort of ultimate administrative power we want. Intelligent, honest, public-spirited, and independent voters guarantee an honest and intelligent governing body. The best men the best government, is a truism which cannot be refuted. Democracy to be real and effective must succeed in throwing up into the positions of administrative power the most trustworthy of its able citizens. In other words, it must incorporate and make use of the principle of aristocracy ; government by the best—*best in spirit*, not best born. Rightly seen, there is no tug between democracy and aristocracy ; aristocracy should be the means and machinery by which democracy works itself out. What then can be done to increase in the average voter intelligence and honesty, public spirit and independence ? Nothing save by education. The Arts, the Schools, the Press. It is impossible to overestimate the need for vigour, breadth, restraint, good taste, enlightenment, and honesty in these three agencies. The artist, the teacher (and among teachers one includes, of course, religious teachers in so far as they concern themselves with the affairs of this world), and the journalist have the future in their hands. As they are fine the future will be fine ; as they are mean the future will be mean. The burden is very specially on the shoulders of Public Men, and that most powerful agency the Press, which reports them. Do we realise the extent to which the modern world relies for its opinions on public utterances and the Press ? Do we realise how completely we are all in the power of report ? Any little lie or exaggerated sentiment uttered by one with a bee in his bonnet, with a principle, or an end to serve, can, if cleverly

expressed and distributed, distort the views of thousands, sometimes of millions. Any wilful suppression of truth for Party or personal ends can so falsify our vision of things as to plunge us into endless cruelties and follies. Honesty of thought and speech and written word is a jewel, and they who curb prejudice and seek honourably to know and speak the truth are the only true builders of a better life. But what a dull world if we can't chatter and write irresponsibly, can't slop over with hatred, or pursue our own ends without scruple ! To be tied to the apron-strings of truth, or coiffed with the nightcap of silence ; who in this age of cheap ink and oratory will submit to such a fate ? And yet, if we do not want another seven million violent deaths, another eight million maimed and halt and blind, and if we do not want anarchy, our tongues must be sober, and we must tell the truth. Report, I would almost say, now rules the world and holds the fate of man on the sayings of its many tongues. If the good sense of mankind cannot somehow restrain utterance and cleanse report, Democracy, so highly vaunted, will not save us ; and all the glib words of promise spoken might as well have lain unuttered in the throats of orators. We are always in peril under Democracy of taking the line of least resistance and immediate material profit. The gentleman, for instance, whoever he was, who first discovered that he could sell his papers better by undercutting the standard of his rivals, and appealing to the lower tastes of the Public under the flag of that convenient expression " what the Public wants," made a most evil discovery. The Press is for the most part in the hands of men who

know what is good and right. It can be a great agency for levelling up. But whether on the whole it is so or not, one continually hears doubted. There ought to be no room for doubt in any of our minds that the Press is on the side of the angels. It can do as much as any other single agency to raise the level of honesty, intelligence, public spirit, and taste in the average voter ; in other words, to build Democracy on a sure foundation. This is a truly tremendous trust ; for the safety of civilisation and the happiness of mankind hang thereby. The saying about little children and the kingdom of heaven was meant for the ears of all those who have it in their power to influence simple folk. To be a good and honest editor, a good and honest journalist is in these days to be a veritable benefactor of mankind.

Now take the function of the artist, of the man who, in stone, or music, marble, bronze, paint, or words, can express himself, and his vision of life, truly and beautifully. Can we set limit to his value ? The answer is in the affirmative. We set such limitation to his value that he has been known to die of it. And I would only venture to say here that if we don't increase the store we set by him, we shall, in this reach-me-down age of machines and wholesale standardisations, emulate the Goths who did their best to destroy the art of Rome, and all these centuries later, by way of atonement, have filled the Tiergarten at Berlin and the City of London with peculiar brands of statuary, and are always writing their names on the Sphinx.

I suppose the hardest lesson we all have to learn in life is that we can't have things both ways. If we want

to have beauty, that which appeals not merely to the stomach and the epidermis (which is the function of the greater part of industrialism), but to what lies deeper within the human organism, the heart and the brain, we must have conditions which permit and even foster the production of beauty. The artist, unfortunately, no less than the rest of mankind, must eat to live. Now, if we insist that we will pay the artist only for what fascinates the popular uneducated instincts, he will either produce beauty, remain unpaid and starve ; or he will give us shoddy, and fare sumptuously every day. My experience tells me this : An artist who is by accident of independent means can, if he has talent, give the Public what he, the artist, wants, and sooner or later the public will take whatever he gives it, at his own valuation. But very few artists *who have no independent means* have enough character to hold out until they can sit on the Public's head and pull the Public's beard, to use the old Sikh saying. How many times have I not heard over here—and it's very much the same over there—that a man must produce this or that kind of work or else of course he can't live. My advice—at all events to young artists and writers—is : “ Sooner than do that and have someone sitting on *your* head and pulling your beard all the time, go out of business—there are other means of making a living, besides faked or degraded art. Become a dentist and revenge yourself on the Public's teeth—even editors and picture dealers go to the dentist ! ” The artist has got to make a stand against being exploited, and he has got, also, to live the kind of life which will give him a chance to see clearly, to feel truly, and to express

beautifully. He, too, is a trustee for the future of mankind. Money has one inestimable value—it guarantees independence, the power of going your own way and giving out the best that's in you. But, generally speaking, we don't stop there in our desire for money ; and I would say that any artist who doesn't stop there is not " playing the game," neither towards himself nor towards mankind ; he is not standing up for the faith that is in him, and the future of civilisation.

And now what of the teacher ? One of the discouraging truths of life is the fact that a man cannot raise himself from the ground by the hair of his own head. And if one took Democracy logically, one would have to give up the idea of improvement. But things are not always what they seem, as somebody once said ; and fortunately, government " of the people by the people for the people " does not in practice prevent the people from using those saving graces—Common-sense and Selection. In fact, only by the use of those graces will democracy work at all. When twelve men get together to serve on a jury, their common-sense makes them select the least stupid among them to be their foreman. Each of them, of course, feels that he is that least stupid man, but since a man cannot vote for himself, he votes for the least dense among his neighbours, and the foreman comes to life. The same principle applied thoroughly enough throughout the social system produces government by the best. And it is more vital to apply it *thoroughly* in matters of education than in other branches of human activity. But when we have secured our best heads of education, we

must trust them and give them real power, for they are the hope—well-nigh the only hope—of our future. They alone, by the selection and instruction of their subordinates and the curricula which they lay down, can do anything substantial in the way of raising the standard of general taste, conduct, and learning. They alone can give the starting push towards greater dignity and simplicity; promote the love of proportion, and the feeling for beauty. They alone can gradually instil into the body politic the understanding that education is not a means towards wealth as such, or learning as such, but towards the broader ends of health and happiness. The first necessity for improvement in modern life is that our teachers should have the wide view, and be provided with the means and the curricula which make it possible to apply this enlightenment to their pupils. Can we take too much trouble to secure the best men as heads of education—that most responsible of all positions in the modern State? The child is father to the man. We think too much of politics and too little of education. We treat it almost as cavalierly as the undergraduate treated the Master of Balliol. “Yes,” he said, showing his people round the quadrangle, “that’s the Master’s window”; then, picking up a pebble, he threw it against the window-pane. “And that,” he said, as a face appeared, “is the Master!” Democracy has come, and on education Democracy hangs; the thread as yet is slender.

It is a far cry to the third new factor: Exploitation of the air. We were warned by Sir Hiram Maxim about 1910 that a year or so of war would do more for

the conquest of the air than many years of peace. It has. We hear of a man flying 260 miles in ninety minutes ; of the Atlantic being flown in twenty-four hours ; of airships which will have a lifting capacity of 300 tons ; of air mail-routes all over the world. The time will perhaps come when we shall live in the air, and come down to earth on Sundays.

I confess that, mechanically marvellous as all this is, it interests me chiefly as a prime instance of the way human beings prefer the shadow of existence to its substance. Granted that we speed up everything, that we annihilate space, that we increase the powers of trade, leave no point of the earth unsurveyed, and are able to perform air-stunts which people will pay five dollars apiece to see—how shall we have furthered human health, happiness, and virtue, speaking in the big sense of these words ? It is an advantage, of course, to be able to carry food to a starving community in some desert ; to rescue shipwrecked mariners ; to have a letter from one's wife four days sooner than one could otherwise ; and generally to save time in the swopping of our commodities and the journeys we make. But how does all this help human beings to inner contentment of spirit and health of body ? Did the arrival of motor-cars, bicycles, telephones, trains, and steamships do much for them in that line ? Anything which serves to stretch human capabilities to the utmost, would help human happiness, if each new mechanical activity, each new human toy as it were, did not so run away with our sense of proportion as to debauch our energies. A man, for instance, takes to motoring, who used to ride or walk ; it becomes a passion with

him, so that he now never rides or walks—and his calves become flabby and his liver enlarged. A man puts a telephone into his house to save time and trouble, and is straightway a slave to the tinkle of its bell. The few human activities in themselves and of themselves pure good are just eating, drinking, sleeping, and the affections—in moderation; the inhaling of pure air, exercise in most of its forms, and interesting creative work—in moderation; the study and contemplation of the arts and Nature—in moderation; thinking of others and not thinking of yourself—in moderation; doing kind acts and thinking kind thoughts. All the rest seems to be what the prophet had in mind when he said: "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity!" Ah! but the one great activity—adventure and the craving for sensation! It is that for which the human being really lives, and all his restless activity is caused by the desire for it. True; yet adventure and sensation without rhyme or reason lead to disharmony and disproportion. We may take civilisation to the South Sea Islands, but it would be better to leave the islanders naked and healthy than to improve them with trousers and civilisation off the face of the earth. We may invent new cocktails, but it would be better to stay dry. In mechanical matters I am reactionary, for I cannot believe in inventions and machinery unless they can be so controlled as to minister definitely to health and happiness—and how difficult that is! In my own country the townsman has become physically inferior to the countryman (speaking in the large), and I infer from this that we British—at all events—are not so in command of ourselves and our

wonderful inventions and machines that we are putting them to uses which are really beneficent. If we had proper command of ourselves, no doubt we could do this, but we haven't ; and if you look about you in America, the same doubt may possibly attack you.

But there is another side to the exploitation of the air which does not as yet affect you in America as it does us in Europe—the destructive side. Britain, for instance, is no longer an island. In five or ten years it will, I think, be impossible to guarantee the safety of Britain, and Britain's commerce, by sea-power ; and those who continue to pin faith to that formula will find themselves nearly as much back-numbered as people who continued to prefer wooden ships to iron, when the iron age came in. Armaments on land and sea will be limited ; not, I think, so much by a League of Nations, if it comes, as by the common-sense of people who begin to observe that with the development of the powers of destruction and of transport from the air, land and sea armaments are becoming of little use. We may all disarm completely, and yet—so long as there are flying-machines and high explosives—remain almost as formidably destructive as ever. So difficult to control, so infinite in its possibilities for evil, and so limited in its possibilities for good do I consider this exploitation of the air that, personally, I would rejoice to see the nations in solemn conclave agree this very minute to ban the use of the air altogether, whether for trade, travel, or war ; destroy every flying-machine and every airship, and forbid their construction. That, of course, is a consummation which will remain devoutly to be wished. Every day one reads in one's paper that

some country or other is to take the lead in the air. What a wild-goose chase we are in for ! I verily believe mankind will come one day in their underground dwellings to the annual practice of burning in effigy the Guy (whoever he was) who first rose off the earth. After I had talked in this strain once before, a young airman came up to me and said : " Have you been up ? " I shook my head. " You wait ! " he said. When I do go up I shall take great pains not to go up with that one.

We now come to the fourth great new factor—Bolshevism, and the social unrest. But I am shy of saying anything about it, for my knowledge and experience are insufficient. I will only offer one observation. Whatever philosophic cloak may be thrown over the shoulders of Bolshevism, it is obviously—like every revolutionary movement of the past—an aggregation of individual discontents, the sum of millions of human moods of dissatisfaction with the existing state of things ; and whatever philosophic cloak we drape on the body of liberalism, if by that name we may designate our present social and political system—that system has clearly not yet justified its claim to the word evolutionary, so long as the disproportion between the very rich and the very poor continues (as hitherto it has) to grow. No system can properly be called evolutionary which provokes against it the rising of so formidable a revolutionary wave of discontent. One hears that co-operation is now regarded as *vieux jeu*. If that be so, it is because co-operation, in its true sense of spontaneous friendliness between man and man, has never been tried. Perhaps human nature in the large

can never rise to that ideal. But if it cannot, if industrialism cannot achieve a change of heart, so that in effect employers would rather their profits (beyond a quite moderate scale) were used for the amelioration of the lot of those they employ, it looks to me uncommonly like being the end of the present order of things, after an era of class-struggle which will shake civilisation to its foundations. Being myself an evolutionist, who fundamentally distrusts violence, and admires the old Greek saying : " God is the helping of man by man," I yet hope it will not come to that ; I yet believe we may succeed in striking the balance, without civil wars. But I feel that (speaking of Europe) it is touch and go. In America, in Canada, in Australia, the conditions are different, the powers of expansion still large, the individual hopefulness much greater. There is little analogy with the state of things in Europe ; but whatever happens in Europe must have its infectious influence in America. The wise man takes Time by the forelock—and goes in front of events.

Let me turn away to the fifth great new factor : the impetus towards a League of Nations.

This, to my thinking, so wholly advisable, would inspire more hopefulness if the condition of Europe was not so terribly confused, and if the most salient characteristics of human nature were not elasticity, bluntness of imagination, and shortness of memory. Those of us who, while affirming the principle of the League, are afraid of committing ourselves to what obviously cannot at the start be a perfect piece of machinery, seem inclined to forget that if the assembled Statesmen fail to *place in running order, now*, some definite

machinery for the consideration of international disputes, the chance will certainly slip. We cannot reckon on more than a very short time during which the horror of war will rule our thoughts and actions. And during that short time it is essential that the League should have had some tangible success in preventing war. Mankind puts its faith in facts, not theories ; in proven, and not in problematic, success. One can imagine with what profound suspicion and contempt the armed individualists of the Neolithic Age regarded the first organised tribunal ; with what surprise they found that it actually worked so well that they felt justified in dropping their habit of taking the lives and property of their neighbours first and thinking over it afterwards. Not till the Tribunal of the League of Nations has had successes of conciliation, visible to all, will the armed individualist nations of to-day begin to rub their cynical and suspicious eyes, and to sprinkle their armour with moth-powder. No one who, like myself, has recently experienced the sensation of landing in America after having lived in Europe throughout the war, can fail to realise the reluctance of Americans to commit themselves, and the difficulty Americans have in realising the need for doing so. But may I remind Americans that during the first years of the war there was practically the same general American reluctance to interfere in an old-world struggle ; and that in the end America found that it was not an old-world but a world-struggle ? It is entirely reasonable to dislike snatching chestnuts out of the fire for other people, and to shun departure from the letter of cherished tradition ; but things do not stand still in this

world ; storm centres shift ; and live doctrine often becomes dead dogma.

The League of Nations is but an incorporation of the co-operative principle in world affairs. We have seen to what the lack of that principle leads both in international and national life. Americans seem almost unanimously in favour of a League of Nations, so long as it is sufficiently airy—perhaps one might say “ hot-air ” ; but when it comes to earth, many of them fear the risk. I would only say that no great change ever comes about in the lives of men unless they take risks ; no progress can be made. As to the other objection taken to the League, not only by Americans—that it won’t work—well, we shall never know the rights of that unless we try it. The two chief factors in avoiding war are Publicity and Delay. If there is some better plan for bringing these two factors into play than the machinery of a League of Nations, I have yet to learn of it. The League, which, I think, will come in spite of all our hesitations, may very likely make claims larger than its real powers ; and there is, of course, danger in that ; but there is also wisdom and advantage, for the success of the League must depend enormously on how far it succeeds in riveting the imaginations of mankind in its first years. The League should therefore make bold claims. After all, there is solidity and truth in this notion of a Society of Nations. The world is really growing towards it beneath all surface rivalries. We must admit it to be in the line of natural development, unless we turn our back on all analogy. Don’t then let us be ashamed of it, as if it were a piece of unpractical idealism. It is much more truly real than

the state of things which has led to the misery of these last four years. The soldiers who have fought and suffered and known the horrors of war, desire it. The objections come from those who have but watched them fight and suffer. Like every other change in the life of mankind, and like every new development in industry or art, the League needs faith. Let us have faith and give it a good "send-off."

I have left what I deem the greatest new factor till the last—Anglo-American unity. Greater it is even than the impetus towards a League of Nations, because without it the League of Nations has surely not the chance of a lost dog.

I have been reading a Life of George Washington, which has filled me with admiration of your stand against our Junkers of those days. And I am familiar with the way we outraged the sentiment of both the North and the South, in the days of your Civil War. No wonder your history books were not precisely Anglophile, and that Americans grew up in a traditional dislike of Great Britain! I am realist enough to know that the past will not vanish like a ghost—just because we have fought side by side in this war; and realist enough to recognise the other elements which make for patches of hearty dislike between our peoples. But, surveying the whole field, I believe there are links and influences too strong for the disruptive forces; and I am sure that the first duty of English and American citizens to-day is to be fair and open to understanding about each other. If anyone will take down the map of the world and study it, he will see at once how that world is ballasted by the English-speaking countries;

how, so long as they remain friends, holding as they do the trade routes and the main material resources of the world under their control, the world must needs sail on an even keel. And if he will turn to the less visible chart of the world's mental qualities, he will find a certain reassuring identity of ideals between the various English-speaking races, which form a sort of guarantee of stable unity. Thirdly, in community of language we have a factor promoting unity of ethics, potent as blood itself; for community of language is ever unconsciously producing unity of traditions and ideas. Americans and Britons, we are both, of course, very competitive peoples, and I suppose consider our respective nations the chosen people of the earth. That is a weakness which, though natural, is extremely silly, and merely proves that we have not yet outgrown provincialism. But competition is possible without reckless rivalry. There was once a bootmaker who put over his shop: "*Mens conscia recti*" ("A mind conscious of right"). He did quite well, till a rival bootmaker came along, established himself opposite, and put over *his* shop the words: "*Men's, Women's, and Children's conscia recti*," and did even better. The way nations try to cut each other's commercial throats is what makes the stars twinkle—that smile on the face of the heavens. It has the even more ruinous effect of making bad blood in the veins of the nations. Let us try playing the game of commerce like sportsmen, and respect each other's qualities and efforts. Sportsmanship has been rather ridiculed of late, yet I dare make the assertion that she will yet hold the field, both in your country and in mine: and if in our countries—then in the world.

It is ignorance of each other, not knowledge, which has always made us push each other off—the habit, you know, is almost endemic in strangers, so that they do it even in their sleep. There were once two travellers, a very large man and a very little man, strangers to each other, whom fate condemned to share a bed at an inn. In his sleep the big man stirred, and pushed the little man out on to the floor. The little man got up in silence, climbed carefully over the big man, who was still asleep, got his back against the wall and his feet firmly planted against the small of the big man's back, gave a tremendous revengeful push and—pushed the bed away from the wall and fell down in between. Such is the unevenness of fate, and the result of taking things too seriously. America and England must not push each other out, even in their sleep, nor resent the unconscious shoves they give each other, too violently. Since we have been comrades in this war we have taken to speaking well of each other, even in public print. To cease doing that now will show that we spoke nicely of each other only because we were afraid of the consequences if we did not. Well, we both have a sense of humour.

But not only self-preservation and the fear of ridicule guard our friendship. We have, I hope, also the feeling that we stand, by geographical and political accident, trustees for the health and happiness of all mankind. The magnitude of this trust cannot be exaggerated, and I would wish that every American and British boy and girl could be brought up to reverence it—not to believe that they are there to whip creation. We are here to *serve* creation, that creation may be ever

better all over the earth, and life more humane, more just, more free. The habit of being charitable to each other will grow if we give it a little chance. If we English-speaking peoples bear with each other's foibles, help each other over the stiles we come on, and keep the peace of the world, there is still hope that some day that world may come to be God's own.

Let us be just and tolerant ; let us stand fast and stand together—for light and liberty, for humanity and Peace !

THE BALANCED MIND ¹

RT. HON'BLE V. S. SRINIVASA SASTRI

THIRTY-SEVEN years ago, I left my *alma mater*, as most of you would presently leave yours, not without distinction. And although I cannot boast of having made fame or amassed a fortune or acquired a wide command over men, my life has enabled me to see some men and some things out of the ordinary ; and it may be that, if you are attentive as well as silent for an hour or thereabouts, I shall impart some words of needed counsel and warning.

The most natural starting-point is the position in which we find ourselves at this present moment, I as the chosen guest, and—may I add without vanity ?—the spokesman of the University, and you as the finished products upon whom the ceremonial just concluded has set its authentic seal. By the regulated life that you have lived here, by the careful discipline to which your minds and bodies alike have been subjected, you are fitted, as we trust, for the trials and duties of the world, for the proper use and enjoyment of the greater measure of freedom that awaits you. For always pupilage is the necessary prelude to the liberty of the adult, and no one can ever command who

¹Address delivered at the Convocation of the University of Mysore on 14th September, 1925.

has not previously learned to obey. Honour and cherish the University then as you would the mother that nursed and brought you up. Some of you will become its officers ; some in time may wield great influence in shaping its future growth ; others may be in a position to endow it or help in other ways ; but all, high or low, distant or near, must watch its interests with anxiety and aid in the formation of that widespread public sympathy and public support on which alone a popular and successful university can thrive. You will be perplexed and distracted by conflicting views as to the proper aim of a university. Ability to earn a living, preparation for life and for citizenship, acquisition of knowledge and the power to add to it, formation of a good and virtuous character—all these, separately or in combination, have struck theorists as the fundamental purposes of education. If you do not care to be profound or philosophical, but will be content with a common and intelligible idea, you may regard a university as a place where personality plays on personality by the establishment of an intimate human relationship between teacher and taught. This way of looking at it has the great merit of drawing attention to the supreme importance of the teacher as a factor in university life. Well-planned curricula, fully equipped laboratories, large libraries, noble halls, and imposing recreation grounds,—these are good and useful things in their way. Let nobody despise them. But an able and zealous professoriate is the very life and soul of a place of learning. And in selecting its members the utmost care and circumspection are necessary. Unfortunately it is just in this

part of the organisation of a university that irrelevant and unworthy considerations of race, religion or sect come into play and impair efficiency and reputation at once. A word of caution may be appropriate here. Learning knows no narrow frontiers, and a really good professor is not always to be found within a circumscribed area. Jealousy of the outsider in this sphere is even more disastrous than in other spheres, and however it may gratify the popular whim for the moment, it will surely involve the sacrifice of large and permanent interests.

One platitude leads to another. Having got your staff together, the next thing is to give them what is called "academic freedom." Of this the professor is frantically jealous, and the layman who takes an intelligent interest in university affairs is often startled at the thunder and lightning which a casual and innocent remark may produce in the blue sky of the Senate. Usually academic freedom is in danger from the grasping hand of bureaucracy. A great writer on educational subjects has recently said, "Standardization, government-made uniformity and bureaucratic regulation are not the allies of education but its mortal enemies." Tyrannical, deadening, soul-killing are the mild epithets in the vocabulary of the irate pedagogue when he wishes to characterise the control of the authority which bears a great part, sometimes, as here, much the greater part, of the burden of university finance. The maxim "he who pays the piper will call the tune" is summarily ruled out here. Government is to be like the postal peon, who delivers a money order, but cannot stay to see where the money is kept

or how it is disposed of. The encroachment of the State, however, is encroachment by cultivated people and, therefore, mitigable by reasoning and negotiation. But in these days of expanding democracy the sanctity of the temple of learning is subject to a greater danger from sudden inroads of popular clamour and prejudice, miscalled public opinion. That variety of politician whom we call by the disrespectful name of demagogue at times attains a tremendous influence which sweeps aside professor and professorial regulation. People uprisen have no use for the expert. Standards may be lowered, the medium of instruction changed, and discipline undermined, the teacher hiding his diminished head the while. To you, who have felt and can never cease to appreciate the tender and delicate relation of *guru* and *sishya*, and who know how an atmosphere of prejudice and passion is inimical to the scientific pursuit of knowledge, to you, I say, graduates of the University, scattered far and near, and able by your numbers and influence to control these turbulent squalls before they attain their fury, the authorities of the University have the right to look with confidence for energetic and timely interposition. In such moments of peril, do not, I pray you, stand looking on or mumbling excuses for the insurgents, but come round your *alma mater* and guard her like valiant and faithful sons.

An important task rests on you as educated men and women to keep up the intellectual curiosity awakened in you by your varied studies and add fresh knowledge to the store here accumulated. Nothing distinguishes true culture from false so surely as this inquisitive

spirit, the desire to keep abreast with the best thought of the world, to know things as far as possible in their essence and thoroughly. Unfortunately many of us have heavy cares and duties, our posts are often in out-of-the-way places, where books are rare and congenial friends still rarer. We get little time for the exercise of our higher minds, so completely are we engulfed in the petty details and routine of daily duty. For persons in such desperate case may we not prescribe a well-thumbed classic or two as constant companions? Each has his favourites and perhaps changes them every few years. But to them he may return again and again and slake his thirst as at an ever-living spiritual fountain. The greater part of us, however, will live in more favoured spots, where our minds need not starve except through our own neglect. Alas, such neglect and starvation are too common. It would be ungracious to enlarge on this topic, but let any one mention half a dozen large towns where of a Sunday afternoon one might go to the local club or reading room with the hope of listening to an elevated conversation on the topics of the day, or to a public debate in which a subject was discussed so as to stimulate the mind, suggest fresh points or create a zest for further enquiry. Somehow after we leave college, a sort of mental exhaustion seems to set in from which only a few recover. Do you remember that famous story of Dr. Johnson? Once while he was recovering from an illness, some one proposed to send for Burke. "Don't!" cried the Doctor, "if that fellow were to appear now, it would kill me at once. He calls forth all my mental powers." Without having

the excuse of physical debility, we seem to be in mortal dread of having to listen to a lively debate on a rousing topic, let alone taking part in them. In a certain measure this undesirable phenomenon occurs elsewhere as well. I was surprised, while reading a book by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of the Columbia University, to come upon the following passage :

“ Speaking not long ago in the city of New York, Israel Zangwill paid us the compliment of saying that we Americans are the best half-educated people in the world. My impression is that he put the fraction rather high. If we measure our education by the expenditure of moneys, public and private, upon schools of every type and sort, then plainly these amounts are enormous. If we measure our education by the number of pupils under formal instruction for some part of each year, the numbers are certainly agreeably large. If we measure our education by the splendour of the school buildings which of late have been erected in a thousand communities scattered throughout the land and by the excellence of their equipment, then assuredly the impression is most flattering. If, on the other hand, we seek for those surer evidences of education which are marked by correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue, by refined and gentle manners which are the expression of fixed habits of thought and action, by the power and habit of reflection and the use of scientific method in the approach to new problems of public and personal import, or by the power of intellectual and moral growth, then it may well be doubted whether the results are quite so flattering.”

Some may feel a little comforted after reading this passage, but I fear it applies to the facts of India with much greater force than to those of America. It is the privilege of Convocation orators to formulate counsels

of perfection to their bored audiences, and if I appear to tread in their path at this point, I can only plead in defence that I do not consider my suggestion a counsel of perfection. Outside the requirements of our profession, newspapers form the pabulum of our reading. But oftentimes an important topic comes up in which the interest is maintained for several weeks, and each man misses something or other necessary for full comprehension. Hardly a month passes without two or three such topics emerging. Suppose a fair-sized town in which twenty people joined together and procured access to a few magazines and newspapers. Let us imagine them to meet one specified day every month, at which it was the duty of one member or of two, as the case may be, to give a connected account of two selected matters from his reading. You could on such an occasion hear all about fundamentalism, the trial at Dayton and some of the arguments used on both sides, at least the Biblical passages relied on by Bryan. The discussion that followed might ramify in several interesting issues. The theory of evolution would naturally come in, and a member of wider reading than ordinary would perhaps outline the modifications that had been made since Darwin's day. Another would draw a picture of the personality of Bryan, so simple and yet of such vivid interest. You might hear of Bryan's visit to India and the violent antipathy evoked in Anglo-Indian society by the book in which he recorded his experiences. A member with a turn for practical speculation—pardon the paradoxical expression—might invite his audience to consider what would happen in some of our provinces in

the extremely probable contingency of a majority passing obscurantist laws of the kind under which Mr. Scopes was convicted and enforcing them. The coal crisis in England, the Security pact, the Indian disability in Tanganyika with special reference to the British mandate, the questions involved in the reference to the Skeen Committee,—these are only some of the numerous illustrations that might be brought forward for proving the great intellectual benefit that such a league or association would confer on the locality. By spending an hour at one of these monthly meetings you could learn a lot of interesting and useful matter which it would take much time and energy to find for yourself. This might seem child's diet to grave and reverend professors hankering after philosophical speculations and recent scientific advances. But the busy professional man whom I am thinking of would do well, at least in the beginning, to avoid strong meat. Whenever you hold such a meeting, go not, I warn you, too near the chessboard or the bridge table, lest by heedless chatter you distract minds intent on vital and intricate problems. Nor should you allow any but a poor man's tea to refresh you; rich hosts have a captivating way of giving precedence to the body over the mind, and the discussion would shift its object almost entirely. One more caution, if you please, before I pass on. If the principal speaker appointed for the day happen to be a lawyer in good practice, do not forget to provide yourself with a handy substitute; for some witless client may remove him at the last moment to a more profitable debate, and not even allow him to give you due notice.

Even more than this mental alertness and elasticity, another attribute is distinctive of university culture—the balanced mind. Sad to think, it is also the rarer. I once had to speak to an association of graduates in Australia, and posed the query, “Do modern universities aim at a balanced mind?” From the tenor of the ensuing conversation I could see that other minds had been agitated over the problem. Once upon a time the true mark of a completed course of education was the habit of proving all things before coming to a judgment, the disposition to look at a matter from all points of a view, the habit even under exciting circumstances of bringing full and unclouded reason to bear on the subject at issue. Modern life with its hurry and whirl seems to have banished leisure, poise, serenity of outlook. The countless little details claiming our attention from moment to moment scarcely allow of the formation of a whole and harmonious picture with every feature in true perspective. The newspaper press, shouting and screaming the whole day long, keeps pouring into our minds a chaos of unrelated thoughts. Of any particular object or idea we seem only to catch a fleeting phase, an aspect of an aspect. And yet we have to make up our minds, to choose our sides, and to cast our votes. We could not hold our judgments in suspense if we would, and, for a wonder, most of us would not if we could. We do not seem even to care for justice, harmony, co-ordination. In the legislature we hear only partisan views of things, and, if we wish to count for something, we must give partisan votes. How the laws in such a dispensation can be just and suitable is no concern of

ours. In the courts, clients, witnesses, advocates, are all naturally for their own side of the case and make no attempt to disguise the fact. The result, as we all know, is that the judge is often hindered from discovering the truth, not helped to do so. So in the public discussion of questions between conservatives and reformers, capital and labour, and so forth, the active spirits throw themselves heart and soul into one side or other of the dispute. Newspapers, instead of endeavouring to create a sober and healthy public opinion, are avowedly partisan and, while presenting their side in attractive colours, consider it no part of their duty to be equally generous to the other side, and in many cases misrepresent, suppress and run it down. So far has this evil grown that young and inexperienced readers, taught only by one set of papers, ascribe innate "cussedness" and moral perversity to the other school of thought and its advocates. Among us the situation is further complicated by the upsurging of the communal spirit, the various sects and factions demanding each its share and more than its share, and leaving the State altogether in the lurch. The modern machinery for striking the balance, commissions, and committees and assessors, are but imperfect and untrustworthy approximations. The personnel of these bodies, on which hang vital issues of equity and justice, is itself made a subject of acrimonious contention. Where all are tainted, few can be expected to hold the scales even. Do our universities—let me put the question though I do not expect an answer—with their ever-increasing specialisation of studies produce of set purpose the type of mind necessary for discovering the

golden mean, the safe middle course between opposing tendencies? Is there no use, even in these tranquil places dedicated to truth and wisdom, for the man who hesitates, who weighs arguments with care, who resists the sway of passion? A recent Governor of one of our provinces, who had been a radical in English politics, turned out to be unprogressive here. He once explained the phenomenon to me. He sought advice from every quarter on a disputed issue, he read all the papers dealing with it. The rights and wrongs seemed to him so equally balanced that the case for change was never wholly made out. So, he said he let the old arrangement continue, it had answered so far. He was a typical conservative, a perfect Hamlet of politics. But surely deliberation is not indecision. It will lead to action quite as often as to inaction. And the action to which it leads will be safe and suited to all the attendant circumstances. I freely admit that the conscientious politician is not popular. His counsel of patience and moderation is irritating to eager and enthusiastic natures. Yudhishthira was called many ugly names by Bhima and Droupadi. But he did not allow himself to be hustled. "Unagitated like the sea, immovable like the mountain" he waited till the time arrived and then struck and struck home. The cross-bencher is not beloved of his tribe, but the cross-bench mind is an ever-present and an ever-growing need. Believe me, it is no disease, no infirmity. On the other hand, it is the crown and summit of liberal education. It would be an evil day when it became extinct, and the high function of universities is to foster it with tender and unremitting care.

APHORISMS ¹

VISCOUNT MORLEY

SINCE I accepted the honour of the invitation to deliver the opening address of your course, I have found no small difficulty in settling down on an appropriate subject. I half-wrote a discourse on modern democracy,—how the rule of numbers is to be reconciled with the rule of sage judgment, and the passion for liberty and equality is to be reconciled with sovereign regard for law, authority, and order ; and how our hopes for the future are to be linked to wise reverence for tradition and the past. But your secretary had emphatically warned me off all politics, and I feared that however carefully I might be on my guard against every reference to the burning questions of the hour, yet the clever eyes of political charity would be sure to spy out party innuendoes in the most innocent deliverances of purely abstract philosophy. Then for a day or two I lingered over a subject in a little personal incident. One Saturday night last summer I found myself dining with an illustrious statesman on the Welsh border, and on the Monday following I was seated under the acacias by the shore of the Lake of Geneva, where Gibbon, a hundred years ago almost to the day, had,

¹An Address delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, 11th November, 1887.

according to his own famous words, laid down his pen after writing the last lines of his last page, and there under a serene sky, with the silver orb of the moon reflected from the waters, and amid the silence of nature, felt his joy at the completion of an immortal task, dashed by melancholy that he had taken everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion. It was natural that I should meditate on the contrast that might be drawn between great literary performance and great political performance, between the making of history and the writing of it,—a contrast containing matter enough not only for one, but for a whole series of edifying and instructive discourses. But there were difficulties here too, and the edifying discourse remains, like many another, incomplete.

So I am going to ask you after all to pass a tranquil hour with me in pondering a quiet chapter in the history of books. There is a loud cry in these days for clues that shall guide the plain man through the vast bewildering labyrinth of printed volumes. Everybody calls for hints what to read, and what to look out for in reading. Like all the rest of us, I have often been asked for a list of the hundred best books, and the other day a gentleman wrote to me to give him by return of post that far more difficult thing—a list of the three best books in the world. Both the hundred and the three are a task far too high for me ; but perhaps you will let me try to indicate what, among so much else, is one of the things best worth hunting for in books, and one of the quarters of the library where you may get on the scent. Though tranquil, it will be my fault if you find the hour dull, for this particular literary chapter

concerns life, manners, society, conduct, human nature, our aims, our ideals, and all besides that is most animated and most interesting in man's busy chase after happiness and wisdom.

What is wisdom? That sovereign word, as has often been pointed out, is used for two different things. It may stand for knowledge, learning, science, systematic reasoning; or it may mean, as Coleridge has defined it, common sense in an uncommon degree; that is to say, the unsystematic truths that come to shrewd, penetrating, and observant minds, from their own experience of life and their daily commerce with the world, and that is called the wisdom of life, or the wisdom of the world, or the wisdom of time and the ages. The Greeks had two words for these two kinds of wisdom: one for the wise who scaled the heights of thought and knowledge; another for those who, without logical method, technical phraseology, or any of the parade of the Schools, whether "Academics old and new, Cynic, Peripatetic, the sect Epicurean, or Stoic severe," held up the mirror to human nature, and took good counsel as to the ordering of character and of life.

Mill, in his little fragment on Aphorisms, has said that in the first kind of wisdom every age in which science flourishes ought to surpass the ages that have gone before. In knowledge and methods of science each generation starts from the point at which its predecessor left off; but in the wisdom of life, in the maxims of good sense applied to public and to private conduct, there is, said Mill, a pretty nearly equal amount in all ages.

If this seem doubtful to any one, let him think how many of the shrewdest moralities of human nature are to be found in writings as ancient as the apocryphal Book of the Wisdom of Solomon and of Jesus the Son of Sirach ; as *Æsop's Fables* ; as the oracular sentences that are to be found in Homer and the Greek dramatists and orators ; as all that immense host of wise and pithy saws which, to the number of between four and five thousand, were collected from all ancient literature by the industry of Erasmus in his great folio of Adages. As we turn over these pages of old time, we almost feel that those are right who tell us that everything has been said, that the thing that has been is the thing that shall be, and there is no new thing under the sun. Even so, we are happily not bound to Schopenhauer's gloomy conclusion (*Werke*, v. 332), that " The wise men of all times have always said the same, and the fools, that is the immense majority, of all times, have always done the same, that is to say, the opposite of what the wise have said ; and that is why Voltaire tells us that we shall leave this world just as stupid and as bad as we found it when we came here."

It is natural that this second kind of wisdom, being detached and unsystematic, should embody itself in the short and pregnant form of proverb, sentence, maxim, and aphorism. The essence of aphorism is the compression of a mass of thought and observation into a single saying. It is the very opposite of dissertation and declamation ; its distinction is not so much ingenuity, as good sense brought to a point ; it ought to be neither enigmatical nor flat, neither a truism on the one hand, nor a riddle on the other. These wise

sayings, said Bacon, the author of some of the wisest of them, are not only for ornament, but for action and business, having a point or edge, whereby knots in business are pierced and discovered. And he applauds Cicero's description of such sayings as saltpits,—that you may extract salt out of them, and sprinkle it where you will. They are the guiding oracles which man has found out for himself in that great business of ours, of learning how to be, to do, to do without, and to depart. Their range extends from prudential kitchen maxims, such as Franklin set forth in the sayings of Poor Richard about thrift in time and money, up to such great and high moralities of life as are the prose maxims of Goethe,—just as Bacon's Essays extend from precepts as to building and planting, up to solemn reflections on truth, death, and the vicissitudes of things. They cover the whole field of man as he is, and life as it is, not of either as they ought to be; friendship, ambition, money, studies, business, public duty, in all their actual laws and conditions as they are, and not as the ideal moralist may wish that they were.

The substance of the wisdom of life must be commonplace, for the best of it is the result of the common experience of the world. Its most universal and important propositions must in a certain sense be truisms. The road has been so broadly trodden by the hosts who have travelled along it, that the main rules of the journey are clear enough, and we all know that (the secret of breakdown and wreck is seldom so much an insufficient knowledge of the route, as imperfect discipline of the will.) The truism, however, and the commonplace may be stated in a form so fresh, pungent, and

free from triviality, as to have all the force of new discovery. Hence the need for a caution, that few maxims are to be taken without qualification. They seek sharpness of impression by excluding one side of the matter and exaggerating another, and most aphorisms are to be read as subject to all sorts of limits, conditions, and corrections.

It has been said that the order of our knowledge is this : that we know best, first, what we have divined by native instinct ; second, what we have learned by experience of men and things ; third, what we have learned not in books, but by books—that is, by the reflections that they suggest ; fourth, last and lowest, what we have learned in books or with masters. The virtue of an aphorism comes under the third of these heads : it conveys a portion of a truth with such point as to set us thinking on what remains. Montaigne, who delighted in Plutarch, and kept him ever on his table, praises him in that besides his long discourses, “ there are a thousand others, which he has only touched and glanced upon, where he only points with his finger to direct us which way we may go if we will, and contents himself sometimes with only giving one brisk hit in the nicest article of the question, from whence we are to grope out the rest.” And this is what Plutarch himself is driving at, when he warns young men that it is well to go for a light to another man’s fire, but by no means to tarry by it, instead of kindling a torch of their own.

Grammarians draw a distinction between a maxim and an aphorism, and tell us that while an aphorism only states some broad truth of general bearing, a

maxim, besides stating the truth, enjoins a rule of conduct as its consequence. For instance, to say that "There are some men with just imagination enough to spoil their judgment" is an aphorism. But there is action as well as thought in such sayings as this: "'Tis a great sign of mediocrity to be always reserved in praise"; or in this of M. Aurelius, "When thou wishest to give thyself delight, think of the excellences of those who live with thee; for instance, of the energy of one, the modesty of another, the liberal kindness of a third." Again, according to this distinction of the word, we are to give the name of aphorism to Pascal's saying that "Most of the mischief in the world would never happen, if men would only be content to sit still in their parlours."¹ But we should give the name of maxim to the profound and admirably humane counsel of a philosopher of a very different school, that "If you would love mankind, you should not expect too much from them."

But the distinction is one without much difference; we need not labour it nor pay it further attention. Aphorism or maxim, let us remember that this wisdom of life is the true salt of literature; that those books, at least in prose, are most nourishing which are most richly stored with it; and that it is one of the main objects, apart from the mere acquisition of knowledge, which men ought to seek in the reading of books.

A living painter has said, that the longer he works, the more does he realise how very little anybody except

¹ La Bruyère also says: "All mischief comes from our not being able to be alone; hence play, luxury, dissipation, wine, ignorance, calumny, envy, forgetfulness of one's self and of God."

the trained artist actually perceives in the natural objects constantly before him ; how blind men are to impressions of colour and light and form, which would be full of interest and delight, if people only knew how to see them. Are not most of us just as blind to the thousand lights and shades in the men and women around us ? We live in the world as we live among fellow-inmates in a hotel, or fellow-revellers at a masquerade. Yet this, to bring knowledge of ourselves and others "home to our business and our bosoms," is one of the most important parts of culture.

Some prejudice is attached in generous minds to this wisdom of the world as being egotistical, poor, unimaginative, of the earth earthy. Since the great literary reaction at the end of the last century, men have been apt to pitch criticism of life in the high poetic key. They have felt with Wordsworth :

" The human nature unto which I felt
That I belonged, and revered with love,
Was not a punctual presence, but a spirit
Diffused through time and space, with aid derived
Of evidence from monuments, erect,
Prostrate, or leaning towards their common rest
In earth, the widely-scattered wreck sublime
Of vanished nations."

Then again, there is another cause for the passing eclipse of interest in wisdom of the world. Extraordinary advances have been made in ordered knowledge of the various stages of the long prehistoric dawn of human civilisation. The man of the flint implement and the fire-drill, who could only count up to five, and who was content to live in a hut like a bee-hive, has

drawn interest away from the man of the market and the parlour. The literary passion for primitive times and the raw material of man has thrust polished man, the manufactured article, into a secondary place. All this is in the order of things. It is fitting enough that we should pierce into the origins of human nature. It is right, too, that the poets, the ideal interpreters of life, should be dearer to us than those who stop short with mere deciphering of what is real and actual. The poet has his own sphere of the beautiful and the sublime. But it is no less true that the enduring weight of historian, moralist, political orator, or preacher depends on the amount of the wisdom of life that is hived in his pages. They may be admirable by virtue of other qualities, by learning, by grasp, by majesty of flight; but it is his moral sentences on mankind or the State that rank the prose writer among the sages. These show that he has an eye for the large truths of action, for the permanent bearings of conduct, and for things that are for the guidance of all generations. What is it that makes Plutarch's Lives "the pasture of great souls," as they were called by one who was herself a great soul? Because his aim was much less to tell a story than, as he says, "to decipher the man and his nature"; and in deciphering the man, to strike out pregnant and fruitful thoughts on all men. Why was it worth while for Mr. Jowett, the other day, to give us a new translation of Thucydides' history of the Peloponnesian War? And why is it worth your while, at least to dip in a serious spirit into its pages? Partly, because the gravity and concision of Thucydides are of specially wholesome example in these days of ove

coloured and over-voluminous narrative ; partly, because he knows how to invest the wreck and overthrow of those small states with the pathos and dignity of mighty imperial fall ; but most of all, for the sake of the wise sentences that are sown with apt but not unsparing hand through the progress of the story. Well might Gray ask his friend whether Thucydides' description of the final destruction of the Athenian host at Syracuse was not the finest thing he ever read in his life ; and assuredly the man who can read that stern tale without admiration, pity, and awe may be certain that he has no taste for noble composition, and no feeling for the deepest tragedy of mortal things. But it is the sagacious sentences in the speeches of Athenians, Corinthians, Lacedæmonians, that do most of all to give to the historian his perpetuity of interest to every reader with the rudiments of a political instinct, and make Thucydides as modern as if he had written yesterday.

Tacitus belongs to a different class among the great writers of the world. He had, beyond almost any author of the front rank that has ever lived, the art of condensing his thought and driving it home to the mind of the reader with a flash. Beyond almost anybody, he suffered from what a famous writer of aphorisms in our time has described as " the cursed ambition to put a whole book into a page, a whole page into a phrase, and the phrase into a word." But the moral thought itself in Tacitus mostly belongs less to the practical wisdom of life, than to sombre poetic indignation, like that of Dante, against the perversities of ~~will~~ and the blindness of fortune.

Horace's Epistles are a mine of genial, friendly, humane observation. Then there is none of the ancient moralists to whom the modern, from Montaigne, Charron, Raleigh, Bacon, downwards, owe more than to Seneca. Seneca has no spark of the kindly warmth of Horace ; he has not the animation of Plutarch ; he abounds too much in the artificial and extravagant paradoxes of the Stoics. But, for all that, he touches the great and eternal commonplaces of human occasion—friendship, health, bereavement, riches, poverty, death—with a hand that places him high among the wise masters of life. All through the ages men tossed in the beating waves of circumstance have found more abundantly in the essays and letters of Seneca than in any other secular writer words of good counsel and comfort. And let this fact not pass, without notice of the light that it sheds on the fact of the unity of literature, and of the absurdity of setting a wide gulf between ancient or classical literature and modern, as if under all dialects the partakers in Græco-Roman civilisation, whether in Athens, Rome, Paris, Weimar, Edinburgh, London, Dublin, were not the heirs of a great common stock of thought as well as of speech.

I certainly do not mean anything so absurd as that the moralities, whether major or minor, whether affecting the foundation of conduct or the surface of manners, remain fixed. On the contrary, one of the most interesting things in literature is to mark the shifts and changes in men's standards. For instance, Boswell tells a curious story of the first occasion on which Johnson met Sir Joshua Reynolds. Two ladies of the company were regretting the death of a friend

to whom they owed great obligations. Reynolds observed that they had at any rate the comfort of being relieved from a debt of gratitude. The ladies were naturally shocked at this singular alleviation of their grief, but Johnson defended it in his clear and forcible manner, and, says Boswell, "was much pleased with the mind, the fair view of human nature, that it exhibited, like some of the reflections of Rochefoucauld." On the strength of it he went home with Reynolds, supped with him, and was his friend for life. No moralist with a reputation to lose would like to back Reynolds's remark in the nineteenth century.

Our own generation in Great Britain has been singularly unfortunate in the literature of aphorism. One too famous volume of proverbial philosophy had immense vogue, but it is so vapid, so wordy, so futile, as to have a place among the books that dispense with parody. Then, rather earlier in the century, a clergyman, who ruined himself by gambling, ran away from his debts to America, and at last blew his brains out, felt peculiarly qualified to lecture mankind on moral prudence. He wrote a little book in 1820, called *Lacon; or Many Things in Few Words, addressed to those who think*. It is an awful example to anybody who is tempted to try his hand at an aphorism. Thus, "Marriage is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner." I had made some other extracts from this unhappy sage, but you will thank me for having thrown them into the fire. Finally, a great authoress of our time was urged by a friend to fill up a gap in our literature by composing a volume of Thoughts: the result was that least felicitous of per-

formances, *Theophrastus Such*. One living writer of genius has given us a little sheaf of subtly-pointed maxims in the *Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, and perhaps he will one day divulge to the world the whole contents of Sir Austin Feverel's unpublished volume, *The Pilgrim's Scrip*.

Yet the wisdom of life has its full part in our literature. Keen insight into peculiarities of individual motive, and concentrated interest in the play of character, shine not merely in Shakespeare, whose mighty soul, as Hallam says, was saturated with moral observation, nor in the brilliant verse of Pope. For those who love meditative reading on the ways and destinies of men, we have Burton and Fuller and Sir Thomas Browne in one age, and Addison, Johnson, and the rest of the Essayists, in another. Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*, written in the Baconian age, are found delightful by some; but for my own part, though I have striven to follow the critic's golden rule, to have preferences but no exclusions, Overbury has for me no savour. In the great art of painting moral portraits, or character-writing, the characters in Clarendon, or in Burnet's *History of His Own Time*, are full of life, vigour, and coherency, and are intensely attractive to read. I cannot agree with those who put either Clarendon or Burnet on a level with the characters in St. Simon or the Cardinal de Retz: there is a subtlety of analysis, a searching penetration, a breadth of moral comprehension, in the Frenchmen, which I do not find, nor, in truth, much desire to find, in our countrymen. A homelier hand does well enough for homelier men. Nevertheless, such characters as those

of Falkland, or Chillingworth, by Clarendon, or Burnet's very different Lauderdale, are worth a thousand battle-pieces, cabinet plots, or parliamentary combinations, of which we never can be sure that the narrator either knew or has told the whole story. It is true that these characters have not the strange quality which someone imputed to the writing of Tacitus, that it seems to put the reader himself and the secrets of his own heart into the confessional. It is in the novel that, in this country, the faculty of observing social man and his peculiarities has found its most popular instrument. The great novel, not of romance or adventure, but of character and manners, from the mighty Fielding, down, at a long interval, to Thackeray, covers the field that in France is held, and successfully held, against all comers, by her maxim-writers, like La Rochefoucauld, and her character-writers, like La Bruyère. But the literature of aphorism contains one English name of magnificent and immortal lustre—the name of Francis Bacon. Bacon's essays are the unique masterpiece in our literature of this oracular wisdom of life, applied to the scattered occasions of men's existence. The Essays are known to all the world; but there is another and perhaps a weightier performance of Bacon's which is less known, or not known at all, except to students here and there. I mean the second chapter of the eighth book of his famous treatise, *De Augmentis*. It has been translated into pithy English, and is to be found in the fifth volume of the great edition of Bacon, by Spedding and Ellis.

In this chapter, among other things, he composes comments on between thirty and forty of what he calls

the Aphorisms or Proverbs of Solomon, which he truly describes as containing, besides those of a theological character, "not a few excellent civil precepts and cautions, springing from the inmost recesses of wisdom, and extending to much variety of occasions." I know not where else to find more of the salt of common sense in an uncommon degree than in Bacon's terse comments on the Wise King's terse sentences, and in the keen, sagacious, shrewd wisdom of the world, lighted up by such brilliance of wit and affluence of illustration, in the pages that come after them.

This sort of wisdom was in the taste of the time ; witness Raleigh's *Instructions to his Son*, and that curious collection "of political and polemical aphorisms grounded on authority and experience," which he called by the name of the *Cabinet Council*. Harrington's *Political Aphorisms*, which came a generation later, are not moral sentences ; they are a string of propositions in political theory, breathing a noble spirit of liberty, though too abstract for practical guidance through the troubles of the day. But Bacon's admonitions have a depth and copiousness that are all his own. He says that the knowledge of advancement in life, though abundantly practised, had not been sufficiently handled in books, and so he here lays down the precepts for what he calls the *Architecture of Fortune*. They constitute the description of a man who is politic for his own fortune, and show how he may best shape a character that will attain the ends of fortune.

First, A man should accustom his mind to judge of the proportion and value of all things as they conduce to his fortune and ends.

Second, Not to undertake things beyond his strength, nor to row against the stream.

Third, Not to wait for occasions always, but sometimes to challenge and induce them, according to that saying of Demosthenes : " In the same manner as it is a received principle that the general should lead the army, so should wise men lead affairs," causing things to be done which they think good, and not themselves waiting upon events.

Fourth, Not to take up anything which of necessity forestalls a great quantity of time, but to have this sound ever ringing in our ears : " Time is flying—time that can never be retrieved."

Fifth, Not to engage one's-self too peremptorily in anything, but ever to have either a window open to fly out at, or a secret way to retire by.

Sixth, To follow that ancient precept, not construed to any point of perfidiousness, but only to caution and moderation, that we are to treat our friend as if he might one day be a foe, and our foe as if he should one day be friend.

All these Bacon called the good arts, as distinguished from the evil arts that had been described years before by Machiavelli in his famous book *The Prince*, and also in his *Discourses*. Bacon called Machiavelli's sayings depraved and pernicious, and a corrupt wisdom, as indeed they are. He was conscious that his own maxims, too, stood in some need of elevation and of correction, for he winds up with wise warnings against being carried away by a whirlwind or tempest of ambition ; by the general reminder that all things are vanity and vexation of spirit, and the particular

reminder that, "Being without well-being is a curse, and the greater being, the greater curse," and that "all virtue is most rewarded, and all wickedness most punished in itself"; by the question whether this incessant, restless, and, as it were, Sabbathless pursuit of fortune, leaves time for holier duties, and what advantage it is to have a face erected towards heaven, with a spirit perpetually grovelling upon earth, eating dust like a serpent; and finally, he says that it will not be amiss for men, in this eager and excited chase of fortune, to cool themselves a little with that conceit of Charles V. in his instructions to his son, that "Fortune hath somewhat of the nature of a woman, who, if she be too closely wooed, is commonly the further off."

There is Baconian humour as well as a curious shrewdness in such an admonition as that which I will here transcribe, and there are many like it :

"It is therefore no unimportant attribute of prudence in a man to be able to set forth to advantage before others, with grace and skill, his virtues, fortunes, and merits (which may be done without arrogance or breeding disgust); and again, to cover artificially his weaknesses, defects, misfortunes, and disgraces; dwelling upon the former and turning them to the light, sliding from the latter or explaining them away by apt interpretations and the like. Tacitus says of Mucianus, the wisest and most active politician of his time, 'That he had a certain art of setting forth to advantage everything he said or did.' And it requires indeed some art, lest it become wearisome and contemptible; but yet it is true that ostentation, though carried to the first degree of vanity, is rather a vice in morals than in policy.

For as it is said of calumny, 'Calumniate boldly, for some of it will stick,' so it may be said of ostentation (except it be in a ridiculous degree of deformity), 'Boldly sound your own praises, and some of them will stick.' It will stick with the more ignorant and the populace, though men of wisdom may smile at it ; and the reputation won with many will amply countervail the disdain of a few. . . . And surely no small number of those who are of a solid nature, and who, from the want of this ventosity, cannot spread all sail in pursuit of their own honour, suffer some prejudice and lose dignity by their moderation."

Nobody need go to such writings as these for moral dignity or moral energy. They have no place in that nobler literature, from Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius downwards, which lights up the young soul with generous aims, and fires it with the love of all excellence. Yet the most heroic cannot do without a dose of circumspection. The counsels of old Polonius to Laertes are less sublime than Hamlet's soliloquy, but they have their place. Bacon's chapters are a manual of circumspection, whether we choose to give to circumspection a high or a low rank in the list of virtues. Bacon knew of the famous city which had three gates, and on the first the horseman read inscribed, " Be bold " ; and on the second gate yet again, " Be bold, and evermore be bold " ; and on the third it was written, " Be not too bold."

This cautious tone had been brought about by the circumstances of the time. Government was strict ; dissent from current opinions was dangerous ; there was no indifference and hardly any tolerance ; authority was suspicious and it was vindictive. When the

splendid genius of Burke rose like a new sun into the sky, the times were happier, and nowhere in our literature does a noble prudence wear statelier robes than in the majestic compositions of Burke.

Those who are curious to follow the literature of aphorism into Germany, will, with the mighty exceptions of Goethe and Schiller, find but a parched and scanty harvest. The Germans too often justify the unfriendly definition of an aphorism as a form of speech that wraps up something quite plain in words that turn it into something very obscure. As old Fuller says, the writers have a hair hanging to the nib of their pen. Their shortness does not prevent them from being tiresome. They recall the French wit to whom a friend showed a distich : " Excellent," he said ; " but isn't it rather spun out ? "

Lichtenberg, a professor of physics, who was also a considerable hand at satire a hundred years ago, composed a collection of sayings, not without some wheat amid much chaff. A later German writer, of whom I will speak in a moment or two, Schopenhauer, has some excellent remarks on Self-reflection, and on the difference between those who think for themselves and those who think for other people ; between genuine Philosophers, who look at things first hand for their own sake, and Sophists, who look at words and books for the sake of making an appearance before the world, and seek their happiness in what they hope to get from others : he takes Herder for an example of the Sophist, and Lichtenberg for the true Philosopher. It is true that we hear the voice of the Self-thinker, and not the mere Book-philosopher, if we may use for

once those uncouth compounds, in such sayings as these :

“ People who never have any time are the people who do least.”

“ The utmost that a weak head can get out of experience is an extra readiness to find out the weaknesses of other people.”

“ Over-anxiously to feel and think what one could have done, is the very worst thing one can do.”

“ He who has less than he desires, should know that he has more than he deserves.”

“ Enthusiasts without capacity are the really dangerous people.”

This last, by the way, recalls a saying of the great French reactionary, De Bonald, which is never quite out of date: “ Follies committed by the sensible, extravagances uttered by the clever, crimes perpetrated by the good,—there is what makes revolutions.”

Radowitz was a Prussian soldier and statesman, who died in 1853, after doing enough to convince men since that the revolution of 1848 produced no finer mind. He left among other things two or three volumes of short fragmentary pieces on politics, religion, literature, and art. They are intelligent and elevated, but contain hardly anything to our point to-night, unless it be this,—that what is called Stupidity springs not at all from mere want of understanding, but from the fact that the free use of a man's understanding is hindered by some definite vice: Frivolity, Envy, Dissipation, Covetousness, all these darling vices of fallen man,—these are at the bottom of what we name Stupidity. This is true enough, but it is not so much to the point

as the saying of a highly judicious aphorist of my own acquaintance, that "Excessive anger against human stupidity is itself one of the most provoking of all forms of stupidity."

Another author of aphorisms of the Goethe period was Klinger, a playwright, who led a curious and varied life in camps and cities, who began with a vehement enthusiasm for the sentimentalism of Rousseau, and ended, as such men often end, with a hard and stubborn cynicism. He wrote *Thoughts on different Subjects of the World and Literature*, which are intelligent and masculine, if they are not particularly pungent in expression. One of them runs—"He who will write interestingly must be able to keep heart and reason in close and friendliest connection. The heart must warm the reason, and reason must in turn blow on the embers if they are to burst into flame." This illustrates what an aphorism should not be. Contrast its clumsiness with the brevity of the famous and admirable saying of Vauvenargues, that "great thoughts come from the heart."

Schopenhauer gave to one of his minor works the name of *Aphorismen zu Lebens-Weisheit*, "Aphorisms for the Wisdom of Life," and he put to it, by way of motto, Chamfort's saying, "Happiness is no easy matter; 'tis very hard to find it within ourselves, and impossible to find it anywhere else." Schopenhauer was so well read in European literature, he had such natural alertness of mind, and his style is so pointed, direct, and wide-awake, that these detached discussions are interesting and most readable; but for the most part discussions they are, and not aphorisms. Thus,

in the saying that "The perfect man of the world should be he who never sticks fast in indecision, nor ever falls into overhaste," the force of it lies in what goes before and what follows after. The whole collection, winding up with the chapter of Counsels and Maxims, is in the main an unsystematic enforcement of those peculiar views of human happiness and its narrow limits which proved to be the most important part of Schopenhauer's system. "The sovereign rule in the wisdom of life," he said, "I see in Aristotle's proposition (*Eth. Nic.* vii. 12), ὁ φρόνιμος τὸ ἄλυπον διώκει, οὐ τὸ ἡδύ : Not pleasure but freedom from pain is what the sensible man goes after." The second volume, of Detached though systematically Ordered Thoughts on Various Circumstances, is miscellaneous in its range of topics, and is full of suggestion ; but the thoughts are mainly philosophical and literary, and do not come very close to practical wisdom. In truth, so negative a view of happiness, such pale hopes and middling expectations, could not guide a man far on the path of active prudence, where we naturally take for granted that the goal is really something substantial, serious, solid, and positive.¹

¹ Burke said on the point raised above : "I am satisfied the ideas of pain are much more powerful than those which enter on the part of pleasure. Without all doubt, the torments which we may be made to suffer are much greater in their effect on the body and mind, than any pleasures which the most learned voluptuary could suggest. Nay, I am in great doubt whether any man could be found, who would earn a life of the most perfect satisfaction at the price of ending it in the torments which justice inflicted in a few hours on the late unfortunate regicide in France" (*Sublime and Beautiful*, pt. 1. sec. vii.). The reference, is, of course, to Damien.

Nobody cared less than Schopenhauer for the wisdom that is drawn from books, or has said such hard things of mere reading. In the short piece to which I have already referred (p. 204), he works out the difference between the Scholar who has read in books, and the Thinkers, the Geniuses, the Lights of the World, and Furtherers of the human race, who have read directly from the world's own pages. Reading, he says, is only a *succedaneum* for one's own thinking. Reading is thinking with a strange head instead of one's own. People who get their wisdom out of books are like those who have got their knowledge of a country from the descriptions of travellers. Truth that has been picked up from books only sticks to us like an artificial limb, or a false tooth, or a rhinoplastic nose ; the truth we have acquired by our own thinking is like the natural member. At least, as Goethe puts it in his verse,

Was du ererbt von deinen Vätern hast,
Erwirb es, um es zu besitzen.

*What from thy fathers thou dost inherit, be sure
thou earn it, that so it may become thine own.*

It is only Goethe and Schiller, and especially Goethe, "the strong, much-toiling sage, with spirit free from mists, and sane and clear," who combine the higher and the lower wisdom, and have skill to put moral truths into forms of words that fix themselves with stings in the reader's mind. All Goethe's work, whether poetry or prose, his plays, his novels, his letters, his conversations, are richly bestrewn with the luminous sentences of a keen-eyed, steadfast, patient,

indefatigable watcher of human life. He deals gravely and sincerely with men. He has none of that shallow irony by which small men who have got wrong with the world seek a shabby revenge. He tells us the whole truth. He is not of those second-rate sages who keep their own secrets, externally complying with all the conventions of speech and demeanour, while privately nourishing unbridled freedom of opinion in the inner sanctuary of the mind. He handles soberly, faithfully, laboriously, cheerfully, every motive and all conduct. He marks himself the friend, the well-wisher, and the helper. I will not begin to quote from Goethe, for I should never end. The volume of *Sprüche*, or aphorisms in rhyme and prose in his collected works, is accessible to everybody, but some of his wisest and finest are to be found in the plays, like the well-known one in his *Tasso*, "In stillness Talent forms itself, but Character in the great current of the world."

But here is a concentrated admonition from the volume that I have named, that will do as well as any other for an example of his temper :

" Wouldst fashion for thyself a seemly life ?—
Then fret not over what is past and gone ;
And spite of all thou mayst have lost behind,
Yet act as if thy life were just begun.
What each day wills, enough for thee to know ;
What each day wills, the day itself will tell.
Do thine own task, and be therewith content ;
What others do, that shalt thou fairly judge ;
Be sure that thou no brother-mortal hate,
Then all besides leave to the Master Power."

If any of you should be bitten with an unhappy passion for the composition of aphorisms, let me warn such an one that the power of observing life is rare, the power of drawing new lessons from it is rarer still, and the power of condensing the lesson in a pointed sentence is rarest of all. Beware of cultivating this delicate art. The effort is only too likely to add one more to that perverse class described by Gibbon, who strangle a thought in the hope of strengthening it, and applaud their own skill when they have shown in a few absurd words the fourth part of an idea. Let me warmly urge anybody with so mistaken an ambition, instead of painfully distilling poor platitudes of his own, to translate the shrewd saws of the wise-browed Goethe.

Some have found light in the sayings of Balthasar Gracian, a Spaniard, who flourished at the end of the seventeenth century, whose maxims were translated into English at the very beginning of the eighteenth, and who was introduced to the modern public in an excellent article by Sir M. E. Grant Duff a few years ago. The English title is attractive,—*The Art of Prudence, or a Companion for a Man of Sense*. I do not myself find Gracian much of a companion, though some of his aphorisms give a neat turn to a commonplace. Thus :

“The pillow is a dumb sibyl. To sleep upon a thing that is to be done, is better than to be wakened up by one already done.”

“To equal a predecessor one must have twice his worth.”

“What is easy ought to be entered upon as though it were difficult, and what is difficult as though it were easy.”

“Those things are generally best remembered which

ought most to be forgot. Not seldom the surest remedy of the evil consists in forgetting it."

It is France that excels in the form no less than in the matter of aphorism, and for the good reason that in France the arts of polished society were relatively at an early date the objects of a serious and deliberate cultivation, such as was and perhaps remains unknown in the rest of Europe. Conversation became a fine art. "I hate war," said one; "it spoils conversation." The leisured classes found their keenest relish in delicate irony, in piquancy, in contained vivacity, in the study of niceties of observation and finish of phrase. You have a picture of it in such a play as Molière's *Misanthropist*, where we see a section of the polished life of the time—men and women making and receiving compliments, discoursing on affairs with easy lightness, flitting backwards and forwards with a thousand petty hurries, and among them one singular figure, hoarse, rough, sombre, moving with a chilling reality in the midst of the frolicking shadows. But the shadows were all in all to one another. Not a point of conduct, not a subtlety of social motive, escaped detection and remark.

Dugald Stewart has pointed to the richness of the French tongue in appropriate and discriminating expressions for varieties of intellectual turn and shade. How many of us, who claim to a reasonable knowledge of French, will undertake easily to find English equivalents for such distinctions as are expressed in the following phrases—*Esprit juste*, *esprit étendu*, *esprit fin*, *esprit délié*, *esprit de lumière*. These numerous distinctions are the evidence, as Stewart says, of the

attention paid by the cultivated classes to delicate shades of mind and feeling. Compare with them the colloquial use of our terribly overworked word "clever." Society and conversation have never been among us the school of reflection, the spring of literary inspiration, that they have been in France. The English rule has rather been like that of the ancient Persians, that the great thing is to learn to ride, to shoot with the bow, and to speak the truth. There is much in it. But it has been more favourable to strength than to either subtlety or finish.

One of the most commonly known of all books of maxims, after the Proverbs of Solomon, are the Moral Reflections of La Rochefoucauld. The author lived at court, himself practised all the virtues which he seemed to disparage, and took so much trouble to make sure of the right expression that many of these short sentences were more than thirty times revised. They were given to the world in the last half of the seventeenth century in a little volume which Frenchmen used to know by heart, which gave a new turn to the literary taste of the nation, and which has been translated into every civilised tongue. It paints men as they would be if self-love were the one great mainspring of human action, and it makes magnanimity itself no better than self-interest in disguise.

"Interest," he says, "speaks all sorts of tongues and plays all sorts of parts, even the part of the disinterested."

"Gratitude is with most people only a strong desire for greater benefits to come."

"Love of justice is with most of us nothing but the fear of suffering injustice."

“ Friendship is only a reciprocal conciliation of interests, a mutual exchange of good offices ; it is a species of commerce out of which self-love always intends to make something.”

“ We have all strength enough to endure the troubles of other people.”

“ Our repentance is not so much regret for the ill we have done, as fear of the ill that may come to us in consequence.”

And everybody here knows the saying that “ In the adversity of our best friends we often find something that is not exactly displeasing.”

We cannot wonder that in spite of their piquancy of form, such sentences as these have aroused in many minds an invincible repugnance for what would be so tremendous a calumny on human nature, if the book were meant to be a picture of human nature as a whole. “ I count Rochefoucauld’s *Maxims*,” says one critic, “ a bad book. As I am reading it, I feel discomfort ; I have a sense of suffering which I cannot define. Such thoughts tarnish the brightness of the soul ; they degrade the heart.” Yet as a faithful presentation of human selfishness, and of you and me in so far as we happen to be mainly selfish, the odious mirror has its uses by showing us what manner of man we are or may become. Let us not forget either that not quite all is selfishness in La Rochefoucauld. Everybody knows his saying that hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue. There is a subtle truth in this, too,—that to be in too great a hurry to discharge an obligation is itself a kind of ingratitude. Nor is there any harm in the reflection that no fool is so troublesome as the clever fool ; nor in this, that only great men have any

business with great defects ; nor, finally, in the consolatory saying, that we are never either so happy or so unhappy as we imagine.

No more important name is associated with the literature of aphorism than that of Pascal ; but the Thoughts of Pascal concern the deeper things of speculative philosophy and religion, rather than the wisdom of daily life, and, besides, though aphoristic in form, they are in substance systematic. " I blame equally," he said, " those who take sides for praising man, those who are for blaming him, and those who amuse themselves with him : the only wise part is search for truth —search with many sighs." On man, as he exists in society, he said little ; and what he said does not make us hopeful. He saw the darker side. " If everybody knew what one says of the other, there would not be four friends left in the world." " Would you have men think well of you, then do not speak well of yourself." And so forth. If you wish to know Pascal's theory you may find it set out in brilliant verse in the opening lines of the second book of Pope's *Essay on Man*. " What a chimera is Man ! " said Pascal. " What a confused chaos ! What a subject of contradiction ! A professed judge of all things, and yet a feeble worm of the earth ; the great depository and guardian of truth, and yet a mere huddle of uncertainty ; the glory and the scandal of the universe." Shakespeare was wiser and deeper when, under this quintessence of dust, he discerned what a piece of work is man, how noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form and moving how express and admirable. That serene and radiant faith is the secret,

added to matchless gifts of imagination and music, why Shakespeare is the greatest of men.

There is a smart, spurious wisdom of the world which has the bitterness not of the salutary tonic but of mortal poison ; and of this kind the master is Chamfort, who died during the French Revolution (and for that matter died of it), and whose little volume of thoughts is often extremely witty, always pointed, but not seldom cynical and false. " If you live among men," he said, " the heart must either break or turn to brass." " The public, the public," he cried ; " how many fools does it take to make a public ! " " What is celebrity ? The advantage of being known to people who don't know you."

All literatures might be ransacked in vain for a more repulsive saying than this, that " A man must swallow a toad every morning if he wishes to be quite sure of finding nothing still more disgusting before the day is over." We cannot be surprised to hear of the lady who said that a conversation with Chamfort in the morning made her melancholy until bedtime. Yet Chamfort is the author of the not unwholesome saying that " The most wasted of all days is that on which one has not laughed." One of his maxims lets us into the secret of his misanthropy. " Whoever," he said, " is not a misanthropist at forty can never have loved mankind." It is easy to know what this means. Of course if a man is so superfine that he will not love mankind any longer than he can believe them to be demigods and angels, it is true that at forty he may have discovered that they are neither. Beginning by looking for men to be more perfect than they can be, he ends by

thinking them worse than they are, and then he secretly plumes himself on his superior cleverness in having found humanity out. For the deadliest of all wet blankets give me a middle-aged man who has been most of a visionary in his youth.

To correct all this, let us recall Helvétius's saying that I have already quoted, which made so deep an impression on Jeremy Bentham: "In order to love mankind, we must not expect too much from them." And let us remember that Fénelon, one of the most saintly men that ever lived, and whose very countenance bore such a mark of goodness that when he was in a room men found they could not desist from looking at him, wrote to a friend the year before he died, "I ask little from most men; I try to render them much, and to expect nothing in return, and I get very well out of the bargain."

Chamfort I will leave, with his sensible distinction between Pride and Vanity. "A man," he says, "has advanced far in the study of morals who has mastered the difference between pride and vanity. The first is lofty, calm, immovable; the second is uncertain, capricious, unquiet. The one adds to a man's stature; the other only puffs him out. The one is the source of a thousand virtues; the other is that of nearly all vices and all perversities. There is a kind of pride in which are included all the commandments of God; and a kind of vanity which contains the seven mortal sins."

I will say little of La Bruyère, by far the greatest, broadest, strongest, of French character-writers, because his is not one of the houses of which you can

judge by a brick or two taken at random. For those in whom the excitements of modern literature have not burnt up the faculty of sober meditation on social man, La Bruyère must always be one of the foremost names. Macaulay somewhere calls him thin. But Macaulay has less ethical depth, and less perception of ethical depth, than any writer that ever lived with equally brilliant gifts in other ways ; and *thin* is the very last word that describes this admirable master. If one seeks to measure how far removed the great classic moralists are from thinness, let him turn from La Bruyère to the inane subtleties and meaningless conundrums, not worth answering, that do duty for analysis of character in some modern American literature. We feel that La Bruyère, though retiring, studious, meditative, and self-contained, has complied with the essential condition of looking at life and men themselves, and with his own eyes. His aphoristic sayings are the least important part of him, but here are one or two examples :

“ Eminent posts make great men greater, and little men less.”

“ There is in some men a certain mediocrity of mind that helps to make them wise.”

“ The flatterer has not a sufficiently good opinion either of himself or of others.”

“ People from the provinces and fools are always ready to take offence, and to suppose that you are laughing at them : we should never risk a pleasantry, except with well-bred people, and people with brains.”

“ All confidence is dangerous, unless it is complete ; there are few circumstances in which it is not best either to hide all or to tell all.”

"When the people is in a state of agitation, we do not see how quiet is to return ; and when it is tranquil, we do not see how the quiet is to be disturbed."

"Men count for almost nothing the virtues of the heart, and idolise gifts of body or intellect. The man who quite coolly, and with no idea that he is offending modesty, says that he is kind-hearted, constant, faithful, sincere, fair, grateful, would not dare to say that he is quick and clever, that he has fine teeth and a delicate skin."

I will say nothing of Rivarol, a caustic wit of the revolutionary time, nor of Joubert, a writer of sayings of this century, of whom Mr. Matthew Arnold has said all that needs saying. He is delicate, refined, acute, but his thoughts were fostered in the hothouse of a coterie, and have none of the salt and sapid flavour that comes to more masculine spirits from active contact with the world.

I should prefer to close this survey in the sunnier moral climate of Vauvenargues. His own life was a pathetic failure in all the aims of outer circumstance. The chances of fortune and of health persistently balked him, but from each stroke he rose up again, with undimmed serenity and undaunted spirit. As blow fell upon blow, the sufferer held firmly to his incessant lesson,—Be brave, persevere in the fight, struggle on, do not let go, think magnanimously of man and life, for man is good and life is affluent and fruitful. He died a hundred and forty years ago, leaving a little body of maxims behind him which, for tenderness, equanimity, cheerfulness, grace, sobriety, and hope, are not surpassed in prose literature. "One of the noblest qualities in our nature," he said, "is that

we are able so easily to dispense with greater perfection."

"Magnanimity owes no account to prudence of its motives."

"To do great things a man must live as though he had never to die."

"The first days of spring have less grace than the growing virtue of a young man."

"You must rouse in men a consciousness of their own prudence and strength if you would raise their character."

Just as Tocqueville said: "He who despises mankind will never get the best out of either others or himself."¹

The best known of Vauvenargues' sayings, as it is the deepest and the broadest, is the far-reaching sentence already quoted, that "Great thoughts come from the heart." And this is the truth that shines out as we watch the voyagings of humanity from the "wide, grey, lampless depths" of time. Those have been greatest in thought who have been best endowed with faith, hope, sympathy, and the spirit of effort. And next to them come the great stern, mournful men, like Tacitus, Dante, Pascal, who, standing as far aloof from the soft poetic dejection of some of the moods of Shelley or Keats as from the savage fury of Swift, watch with a prophet's indignation the heedless waste of faculty and opportunity, the triumph of paltry motive and paltry aim, as if we were the flies of a summer noon, which do more than any active malignity to distort the noble lines, and to weaken or to frustrate the strong and healthy parts, of human nature. For

¹ The reader who cares to know more about Vauvenargues will find a chapter on him in Morley's *Oracles on Man and Government*.

practical purposes all these complaints of man are of as little avail as Johnson found the complaint that of the globe so large a space should be occupied by the uninhabitable ocean, encumbered by naked mountains, lost under barren sands, scorched by perpetual heat or petrified by perpetual frost, and so small a space be left for the production of fruits, the pasture of cattle, and the accommodation of men.

When we have deducted, said Johnson, all the time that is absorbed in sleep, or appropriated to the other demands of nature, or the inevitable requirements of social intercourse, all that is torn from us by violence of disease, or imperceptibly stolen from us by languor, we may realise of how small a portion of our time we are truly masters. And the same consideration of the ceaseless and natural preoccupations of men in the daily struggle will reconcile the wise man to all the disappointments, delays, shortcomings of the world, without shaking the firmness of his own faith, or the intrepidity of his own purpose.

NOTES

THE POWER AND RESPONSIBILITY OF THE PRESS

EARL OF ROSEBERY

Lord Rosebery was born in London in 1847. He was educated at Eton, where his tutor remarked about him, "He has the finest combination of qualities I have ever seen. He will be an orator, and, if not a poet, such a man as poets delight in. But he is one of those who like the palm without the dust." He went to Christ Church, Oxford, and in 1868 succeeded his grandfather as fifth Earl. It is said he had a triple ambition. He wanted to marry the richest heiress in England; to win the Derby; and to become Prime Minister. He succeeded in all these things. He won the Derby in 1894 and 1895; he became Liberal Premier on Mr. Gladstone's retirement in 1894; and he married the only daughter of Baron Mayer de Rothschild. His political career was, however, disappointing; in spite of the lofty position he had reached so quickly, he retired early from the field. The causes or principles dear to his heart had still the support of his unrivalled eloquence, but he remained aloof from party politics, ploughing, as he said, "a lonely furrow." In addition to his other gifts he was also remarkable as a writer of English prose, his best-known works being his books on Pitt, Napoleon, and Chatham. "He wrote," says Philip Guedalla, "with a speaker's aptitude for compression; flitting notions were caught and pinned to the page by the sharp turn of his wit; richly allusive, vividly phrased, more than a trifle Asiatic, his prose was a full and honourable blend of ideas and language." His death took place in 1929.

blasé : (French) satiated, tired of pleasure.

Alma : A town in the Crimea in the south of Russia where a famous battle was fought in 1854.

Front Benches : reserved for Ministers and the leaders of the Opposition in the two Houses of Parliament.

City : that part of London which is governed by the Lord Mayor and Corporation ; the business part of the metropolis.

The Spanish Armada : sent by Philip II of Spain for the subjugation of England, but defeated and destroyed.

fly-sheet : leaflet.

The Times : founded in 1788, one of the most influential papers in the world.

Niagara : a famous waterfall in North America ; hence, in this instance, an overwhelming flood [of information].

The Tower of London : one of the most historic buildings of London, begun by William I and completed by William II. It was used for centuries as the State prison.

two wars : the American War of Independence (1775-1782) and the Peninsular War (1808-1814).

a notable Scotsman : Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun (1673-1716), Scottish patriot and political writer.

BACON

EARL OF BALFOUR

Arthur James Balfour, born in 1848, was created Knight of the Garter and Earl of Balfour in 1922. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, and entered Parliament as a Conservative member in 1874. In course of time he was raised to high office and was at various dates President of the Local Government Board, Secretary for Scotland, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and First Lord of the Treasury. He was Prime Minister from 1902 to 1906, but resigned the Conservative leadership in 1911. He joined the war-time Coalition Government in 1915, and served as First Lord of the Admiralty, Foreign Secretary, and Lord President of the Council. As one of the British plenipotentiaries he appended his signature to the Treaty of Versailles. He was a brilliant debater and a voracious reader. He was interested in philosophy and music, sport and

education, and was, for some years, Chancellor of the Universities of Edinburgh and Cambridge. His published works included his *Defence of Philosophic Doubt* and *Foundations of Belief*, and an incomplete Autobiography appeared after his death, which occurred in 1930. As one writer has said, "He looked out on life with a mingled scorn and pity—scorn for its passionate strivings after the unattainable, pity for its meanness and squalor. He did not know the reading of the riddle, but he knew that all ended in failure and disillusion." Although he gained a certain reputation for indifference, detachment, and elusiveness in public life, his interests were wide and various, and his reflections on life and literature, politics and philosophy, were practical and penetrating. He affected, perhaps, the outward semblance of a dilettante, but his opponents invariably found that they had to deal with a statesman of unusual energy, resource, and determination.

Gray's Inn : One of the four legal societies in London, which have an exclusive right of admitting persons to practise at the Bar.

Lord Chancellor : the highest officer of the law and Parliament in England, who presides in the House of Lords and in the Chancery Division of the Supreme Court.

Sir Edward Coke : (1552-1634), a celebrated English jurist, whose *Institutes* is regarded as a legal classic.

Code Napoléon : the French law as embodied in the so-called "Five Codes" enacted between 1804 and 1810 during Napoleon's regime.

James the First : King of England (1603-1625), son of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Pope : Alexander Pope (1688-1744), one of the foremost poets of the eighteenth century. The reference is to the description of Bacon in his *Essay on Man* as "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

Macaulay : Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay (1800-1859), the author of a celebrated collection of *Essays*, the spirited *Lays of Ancient Rome*, and an unfinished *History of England*. He was for four years a member of the Supreme

Council of India and exercised a vast influence on Indian education.

Essex : Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex (1567-1601), soldier and diplomat, became the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, but offended her and was afterwards beheaded for taking part in a rebellious movement. He was also a patron of letters.

Salisbury : Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury (1563-1612), Elizabeth's Secretary of State, who secured James I's succession to the English throne.

Buckingham : George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, (1592-1628) who became the favourite of James I and, with a single exception, the wealthiest noble in England. He was assassinated in 1628 by a discontented subaltern, named John Felton.

Descartes : René Descartes (1596-1650), French philosopher and mathematician, sometimes called the "father of modern philosophy."

Galileo : (1564-1642), an Italian astronomer, discovered the law of pendulum vibration and made the first telescope. His defence of the rotation of the earth and its movement round the sun brought him into trouble with the ecclesiastical authorities.

Giordano Bruno : (1550-1600), an Italian philosopher whose ideas were far in advance of his time. He was burnt at Rome for having been converted to the Protestant doctrines of John Calvin.

empirical : experimental, inductive.

Locke : John Locke (1631-1704), English philosopher, an advocate of observation and experimentation, author of the famous *Essay on the Human Understanding*.

Prerogative Instances : See *Novum Organum*, ii, Aphorism 21.

Analogies : see *Novum Organum*, ii, Aphorism 27.

Alexander the Great : (356-323 B.C.), King of Macedon, one of the greatest conquerors of all time, who penetrated as far as the Indus.

Cowley : Abraham Cowley (1618-1667), a minor English poet of high repute in the Stuart period.

Pisgah : the mountain whence Moses viewed the Promised Land (Deuteronomy iii. 27).

Ben Jonson : (1573-1637) a contemporary and friend of Shakespeare. Poet Laureate from 1619. His fine plays are widely studied but not often performed.

Hegel : (1770-1831), famous German Philosopher, whose system is highly involved and abstruse.

intellectus sibi permissus : intellect given up to itself ; pure speculation, uncontrolled by observation and experiment.

CRITICISM

EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH

Herbert Henry Asquith (1852-1928), the famous Liberal statesman, raised to the peerage as Earl of Oxford and Asquith, had an unusually distinguished career. At Balliol College, Oxford, he made his mark as a speaker and a scholar, and left the University after taking a first class in classics. He was called to the Bar, and though the Bar did not yield him the golden harvests which some of his contemporaries garnered, he employed his time usefully in lecturing and writing and studying political questions. He entered Parliament in 1886 and made such an impression that he became Home Secretary six years later. He occupied various high offices and was Prime Minister for nearly nine years (1908-1916). His regime was notable for such events as the grant of old age pensions, the curtailment of the powers of the House of Lords, the Irish Home Rule Bill, the declaration of War (August 4, 1914), and the establishment of the Coalition Ministry in 1915. He resigned the Premiership after two harassing years of war in 1916. In 1926 he resigned the Liberal leadership, and devoted his time mainly to reading and writing. He was a man of remarkable personal qualities, serenity and graciousness, sanity and loyalty, cool, balanced judgment and unshakable equanimity. He had himself learnt the lessons which he recommended to the students of the University of Aberdeen—to "face without perturbation the buffets of circumstance, the

caprice of fortune, all the inscrutable vicissitudes of life." As a speaker and writer he was a master of stately phrasing, terse, clear, balanced and compact. His style was "dry and hard, lacked colour and emotion, but it had weight, force and power."

Lord Beaconsfield : Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield (1804-1881), English statesman and man of letters. As the leader of the Conservative party he was the great rival of Gladstone, and was twice Prime Minister. Earlier in life he wrote several novels in which he expounded his political theories and ideals.

Landor : Walter Savage Landor (1775-1864), poet and prose-writer of marked classical style and distinctly irascible temper ; called " the unsubduable old Roman " by Carlyle. His chief work in prose is his *Imaginary Conversations*.

Balzac : Honoré de Balzac (1799-1805), a French novelist of vast power and productiveness, who wrote a famous series of novels under the general title of "The Human Comedy."

Junius : the pseudonym of an English political writer (1768-72), thought by many to be Sir Philip Francis, one of the chief enemies of Warren Hastings.

Dante : (1265-1321), the greatest of Italian poets, whose masterpiece was *The Divine Comedy*.

Pericles : (495-429 B.C.), an Athenian statesman, orator, and soldier, during whose lifetime Athens became the very centre of civilisation and the home of an astonishing number of men of genius.

Augustus : (27 B.C.-A.D. 14), the first Emperor of Rome. As he was the patron of such writers as Horace and Virgil, the period known as the Augustan Age is memorable in literary history.

Elizabeth : (1533-1603), the famous Queen of England whose reign is associated with the names of bold sailors and explorers, such as Drake, and a wonderful company of poets and dramatists, led by Shakespeare and Ben Jonson.

Louis XIV : (1638-1715) the King of France whose reign is regarded as the Augustan Age of French literature and

art, for it produced such dramatists as Corneille and Molière, divines like Bossuet and Fénelon, and among painters Poussin and Le Brun.

Sturm und Drang : (literally, storm and stress), the name of a play which was characteristic of the literary movement in Germany from 1770-1782.

Scott and Byron : Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832) and Lord Byron (1788-1824), the two great popularisers of the English Romantic Movement heralded by Wordsworth and Coleridge.

Plato : (429-347 B.C.), Greek philosopher, disciple of Socrates and teacher of Aristotle, whose own *Republic* and *Dialogues* are among the masterpieces of ancient literature.

Goethe : (1749-1832), the greatest of German poets, whose masterpiece is *Faust*. See pp. 117, 208-10.

Hume : David Hume (1711-1776), historian and philosopher, whose works have a prominent place in the history of freedom of thought.

Kant : Immanuel Kant (1724-1804), German philosopher, author of the enormously influential *Critique of Pure Reason*.

Bentham : Jeremy Bentham (1748-1832), the founder of the Utilitarian school of philosophy, whose chief disciple was John Stuart Mill.

Matthew Arnold : (1822-1888), English elegiac poet, critic and educationist.

the Stephenses : or the Estiennes, an illustrious family of French scholars and printers in the sixteenth century. Henri Estienne published a wonderful Greek dictionary.

Scaliger : (1484-1558) an Italian physician and scholar who made his home in France and wrote brilliant commentaries on the works of the classical authors.

Casaubon : (1559-1614), one of the foremost French critics and commentators.

Bentley : Richard Bentley (1662-1742), English critic and classical scholar.

Porson : Richard Porson (1759-1808), Professor of Greek at Cambridge, renowned for his scholarship.

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Lessing : (1729-1781), German critic and dramatist, whose *Laocoön* discussed and defined the limits of poetry and the plastic arts.

John Ruskin : (1819-1900), English author, art critic, and social reformer. His chief works on artistic questions were *Modern Painters*, *Stones of Venice*, and *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*.

Horn : a German philologist.

Carlyle : Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881), Scottish philosopher and historian, who left a permanent mark on the thought of the Victorian era.

John Sterling : (1806-1844), a Scottish critic and essayist, remembered more for his beauty of character than for his writings, whose life was written by Carlyle.

Hazlitt : William Hazlitt (1778-1830), English critic, essayist, and miscellaneous writer.

Voltaire : (1694-1778), French philosopher and author, a master of every form of literature, and the sworn foe of all the tyrannies and injustices of his time.

Vauvenargues : (1715-1747), a French soldier, afterwards the author of a collection of *Maxims* of high moral elevation. See p. 218.

Philistines : here means uncultured persons whose interests are material and commonplace.

"Edinburgh Review" : founded in 1802 by a group of young and liberal-minded men, including Francis Jeffrey, Brougham, Scott and Sydney Smith. Francis Jeffrey edited it for twenty-seven years.

recidivists : literally those who relapse into crime, habitual criminals.

Robert Montgomery : (1807-1855), an English poetaster whose works were castigated in a famous essay by Macaulay.

De Quincey : (1785-1859), friend of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, and author of the powerful *Confessions of an Opium-Eater*.

Milton : John Milton (1608-1674), the great epic poet who wrote *Paradise Lost*.

Burke : Edmund Burke (1729-1797), orator and statesman, unequalled in his command of rhetoric and imagery.

fumum et opes strepitumque Romae : the smoke and disquiet and tumult of Rome.

Professor Masson : David Masson (1822-1907), distinguished Scottish biographer and editor.

Mr. Saintsbury : (b. 1845), sometime Professor of English at the University of Edinburgh, a famous historian of English literature, remarkable for the range of his learning and the vivacity of his style.

Mr. Morley : see p. 247.

Apostles : the twelve disciples of Christ whom he sent forth to preach the Gospel.

Luther : Martin Luther (1483-1546), the leader of the Reformation in Germany.

Gibbon : Edward Gibbon (1737-1794), author of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

ex post facto : retrospective, after the event.

Leslie Stephen : (1832-1904), afterwards knighted, English critic and biographer, who edited the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

Mr. Birrell : Augustine Birrell (b. 1850), English lawyer, politician, and critic, whose work always sparkles with playful humour.

Frederick the Great : (1712-1786), King of Prussia, whose military successes and administrative vigour made his country one of the most powerful in Europe. Voltaire lived with him on intimate terms, and he himself was a copious writer.

Dr. Johnson : (1709-1784), English lexicographer, poet and essayist, immortalised by Boswell in his *Life of Johnson*.

Lycidas : one of the most famous elegies in the English language, written by Milton in memory of his friend Edward King.

Richardson : Samuel Richardson (1689-1761), English novelist, author of the lengthy and sentimental *Pamela* and

Clarissa, perhaps the greatest literary successes of their day.

Goldsmith : Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774), Irish poet, novelist and dramatist, remarkable for the simplicity, humour, and pathos so freely displayed in his *Vicar of Wakefield*.

Sterne : Laurence Sterne (1713-1768), Irish clergyman, novelist and humourist. His rambling novel *Tristram Shandy* was "the talk of the town" when it appeared.

"the **Inferno** . . ." : Dante's *Divine Comedy* is in three parts, *Inferno*, *Purgatorio*, and *Paradiso*. Longfellow compared this whole poem to a cathedral on account of the splendid solidity of its structure.

qu'on loue toujours parce qu'on ne lit guère : whom one always praises because one hardly ever reads him.

James Ballantyne : (1772-1833), Scottish printer and journalist, a business associate of Scott's.

Joanna Baillie : (1762-1851), Scottish poet and dramatist, little read nowadays, but once of high repute.

Jeffrey : Francis Jeffrey (1773-1850), editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and eminent as a lawyer.

Keats, Shelley and Wordsworth : the three chief English romantic poets : John Keats (1795-1821) ; Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) ; William Wordsworth (1770-1850).

Rogers : Samuel Rogers (1763-1855), English banker and poet, whose *Pleasures of Memory* was once greatly admired. He is chiefly remembered as a generous host and a patron of literary genius.

Campbell : Thomas Campbell (1777-1844), author of many spirited lyrics and battle-pieces.

Moore : Thomas Moore (1779-1852), a facile Irish poet, master of a delicate pathos and a sweet cadence,

Coleridge : Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834), author of the *Ancient Mariner*, a close friend of Wordsworth and Southey, and one of the profoundest of critics.

Quarterly : The *Quarterly Review*, established in 1809, was the London rival of the *Edinburgh Review*, representing the opposite political principles.

Crabbe : George Crabbe (1754-1832), an English poet who described rural life and character in realistic vein in contrast to the customary idealisation of such themes.

malgré : (French) in spite of.

Lockhart : John Gibson Lockhart (1794-1854), Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law, whose *Life of Scott* is a biography of acknowledged excellence.

Carlylese : the literary manner associated with Carlyle.

Lamb : Charles Lamb (1775-1834), English essayist and humourist, in whose writings we find most delicious whimsicality and nonsense combined with tender pathos and illuminating criticism.

Bagehot : Walter Bagehot (1826-1877), English banker, economist, and essayist, author of standard works on constitutional and financial questions.

Stevenson : Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894), Scottish essayist, romancer and poet, whose style was, as he admitted, achieved by sedulous imitation and practice.

Richard Holt Hutton : (1826-1897), English critic and journalist, who collaborated with Bagehot and became editor of the *Spectator*.

Harriet : the reference is to Shelley's first wife, Harriet Westbrook, who drowned herself. Shelley has always been held largely responsible for her death.

Mr. W. H. : the mysterious dedication of Shakespeare's Sonnets begins : " To the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets Mr. W. H." No one knows Mr. W. H.'s identity, though many conjectures have been advanced.

Mary Fytton : a faithless dark woman, the supposed inspirer of some of the sonnets of Shakespeare.

Mr. Sidney Lee : (1859-1921), afterwards knighted, English man of letters, who edited the *Dictionary of National Biography* and wrote what ranks as the standard *Life of Shakespeare*.

George Wyndham : (1863-1913), English politician and critic.

Dr. Brandes : a Danish scholar and critic of literature who

wrote a two-volume work on Shakespeare and the monumental *Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature*.

in Romuli faece : literally, among the dregs of Romulus (mythical founder of Rome). Cicero used it to mean "amid the mob" or "in the crowded city."

Aristotle : (384-322 B.C.) the greatest of Greek philosophers, whose treatises on Ethics, Poetics, Politics, Rhetoric, etc., guided for centuries the thought of the civilised world.

"that untravelled world . . ." : from Tennyson's *Ulysses*.

THE SOUL OF A PEOPLE

VISCOUNT HALDANE

Richard Burdon Haldane was born in 1856. He was educated at Edinburgh Academy and University and at Göttingen in Germany. In 1879 he was called to the Chancery bar, and in 1885 he was returned to the House of Commons as a Liberal member. His chief literary works were a translation of Schopenhauer, a Life of Adam Smith, and his Gifford Lectures delivered at the University of St. Andrews, published under the title of *The Pathway to Reality*. In 1905 he was appointed Secretary for War and remodelled the Army. "He took the British Army to pieces as though it had been a clock; and then (a more unusual feat) he put it together again, so that it would really go. It went!" He was made a peer in 1911 and became Lord Chancellor in 1912. The outbreak of the Great War in 1914 put his work in the reorganisation of the War Office to the severest possible test, which it bore triumphantly. Certain of his opponents, however, were able to raise a popular outcry against him on the score of his intimacy with German life and thought, and he retired from the Government in 1915, receiving the Order of Merit. In 1924 he became a member of the Labour Cabinet as Lord Chancellor. He died in 1928. "He lived four careers—philosopher, lawyer, politician, and man of the world," and was distinguished in all of them. "In education, in university life, in the army, in the law, and in industry are found the effects of his master mind, of his clear vision, of

his resolute adherence to first principles, and of his practical philosophy."

"animula vagula, blandula" : "Gentle, fleeting little soul," the first line of the verses by the Emperor Hadrian which he addressed to his soul shortly before his death.

Emperor Hadrian : (A.D. 76-138), one of the most capable of Roman emperors, who made a great journey all over his empire and built the celebrated wall across the north of England which still bears his name.

"entelechy" : informing spirit ; what gives perfection.

pari passu : at an equal rate.

"Romola" : George Eliot's famous novel of fifteenth-century Italy.

George Eliot : the pen-name of Mary Ann Evans (1819-1880), who also wrote *The Mill on the Floss*, *Silas Marner*, *Adam Bede*, and other fine stories of life in the English Midlands.

apolausticism : the gospel of self-indulgence.

Berkeley : George Berkeley (1684-1753), Bishop of Cloyne, one of the most original of English philosophers.

Newton : Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727), discoverer of the law of gravitation and author of the epoch-making *Principia*.

Darwin : Charles Robert Darwin (1809-1882), author of *The Origin of Species*, in which the theory of evolution was first clearly formulated.

Alexander : surnamed the Great (356-323 B.C.), King of Macedon, embarked on an amazing career of conquest which took him into Northern India, when his troops refused to go any further.

Napoleon : (1769-1821), the military genius who made himself Emperor of France, and, but for England, would have been master of Europe.

Socrates : (469-399 B.C.) the famous Athenian philosopher. "He founded no special school of philosophy, but gave their starting-point to several distinct schools."

Schiller : (1759-1805), German poet and dramatist, the friend of Goethe and next to him in renown.

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Mr. Gladstone : William Ewart Gladstone (1809-1898), the famous Liberal statesman of the latter part of the nineteenth century, was three times Prime Minister.

John Stuart Mill : (1806-1873), one of the ablest of English philosophers and economists, author of the celebrated essay *On Liberty*.

Hermann Lotze : (1817-1881), Professor of Philosophy in the University of Göttingen for thirty-six years.

Professor Henry Jones : Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow.

"Du hast sie zerstört, . . ." : "Thou hast destroyed the beautiful world," from Goethe's *Faust*.

Wissenschaft : science or knowledge.

Bradley : Professor F. H. Bradley (1844-1926), a well-known Oxford philosopher.

Emerson : Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882), American poet and moralist.

Ritschl : Albrecht Ritschl (1822-1889), Professor of Theology at Göttingen **Harnack :** Adolf Harnack (b. 1851), German theologian of enlightened and practical views.

the Tübingen School : the unorthodox views of this school about Christianity and Christ were represented by such books as David Strauss's *Life of Jesus*.

Browning : the English poet Robert Browning, (1812-1889) was intensely interested in philosophical and theological speculations, as his work abundantly shows.

Fichte : (1762-1814), German philosopher, whose idealist conceptions had much influence on contemporary thought.

Erlangen : in Bavaria, the seat of a university.

FROM THE VOICED TO THE UNVOICED

SIR J. C. BOSE

Sir Jagdish Chander Bose (born 1858) is a world-famous scientist. He is an inventor and botanist of international fame, and founder of the Bose Institute at Calcutta. On his

frequent visits to Europe and America he has been "the centre of admiration of the scientific world, which he has repeatedly astonished by his successive discoveries in various departments of knowledge." Educated in India as well as abroad, he began his career as Professor of Physics in Presidency College, Calcutta, where, in spite of the pre-occupations of a professor's life, he found time for research. He invented extraordinarily delicate instruments with which he proved to the scientific world that plant life is closely allied in every important respect to animal life, and that plants have a sensitive nervous system through which they experience pain, joy, fear, love, intoxication, stupor, and other feelings as animals and human beings do. Sir Jagdish is an author of repute and a lecturer who has addressed audiences all over the world. In all his utterances we find his robust idealism, his enthusiasm for scientific research, his love of truth, and his faith that science knows no geographical barriers, and will, one day, succeed in uniting the world.

Heidelberg : one of the most famous universities of Germany.

Columbia : a flourishing university situated in New York in the United States of America.

Langley : Samuel Pierpont Langley (1834-1906), American physicist and astronomer, a pioneer in aeronautics and the investigation of light-rays.

the Potomac river : dividing the States of Virginia and Maryland on the east coast of the United States of America.

(Alexander) Graham Bell : (1847-1922), the inventor of the telephone.

Smithsonian Institution : at Washington, U.S.A., founded in 1846, in accordance with the will of James Smithson (1765-1829), for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.

one of the greatest of warrior kings : Asoka, the celebrated Mauryan emperor, whom H. G. Wells has described as one of the six greatest men of the world.

Kalinga : the modern Orissa in India.

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Davy : Sir Humphry Davy (1778-1829), eminent English chemist, inventor of the safety lamp used by miners, and discoverer of laughing gas.

Faraday : Michael Faraday (1791-1867), famous for his contributions to electrical science.

Rayleigh : Lord Rayleigh (1842-1919), English physicist, discoverer of argon, rightly described on his memorial in Westminster Abbey as "an unerring leader in the advancement of natural knowledge."

Royal Institution : Royal Institution of Great Britain established in 1799 to facilitate scientific discovery and invention.

Galileo . . . Bruno : see p. 224.

MY SCHOOL

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Rabindranath Tagore was born in 1861, and in this address he tells us how he was educated, and what he learnt from those who were appointed his teachers. At the age of twenty-four he went to live in the country to look after his estate. There he wrote the books which have made his name famous throughout the world. W. B. Yeats, the famous Irish poet, said of his *Gitanjali*, "These prose translations from Rabindranath Tagore have stirred my blood as nothing has for years." In addition to his poems and philosophical works Tagore has also written a number of short stories, novels, and plays, which have been translated into many languages. In 1901 he established his celebrated school at Bolpur, some ninety miles from Calcutta, and with its development he aimed at making it an international university, a meeting-place for the cultures of the East and West, to which learned men would be invited every now and then, from all over the world. Then arose the International Institution of Visva-Bharati, which the poet has now made his life-work. Tagore has visited Europe and America many times and has addressed audiences in almost all the principal countries of the world. Wherever he has gone, his picturesque

figure, his musical voice, his serene and beautiful nature, and his inspiring message have won him widespread admiration and affection. He was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1913 and received a knighthood two years later.

mandarin : a Chinese official. It was for centuries a common practice in China to deform the feet of women by binding and stopping their growth.

my father : Maharishi Devendranath Tagore, a profound mystic and one of the leaders of the Brahma Samaj.

The Brahma Samaj : a Church of reformed theistic Hinduism, founded in Bengal in 1830 by Raja Ram Mohan Roy. It opposes child marriage and caste restrictions, and encourages reverence for all the religions of the world as well as for their founders.

JARGON

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (born 1863), who writes under the pen-name of "Q," is an unusually versatile man of letters, the author of numerous attractive novels and collections of short stories, as well as some charming poems and deft parodies. He has, however, perhaps been at his best as a critic and teacher of English language and literature. The scholarship which he wears so lightly, his love for the best in literature, his discriminating taste, his enthusiasm, his vivacity, and his originality have fascinated all who have attended his lectures during his long reign as Professor of English Literature at Cambridge since 1912. No one can help noticing the peculiarly tonic quality of his *Studies in Literature*, for example, and *On the Art of Writing*. Dip into them where you will, you will find the essential "Q," who hates literary conventions and sloppiness of style, admires every author's good points, and is so hearty in his enthusiasm that he infects you with it. To him reading is not a dull, tame affair, but an exciting adventure; and he encourages us to come to our books in the same spirit. He will also be remembered as the anthologist who in his *Oxford Book of English Verse*, and *Oxford Book of English*

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Prose has made easily available to us some of the richest treasures of English prose and verse.

Synod : an ecclesiastical court.

"sub silentio" : in a hushed-up manner, privately.

"de die in diem" : from day to day.

cui bono? : who profited by it? for whose advantage?

Cicero : (106-43 B.C.), Roman orator, statesman and man of letters, whose works are regarded as models of Latin prose.

respectability in Chicago : a contemporary American humourist put many quaint observations of this kind into the mouth of his popular creation, "Mr. Dooley."

Board of Guardians : the local authority which until recently was entrusted with Poor Law administration in England.

"in Heaven," etc. : a parody of a line in Milton's *L'Allegro*—"in Heaven yclept Euphrosyne." Yclept is an old word for named.

Lord Hugh Cecil : (born 1869), English Conservative politician, one of the gifted sons of the famous Lord Salisbury.

Mr. Harold Cox : (born 1860), a prominent Liberal writer, no longer in Parliament.

Consols : abbreviation for consolidated. Government securities of Great Britain.

Aintree course : a racecourse near Liverpool on which the famous Grand National steeplechase is run.

mésalliance : marriage with one's social inferior.

Sancho Panza : the squire of Don Quixote, whose adventures are narrated by Cervantes in his world-famous book.

Beethoven : (1770-1827), one of the greatest of musical composers.

Hayward and C. B. Fry : well-known cricketers of pre-war days.

Telemachus : son of Odysseus and Penelope, who went in search of his father.

Proteus : a sea-god who could transform himself into any shape. Telemachus strove to make him assume his real form.

Newstead : Newstead Abbey was Byron's ancestral home in Nottinghamshire.

"Childe Harold" : the poem which established Byron's reputation, containing a good deal of autobiography in its account of its hero's travels in Italy, Greece and other countries of Europe.

Missolonghi : in Greece, where Byron died of rheumatic fever. He had gone there to join the movement for recovering the independence of Greece.

"In Memoriam" : one of the finest elegies in the English language, in which Tennyson bewailed the death of his friend, Arthur Hallam.

Dogberry : a country constable in *Much Ado About Nothing*, one of Shakespeare's most comical characters.

Canning : George Canning (1770-1827), an English statesman renowned for his eloquence and wit. He died very shortly after becoming Prime Minister. The actual line in his amusing *Needy Knife-grinder* is: "I give thee sixpence! I will see thee d——d first."

Ibsen : Henrik Ibsen (1828-1906), a Norwegian dramatist whose influence on the theatre and thought of modern Europe has been very pronounced.

Peer Gynt : the hero of the lyrical drama of that name. "It is a fantastic satire not only on the Norwegian nation, but upon universal human nature." The Boyg is a phantom whose voice speaks to Peer Gynt from nowhere.

FitzGerald : Edward FitzGerald (1809-1883), the friend of Tennyson and Thackeray, is remembered chiefly as a writer of charming letters and the translator of Omar Kháyyám, the Persian astronomer-poet of the eleventh century.

"Venus and Adonis" : a narrative poem, Shakespeare's first work, telling the tragic story of the passion of the goddess of love for the young hunter who does not return it.

Marlowe : Christopher Marlowe (1564-1593), the greatest of Shakespeare's predecessors. His *Hero and Leander*, written in heroic couplets, relates the old story of the youth of Abydos who used to swim the straits of the Hellespont nightly to see Hero, a priestess of Venus at Sestos.

Webster : John Webster (1580-1625), an English dramatist who, as a writer of tragedies, has been held to rank near to Shakespeare.

Lord Brougham : (1778-1868), one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review*, well known as an orator, debater, law-reformer, and miscellaneous writer. He became Lord Chancellor in 1830.

South : Robert South (1634-1716), an English divine, whose sermons are classics of their kind.

Dr. John Donne : (1573-1631), Dean of St. Paul's, chief of the so-called metaphysical poets. His sermons are of extraordinary grandeur and eloquence, and his work as a whole has been widely read and studied in recent years.

λόγος : logos, Greek for word ; used in the mystical sense of the divine creative Word.

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE NATION

SIR ASUTOSH MOOKERJEE

Sir Asutosh Mookerjee (1864-1924) was one of the greatest Indians of the twentieth century. He was great alike in what he was and what he accomplished. A towering personality, he stood head and shoulders above most of his contemporaries in scholarship, organising capacity, administrative skill, capacity for work, personal magnetism, and the dynamic qualities of will and action. He left the stamp of his personality on whatever he did. As an undergraduate he solved difficult problems in mathematics, and as a Judge of the Calcutta High Court he showed a remarkable grasp of the knotty points of law and outstanding powers of lucid exposition. He was a debater of a high order, and made valuable contributions of his own whenever a subject came up for discussion at a meeting of the Senate

of the Calcutta University or in the Provincial or Imperial Legislative Council. But he was not only a scholar and debater. The University of Calcutta, of which he was Vice-Chancellor for many years, and with which his connection, in one way or another, was life-long and vital, owed much to his inspiration. He once said, "I had visions of a modern Nalanda growing up in the greatest and most populous city of the Indian Empire." He did much to fulfil that vision, so that Lord Lytton said, "Let me remind you again that the greatest achievement of Sir Asutosh Mookerjee's life was the transformation of the Calcutta University into a centre of advanced instruction and research." The views of such an eminent educationist on the problems of education in India should command respectful attention.

Chancellor : Sir William Marris, sometime Governor of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, who was the author of admirable translations from Homer and Horace.

Milton : the reference is to his suggestive *Tractate of Education*.

Benjamin Franklin : (1706-1790), American statesman, moralist and scientist, author of an interesting autobiography and the inventor of lightning conductors.

TRUTH AND POLITICS

RT. HON. STANLEY BALDWIN

The rise to political power of **Stanley Baldwin** (born 1867) as leader of the Conservative party and Prime Minister in succession to Mr. Bonar Law took many students of politics by surprise. It may have been partly due to a compromise arrived at in order to avoid a split in the party over the rival claims of more conspicuous men, but it also marked the triumph of a character that represents all that is best in English public life: incorruptible integrity, unimpeachable patriotism, unpretentious sincerity, unfailing courage, and unshakable faith in the destiny of the country. The character that is Mr. Baldwin's chief asset in public life is also reflected in his writings and public

utterances. They are beyond dispute the work of a man of mature judgment, serene wisdom, and genuine modesty, who upholds the highest ideals in public life and loves England for her own sake. Mr. Baldwin is never happier than when he is describing the peaceful and ordered beauty of his native land, and he never fails to reveal a profound knowledge and appreciation of all that is best in its literature.

Sir James Mackintosh : (1765-1832), Scottish politician and writer on philosophy, history and law, for eight years Recorder of Bombay.

They settle "... De " : from Browning's *A Grammarian's Funeral*, referring to the Greek particles which have often occupied the attention of scholars.

Lord Althorp : (1782-1845), an English politician who as leader of the House of Commons carried the Reform Bill of 1832.

"Lest we forget" : the refrain of Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional" written after the Diamond Jubilee of 1897.

"Patriotism is not enough" : the famous words of Nurse Cavell, who was executed by the Germans for helping Belgian and Allied fugitives.

Trappist : Members of the monastic Order of the Trappists take a vow of lifelong silence.

Mr. Wells : H. G. Wells (b. 1866), a living novelist and sociologist, whose prophecies, stories and social criticisms have had a far-reaching influence on contemporary life and thought.

Humanities : the University term for Greek, Latin, and ancient history.

Euclid : Greek mathematician of the third century B.C., who formulated the principles of geometry.

Einstein : (b. 1879), a distinguished living German physicist and astronomer, whose theory of relativity promises to revolutionise our conceptions of space, time, and gravity.

Russia : in contemporary Russia the orthodox theories about economics and religion have been displaced by startlingly new doctrines.

Dugald Stewart : (1753-1828), a celebrated Scottish philosopher and Professor of Moral Philosophy. See p. 211.

Union : the Union of the Crowns of England and Scotland in 1707.

Balfour : see p. 222.

Cain : the murderer of his own brother (Genesis iv), whose name now stands for any fratricide or murderer.

Tartuffe : a character in Molière's comedy of that name : the type of a religious hypocrite.

the author of "Leviathan" : Thomas Hobbes (1588-1679), English philosopher and political theorist.

Machiavelli : (1469-1527), Italian diplomatist and historian, author of *The Prince*, containing what is usually considered highly unscrupulous advice for the use of rulers and statesmen.

Lord Acton : (1834-1902), Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, who formed a great library but published relatively little of his own. It was he who planned the *Cambridge Modern History*.

Grotius : (1583-1645), famous Dutch jurist.

Cavour : Count di Cavour (1810-1861), Italian patriot and statesman, prominent in the struggle for a free and united Italy.

Bismarck : Prince Bismarck (1815-1898), the celebrated Chancellor of the German Empire, to whose strong policy it may be said to have owed its existence.

Lord Cecil : (b. 1864), formerly Lord Robert Cecil, son of the Marquis of Salisbury. Once a prominent Conservative politician, now one of the Presidents of the League of Nations Union.

Spinoza : Baruch Spinoza (1632-1677), a Dutch philosopher of Jewish family, the exponent of a pantheistic system of philosophy.

Pitt : William Pitt, the younger (1759-1806), the illustrious English statesman who was Prime Minister during the period of the French Revolution.

Cleon : (5th century B.C.), a loud-voiced Athenian demagogue who was leader of the war-party at the time of the Peloponnesian War.

Béranger : (1780-1857) one of the most popular of French song-writers.

Geneva : in Switzerland, is associated with the name of the austere Protestant reformer, John Calvin (1509-1564).

TALKING AT LARGE

JOHN GALSWORTHY

John Galsworthy (born 1867), has won fame both as novelist and as playwright. He will be chiefly remembered as the author of *The Forsyte Saga*, the general title of a series of novels in which he has portrayed a typical English family of the upper middle-class with all its love of property and passion for respectability, established principles, and material comfort. But he is not a mere chronicler. He has a message to deliver. He arraigns society for its callousness to human and animal suffering, its indifference to beauty, its neglect of the poor, its unintelligent adherence to conventions, and its addiction to cant and hypocrisy. He is especially hard upon law courts and the sort of justice that is administered there. Whether in the novel or on the stage, his dramatisation of the opposition between the artist and the materialist, the rebel and the conformer, the aristocrat and the parvenu, prejudiced age and thoughtless youth, is extremely skilful and telling. As is usual with work of this kind, however, the artist in John Galsworthy is at times overmastered by the propagandist, to the detriment of those elements in his work which will survive when the abuses he denounces are things of the past.

The American Civil War : (1861-1865), in which the Northern and Southern States of America fought over the question of negro slavery.

Hyde Park : the largest of the beautiful parks in the West End of London.

The headmaster : possibly Dr. Butler, the Headmaster of Harrow.

coiffed : capped. The coif was a close-fitting cap covering the whole head.

on the side of the angels : that is, is a force for good, not evil. The phrase itself is Disraeli's, who said, with regard to the doctrine of evolution : " The question is, Is man an ape or an angel ? I am on the side of the angels."

The saying about little children : St. Matthew xviii.

reach-me-down : ready-made. The origin of the expression is that when buying a cheap suit a customer would say " Reach me down that one."

Goths : the barbarians who over-ran and destroyed the Roman Empire.

Tiergarten : a fine park in Berlin, where far too many statues were placed in the reign of William II.

Sphinx : the colossal figure with a lion's body and a human head, carved out of the solid rock, which is one of the most ancient monuments of Egypt.

the Master of Balliol : Dr. Jowett (1817-1893), translator of Plato and Thucydides.

Sir Hiram Maxim : (1840-1916), an American engineer, the inventor of the Maxim gun.

" Vanity, vanity, all is vanity " : Ecclesiastes i, 2.

Guy : Guy Fawkes, the chief agent in the Gunpowder Plot of 1605, is burnt in effigy all over England every year on the 5th of November, the anniversary of his capture in the cellars of the Houses of Parliament.

" vieux jeu " : French, literally old game ; old-fashioned, out of date.

the Neolithic Age : the Stone Age of mankind, when stone implements were used.

George Washington : (1732-1799), of English descent, Commander-in-Chief of the American Army in the War

of Independence, and first President of the American Republic.

Junkers : the military aristocracy of Prussia, who wanted war ; here the Englishmen who made the American Revolution possible.

THE BALANCED MIND

RT. HON'BLE V. S. SRINIVASA SASTRI

V. S. Srinivasa Sastri (born 1869), had a distinguished career at school and college. After graduating from the Government College, Kumbakonam, he served for some time as a teacher. Then he joined the Servants of India Society founded by Mr. Gokhale, one of the foremost statesmen of India. With this his public career began, and he has since served his countrymen in many capacities, as a Fellow of the Madras University, and as a member of the Madras Legislative Council, the Imperial Legislative Council, and the Council of State. He has been on several missions to Europe and America. He attended the Imperial Conference held in London in 1921, when the freedom of the City of London was conferred on him. He represented India at the Second Assembly of the League of Nations, and the epoch-making conference on Disarmament at Washington, and went on a mission to the Dominions to solve the problem of the status of Indians there. He was recently appointed Agent to the Indian Government in British Africa, where he did much to have the disabilities of the Indian emigrants removed. Mr. Sastri is one of the most distinguished of the Indian politicians and orators of to-day. He was described by Sir Thomas Smart as "the Empire's silver-tongued orator," and a great English educationist is reported to have said that he never realised how beautiful language was till he heard Mr. Sastri.

Israel Zangwill : (1864-1926), Jewish playwright and novelist, whose reputation chiefly rests on his striking stories of his own people.

Bryan : William Jennings Bryan (1860-1925), an American orator and politician, who was a stalwart defender of

the most literal interpretation of the words of the Bible and played a prominent part during the trial of a Mr. Scopes at Dayton, Tennessee, for having taught the Darwinian Theory of evolution.

Hamlet : the hero of Shakespeare's tragedy of that name ; stands for a man whose powers of action are paralysed by too much reflection.

Yudhishthira : the eldest of the Pandava brothers, famous for his love of truth and justice.

Bhima : one of the Pandava brothers, remarkable for his physical strength.

Droupadi : the wife of Arjuna, one of the Pandava brothers, whom Duryodhana tried to humiliate after the famous gambling match.

APHORISMS

VISCOUNT MORLEY

John Morley (1838-1923), journalist, biographer, philosopher, critic and Liberal statesman, was aptly described by the late Mr. Gokhale as " the disciple of Mill, the reverent student of Burke, the friend and biographer of Gladstone." The chief landmarks in his career were his editorship of the *Fortnightly Review* and *Pall Mall Gazette* ; his terms of office as Chief Secretary for Ireland ; his appointment to the Order of Merit in 1902 ; his elevation to the peerage in 1908 ; his period as Secretary of State for India ; and his resignation on the outbreak of the Great War. His name will always be associated with the Morley-Minto reforms which were the result of his Secretaryship for India. His principal literary works are his biographies of French thinkers such as Diderot, Rousseau, Voltaire, and of English statesmen—Cromwell, Burke, Walpole, Cobden, Gladstone. The qualities which distinguished him as a man—sincerity, independence, high-mindedness, enlightened principles, and a certain austerity—are also reflected in his writings. Whatever he wrote bore the traces of careful thought, wide reading, mature judgment, and faith in noble ideals and sympathy

with great causes. His style is lucid, precise, and forcible, never showy, but capable of rising to an uncommon eloquence. In short, he himself practised what he asked the students of the London Extension Class to aim at, "a speech that is strong by natural force and not merely effective by declamation; an utterance without trick, without affectation, without mannerisms."

Academics, etc. : Milton's *Paradise Regained*, iv, 278 ff.

Wisdom of Solomon : These books are in the Apocrypha or uncanonical portion of the Bible.

Erasmus : (1466-1536), a Dutch scholar and theologian and one of the pioneers of the Protestant Reformation.

Homer : the author of the great Greek epics, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

Schopenhauer : (1788-1860), a German philosopher distinguished by his pessimism. See pp. 206-8.

Montaigne : (1533-1592), French essayist, who may be regarded as the father of that form of prose.

Plutarch : (A.D. 46-120), Greek moralist and biographer, whose *Lives* of illustrious Greeks and Romans compose one of the best-known books in the world's literature.

Marcus Aurelius : (A.D. 121-180), the Roman emperor and Stoic philosopher whose self-communings are set down in his celebrated *Meditations*.

Pascal : Blaise Pascal (1623-1662), French scientist and philosopher, author of *Provincial Letters* and a fascinating volume of *Thoughts*. See p. 214.

La Bruyère : (1645-1696), author of the volume of *Characters* which entitles him to be called the greatest of French moralists. See pp. 216-18.

Dr. Jowett : (1817-1893), the famous Master of Balliol College, Oxford.

Thucydides : (471-396 B.C.), the Greek historian of the Peloponnesian war.

Gray : Thomas Gray (1716-1771), author of the *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard*.

Tacitus : (A.D. 55-130), a Roman historian, whose *Annals* and other works display a style of superb conciseness and force.

Horace : (65-8 B.C.) the urbane Latin poet and satirist of the Augustan Age.

Charron : (1541-1603), a French philosopher akin to Montaigne but much less genial.

Raleigh : Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618), the Elizabethan explorer, admiral, and historian, also wrote some remarkable reflective prose and verse.

Seneca : (4 B.C.-A.D. 65), a Roman philosopher, tutor to the infamous Emperor Nero, and author of many moral treatises and some tragedies.

Weimar : in Germany, birthplace of Goethe.

Boswell : James Boswell (1740-1795), whose *Life of Doctor Johnson* is considered a masterpiece of biography.

Reynolds : Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792), English portrait-painter, first President of the Royal Academy.

one too famous volume : the *Proverbial Philosophy* of Martin Farquhar Tupper (1810-1889).

a clergyman : the Rev. Charles Caleb Colton (1780-1832).

a great authoress : George Eliot.

one living writer : George Meredith (1828-1909).

Hallam : Henry Hallam (1777-1859), English historian, author of the *Constitutional History of England*, father of Tennyson's friend, Arthur Hallam.

Burton : Robert Burton (1577-1639), wrote the curious *Anatomy of Melancholy*, a book which was a favourite with such writers as Milton and Lamb.

Fuller : Thomas Fuller (1608-1661), whose *Worthies of England* is a valuable collection of short biographies.

Sir Thomas Browne : (1605-1683), author of the *Religio Medici* and other reflective works, written in a richly Latinised and individual style.

Sir Thomas Overbury : (1581-1613), English poet, essayist, and courtier, whose *Characters* are witty and pointed delineations of some types of humanity.

Clarendon : Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon (1609-1674), English statesman and historian, author of the invaluable *History of the Rebellion* (the war between Charles I and Parliament).

Burnet : Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury (1643-1715), wrote the *History of His Own Time*, which is the standard work on the period of Queen Anne and William III.

St. Simon : (1675-1755), a French Duke and courtier whose *Memoirs* give a detailed and fascinating account of life at the court of Louis XIV.

Cardinal de Retz : (1614-1679), famous for his *Memoirs* of the civil war in France between the court party and Parliament (1648-1653) called the Fronde, in which he had played an important part.

Falkland : Viscount Falkland (1610-1643), a noble-minded young Englishman who was killed at the battle of Newbury during the Civil War.

Chillingworth : William Chillingworth (1602-1644), an English theologian who wavered between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, finally reverting to the latter. He supported the Royalist cause.

Lauderdale : (1616-1682), a Scottish Duke and statesman of the reign of Charles II, persecutor of the Scottish Covenanters.

Fielding : Henry Fielding (1707-1754), author of *Tom Jones* and other novels remarkable for their knowledge of life and insight into character.

Thackeray : William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1863), whose *Vanity Fair*, *Esmond*, *Pendennis*, etc., are classics of English fiction.

Harrington : James Harrington (1611-1677) was the author of *Oceana*, a book on an ideal commonwealth.

Demosthenes : (385-322 B.C.) Greek statesman and warrior, one of the greatest orators the world has known.

Charles V : (1500-1558), Emperor of Germany and King of Spain, for many years the dominating figure in Europe.

Epictetus : (first century), the leading Stoic philosopher, who lived as a slave in Rome. His doctrines are set forth in the *Manual* compiled by Arrian.

Lichtenberg : (1742-1799), a celebrated German physicist and satirist.

Herder : (1744-1803), a German philosopher and critic who wrote the well-known *Philosophy of the History of Mankind*.

De Bonald : (1754-1840), a French viscount and philosopher who ardently defended monarchical and Roman Catholic principles.

Klinger : (1752-1831), a German dramatist and novelist, whose play *Sturm und Drang* gave its name to a new literary movement in Germany.

Rousseau : Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778), one of the forerunners of the French Revolution, whose biography is one of Morley's chief works.

Chamfort : (1741-1794), a French moralist whose observations are unusually concise and pointed. See p. 215.

Damien : put to death in a most cruel manner in 1757 for attempting to kill Louis XV, King of France.

succedaneum : a substitute.

"the strong, much-toiling sage . . ." : from Matthew Arnold's *Stanzas in Memory of the Author of Obermann*.

Sir M. E. Grant Duff : (1829-1906), an English Liberal politician who was for some years Governor of Madras.

Molière : (1622-1673), the greatest of French comic playwrights.

La Rochefoucauld : (1613-1680), the author of these *Maxims*, was a French Duke who spent the latter part of his life at the court of Louis XIV.

quintessence of dust, etc. : Hamlet, Act ii, Scene 2.

Helvétius : (1715-1771), a French philosopher, author of an influential work on the human mind.

Fénelon : (1651-1715), a French archbishop, a voluminous and attractive writer, whose best-known work is his *Tele-machus*.

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Rivarol : (1753-1801), a French journalist and man of letters, celebrated for his caustic wit.

Joubert : (1745-1824), a French moralist, whose *Thoughts* display keen and subtle observation.

Tocqueville : (1805-1859), a French politician and historian, admired by all parties for his lofty personal character.

Swift : Jonathan Swift (1667-1745), the bitter satirist who wrote *Gulliver's Travels*.

